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THE WORLD HERE AND THERE.

THE WORLD

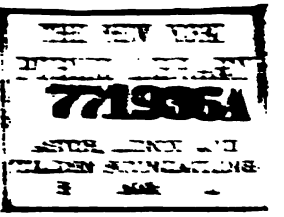
HERE AND THERE:

OR,

Notes of Travellers.

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS," EDITED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

NEW-YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM, 155 BROADWAY.
1852.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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
SHORT CUTS ACROSS THE GLOBE,	1
THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ,	8
THE GOLDEN CITY,	14
OUR PHANTOM SHIP AMONG THE ICE,	28
MY PEARL-FISHING EXPEDITION,	49
OUR PHANTOM SHIP—JAPAN,	65
SHORT TRIP INTO BOSNIA,	87
A PEEP AT THE "PERAHARRA,"	105
STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS,	117
TAHITI,	127
OLD CAIRO AND ITS MOSQUES,	141
THE "MOUTH" OF CHINA,	149
LOST IN LONDON,	166
SOUTH AMERICAN SCRAPS:—	
THE PAMPAS INDIANS,	185
AN ADVENTURE WITH A LIZARD,	195
THE SIERRA DE ST. CATHERINA,	197
THE JEWS IN CHINA,	202
THE ART OF CATCHING ELEPHANTS,	215

THE WORLD HERE AND THERE.

Short Cuts across the Globe.

TO a person who wishes to sail to California an inspection of the map of the world reveals a provoking peculiarity. The Atlantic Ocean—the highway of the globe—being separated from the Pacific by the great western continent, it is impossible to sail to the opposite coasts without going thousands of miles out of his way; for he must double Cape Horn. Yet a closer inspection of the map will discover that but for one little barrier of land, which is in size but as a grain of sand to the bed of an ocean, the passage would be direct. Were it not for that small neck of land, the Isthmus of Panama, (which narrows in one place to twenty-eight miles) he might save a voyage of from six to eight thousand miles, and pass at once into the Pacific Ocean. Again, if his desires tend towards the East, he perceives that but for the Isthmus of Suez, he would not be obliged to double the Cape of Good Hope. The Eastern difficulty has been partially obviated by the overland route opened up by the ill-rewarded Waghorn. The western barrier has yet to be broken through.

Now that we can shake hands with Brother Jonathan in twelve days by means of weekly steamers; travel from one end of Great Britain to another, or from the Hudson to the Ohio, as fast as the wind, and make our words dance to distant friends upon the magic tight wire a great deal faster—now that the European and Columbian Saxon is spreading his children more or less over all the known habitable world: it seems extraordinary that the simple expedient of opening a twenty-eight mile passage between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, to save a dangerous voyage of some eight thousand miles, has not been already achieved. In this age of enterprise that so simple a remedy for so great an evil should not have been applied appears astonishing. Nay, we ought to feel some shame when we reflect that evidences in the neighbourhood of both Isthmuses exist of such junctions having existed, in what we are pleased to designate 'barbarous' ages.

Does nature present insurmountable engineering difficulties to the Panama scheme? By no means: for after the Croton aqueduct, our own railway tunnelling and the Britannia tubular bridge, engineering difficulties have become obsolete. Are the levels of the Pacific and the Gulph of Mexico, which should be joined, so different, that if one were admitted the fall would inundate the surrounding country? Not at all. Hear Humboldt on these points.

Forty years ago he declared it to be his firm opinion that 'the Isthmus of Panama is suited to the formation of an oceanic canal —one with fewer sluices than the Caledonian Canal—capable of affording an unimpeded passage, at all seasons of the year, to vessels of that class which sail between New York and Liverpool, and between Chili and California.' In the recent edition of his '*Views of* Nature,' he 'sees no reason to alter the views he has

always entertained on this subject.' Engineers, both British and American, have confirmed this opinion by actual survey. As, then, combination of British skill, capital, and energy, with that of the most 'go-ahead' people upon earth, have been dormant, whence the secret of the delay? The answer at once allays astonishment:—Till the present time, the speculation would not have 'paid.'

Large works of this nature, while they create an inconceivable development of commerce, must have a certain amount of a trading population to begin upon. A gold-beater can cover the effigy of a man on horseback with a sovereign; but he must have the sovereign first. It was not merely because the full power of the iron rail to facilitate the transition of heavy burdens had not been estimated, and because no Stephenson had constructed a 'Rocket engine,' that a railway with steam locomotives was not made from London to Liverpool before 1836. Until the intermediate traffic between these termini had swelled to a sufficient amount in quantity and value to bear reimbursement for establishing such a mode of conveyance, its execution would have been impossible, even though men had known how to set about it.

What has been the condition of the countries under consideration? In 1839, the entire population of the tropical American isthmus, in the states of Central America and New Grenada, did not exceed three millions. The number of the inhabitants of pure European descent did not exceed one hundred thousand. It was only among this inconsiderable fraction that anything like wealth, intelligence, and enterprise, akin to that of Europe, was to be found; the rest were poor and ignorant aboriginals and mixed races, in a state of scarcely demi-civilisation. Throughout this thinly-peopled and poverty-stricken region, there was neither

law nor government. In Stephens's 'Central America,' may be found an amusing account of a hunt after a government, by a luckless American diplomatist, who had been sent to seek for one in Central America. A night wanderer running through bog and brake after a will-o'-the-wisp could not have encountered more perils, or been in search of a more impalpable phantom. In short, there was nobody to trade with. To the south of the Isthmus, along the Pacific coast of America, there was only one station to which merchants could resort with any fair prospect of gain—Valparaiso. Except Chili, all the Pacific states of South America were retrograding from a very imperfect state of civilisation, under a succession of petty and aimless revolutions. To the north of the Isthmus matters were little, if anything, better. Mexico had gone backwards from the time of its revolution; and, at the best, its commerce in the Pacific had been confined to a yearly ship between Acapulco and the Philippines. Throughout California and Oregon, with the exception of a few European and half-breed members, there were none but savage aboriginal tribes. The Russian settlements in the far north had nothing but a paltry trade in furs with Kamschatka, that barely defrayed its own expenses. Neither was there any encouragement to make a short cut to the innumerable islands of the Pacific. The whole of Polynesia lay outside of the pale of civilisation. In Tahiti, the Sandwich group, and the northern peninsula of New Zealand, missionaries had barely sowed the first seeds of morals and enlightenment. The limited commerce of China and the Eastern Archipelago was engrossed by Europe, and took the route of the Cape of Good Hope, with the exception of a few annual vessels that traded from the sea-board States of the North American *Union* to Valparaiso and Canton. The wool of New South

Wales was but coming into notice, and found its way to England alone round the Cape of Good Hope. An American fleet of whalers scoured the Pacific, and adventurers of the same nation carried on a desultory and inconsiderable traffic in hides with California, in tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl with the Polynesian Islands.

What then would have been the use of cutting a canal, through which there would not have passed five ships in a twelvemonth? But twenty years have worked a wondrous revolution in the state and prospects of these regions.

The traffic of Chili has received a large development, and the stability of its institutions has been fairly tried. The resources of Costa Rica, the population of which is mainly of European race, is steadily advancing. American citizens have founded a state in Oregon. The Sandwich Islands have become for all practical purposes an American colony. The trade with China—to which the proposed canal would open a convenient avenue by a western instead of the present eastern route—is no longer restricted to the Canton river, but is open to all nations as far north as the Yangtse-Kiang. The navigation of the Amur has been opened to the Russians by a treaty, and cannot long remain closed against the English and American settlers between Mexico and the Russian settlements in America. Tahiti has become a kind of commercial emporium. The English settlements in Australia and New Zealand have opened a direct trade with the Indian Archipelago and China. The permanent settlements of intelligent and enterprising Anglo-Americans and English in Polynesia, and on the eastern and western shores of the Pacific, have proved so many *depôts* for the adventurous traders with its innumerable islands, and for the spermaceti whalers. Then the last, but

greatest addition of all, is California: a name in the world of commerce and enterprise to conjure with. There gold is to be had for fetching. Gold, the main-spring of commercial activity, the reward of toil—for which men are ready to risk life, to endure every sort of privation; sometimes, alas! to sacrifice every virtue; one most especially, and that is Patience. They will away with her now.

Till the discovery of the new Gold country how contentedly they dawdled round Cape Horn; creeping down one coast and up another; but now such delay is not to be thought of. Already, indeed, Panama has become the seat of a great, increasing, and perennial transit trade. This cannot fail to augment the settled population of the region, its wealth and intelligence. Upon these facts we rest the conviction that the time has arrived for realising the project of a ship canal there or in the near neighbourhood.

That a ship canal, and not a railway, is what is first wanted (for very soon there will be both), must be obvious to all acquainted with the practical details of commerce. The delay and expense to which merchants are subjected, when obliged 'to break bulk' repeatedly between the port whence they sail and that of their destination, is extreme. The waste and spoiling of goods, the cost of the operation, are also heavy drawbacks, and to these they are subject by the stormy passage round Cape Horn.

Two points present themselves offering great facilities for the execution of a ship canal. The one is in the immediate vicinity of Panama; where the many imperfect observations which have hitherto been made, are yet sufficient to leave no doubt that, as the distance is comparatively short, the summit levels are inconsiderable, and the supply of water ample. The other is some

distance to the northward. The isthmus is there broader, but is in part occupied by the large and deep fresh-water lakes of Nicaragua and Naragua. The lake of Nicaragua communicates with the Atlantic by a copious river, which may either be rendered navigable, or be made the source of supply for a side canal. The space between the two lakes is of inconsiderable extent, and presents no great engineering difficulties. The elevation of the lake of Naragua above the Pacific is inconsiderable; there is no hill range between it and the Gulph of Canchagua; and Captain Sir Edward Belcher carried his surveying ship *Sulphur* sixty miles up the Estero Real, which rises near the lake, and falls into the gulph. The line of the Panama canal presents, as Humboldt remarks, facilities equal to those of the line of the Caledonian canal. The Nicaragua line is not more difficult than that of the canal of Languedoc, a work executed between 1660 and 1682, at a time when the commerce to be expedited by it did not exceed—if it equalled—that which will find its way across the Isthmus; when great part of the maritime country was as thinly inhabited by as poor a population as the Isthmus now is; and when the last subsiding storms of civil war, and the dragonnades of Louis XIV. unsettled men's minds and made person and property insecure.

The cosmopolitan effects of such an undertaking, if prosecuted to a successful close, it is impossible even approximately to estimate. The acceleration it will communicate to the already rapid progress of civilisation in the Pacific is obvious. And no less obvious are the beneficial effects it will have upon the mutual relations of civilised states, seeing that the recognition of the independence and neutrality in times of general war of the canal and the region through which it passes, is indispensable to its establishment.

We have dwelt principally on the commercial, the economical considerations of the enterprise, for they are what must render it possible. But the friends of Christian missions, and the advocates of Universal Peace among nations, have yet a deeper interest in it. In the words used by Prince Albert at the dinner at the Mansion House respecting the forthcoming great Exhibition of Arts and Industry, 'Nobody who has paid any attention to the particular features of our present era will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end—to which indeed all history points—the realisation of the unity of mankind. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity, the result and product of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities. The distances which separated the different nations and parts of the globe are gradually vanishing before the achievements of modern invention, and we can traverse them with incredible speed; the languages of all nations are known, and their acquirements placed within the reach of everybody; thought is communicated with the rapidity, and even by the power of lightning.'

Every short cut across the globe brings man in closer communion with his distant brotherhood, and results in concord, prosperity, and peace.

THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

That little neck of land which lies between the head of the Red Sea and the Gulph of Gaza, in the Mediterranean, is the cause of merchandise circumnavigating the two longest sides of

the triangular continent of Africa on its way to the East; instead of making the short cut which is available for passengers by what is called the 'overland route.' If a water-way were opened across the Isthmus, the highway for the goods traffic as well for the passenger traffic of Europe, India, China, and Australia, will be along the Mediterranean and Red Seas and the Indian Ocean. And that highway will be so thronged, that the expense of travelling by it will be reduced to a *minimum*, and the accommodations for travellers at intermediate stations raised to a *maximum* of comfort.

This state of affairs—analogous to that which occurs in the intercourse of two towns where there is a round-about road for carts and carriages, and a footpath across the meadows for foot-passengers only—is attended by great inconveniences. Letters relating to mercantile transactions are forwarded by the short cut; the merchandise to which they relate follows tardily by the round-about road. The advantageous bargain concluded now may have a very different aspect when the goods come to be delivered three or four months hence. The seven-league-boot expedition of letters, and the tardy progress of goods, convert all transactions between England and India into a game of chance. This fosters that spirit of gambling speculation already too rife among us.

Again, so long as the route for passengers continues to be something different and apart from the route for merchandise, the travelling charges will be kept higher, and the accommodations for travellers less comfortable than they would otherwise be. Railways, in arranging their tariff of fares, venture to reduce the charge for passengers (in the hope of augmenting their number) when they can rely upon the returns from the goods traffic to make up deficiencies. If merchandise, as well as travellers and

letters, could be carried by what is called the overland route (of which scarcely two hundred miles are travelled by land,) the passengers' fares would admit of great reduction; and as that route would thus become the great highway, frequented by greater crowds, the accommodation of travellers could be better cared for. Travellers in carriages rarely reflect how much the amount of charges at inns depends upon the landlords having a profitable run of business among less distinguished guests.

As we remarked, when descanting on the Panama route, physical obstacles to the opening of short cuts are of much less consequence than those which originate in financial difficulties. Almost any physical obstacles may be overcome, if money can be profitably invested in the undertaking, and if money can be got for such investment.

Were we projectors of companies, and engaged in preparing an attractive prospectus, we might boldly declare that the obstacles in the construction of a ship canal at Suez are trifling, and that the work would prove amply remunerative. But being only impartial spectators, we are obliged to confess that our information respecting the nature of the country is lamentably defective, and that what we do know does not warrant any sanguine expectation. Public attention has been industriously directed from the true line of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez. The late Mehemet Ali—peace to his ashes!—was a humbug of the first water, and he knew how to avail himself of the services of kindred spirits. He understood enough of European whims and sentiments to know what tone of language he must adopt in order to persuade Europeans he was subserving their views, while he was, in reality, promoting his own. He talked, therefore, of facilitating the intercourse between India and Europe, but he thought of making that

intercourse pass through his dominions by the longest route, and in the way which would oblige travellers to leave the greatest possible amount of money behind them; and to attain his ends he retained in his service a motley group of Europeans—the vain, the ignorant, and the jobbing, who did his spiriting after a fashion that bears conclusive testimony to his judgment and tact in selecting them.

What is really wanted for the commerce of Europe and India, is a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, by the shortest and least difficult route. What Mehemet Ali conceded was a land passage through his dominions by the longest possible route. The natural course of a ship canal is, in a straight line, from Suez to the eastern extremity of Lake Menzaleh: the line of transit conceded by Mehemet Ali is from Alexandria by Cairo to Suez, nearly three times as long. The former line passes across a low and well-watered region: the latter renders necessary an interchange of canal and river navigation, and dry land passage across the desert. The former might be passed in a day without halting: the latter occupies several days, and includes necessary stoppages in the inns of Alexandria and Cairo. But Mehemet Ali and his tools directed attention from the former, and gabbled about railways and other impracticabilities, and the European public was gulled. Egypt can be reached any day by a fortnight's easy and luxurious travel, and yet the country between the eastern extremity of Lake Menzaleh and Suez is less accurately known than the Isthmus of Panama.

What we do know, with any degree of certainty about this transit, is briefly as follows:—The navigation of the Red Sea in the vicinity of Suez is rather intricate, abounding in shoals, but there is secure anchorage, and sufficient draft of water for merchant ships of considerable burden. The Mediterranean off the

eastern extremity of Lake Menzaleh is rather shallow, tolerably sheltered from the west wind, which prevails for a part of the year, but exposed to the north wind. Between Suez and the site of the ruins of Pelusium at the eastern end of the lake, the land is low and level, apparently for a part of the way between the level of both seas. The low land receives in the wet season the drainings of the high land on the east, which is a northern continuation of the mountains between the gulfs of Suez and Akaba. In addition to this, the land to the westward (northward of the Mokattam mountains which terminate near Cairo) has a twofold slope,—the principal northward to the Mediterranean, the secondary eastward to the line of country we are now describing. Originally, there appears to have been a branch of the Nile entering the Mediterranean near where the ruins of Pelusium now are, and those intermediate branches between that and the Damietta branch.

The first mentioned is now closed, the other two very much obstructed; but their waters still find a way to the coast, though diminished by artificial works, and appear to be the cause of the collection of shallow water called Lake Menzaleh. Here, then, we have sixty geographical miles of a low country, with no considerable undulations, towards which the waters of Arabia Petræa flow in their season, and towards which a considerable portion of the waters of the Nile would flow if left to fall on the natural declivity of the country. There is an abundant supply of water for a ship canal. The surface of the ground is in some places covered with drift sand, but not uniformly nor even for the most part. The subsoil is hard, clayey or pebbley. The bent-grasses might be cultivated, as they have been in Holland, to give firmness to the drift sand where it occurs; and this superficial obstacle removed, the subsoil is favourable to the construction of a perma-

nent water-channel. The great difficulty would be construction of works by which access to the canal is to be obtained from the Mediterranean. Apparently they would require to be carried far out into the sea; and apparently it would be difficult to prevent their being sanded up by the waves which the north winds drive upon the coast for a great part of the year.

These difficulties, though great, are not insuperable. The advanced state of marine architecture and engineering ought surely to be able to cope with them. By re-opening the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, and throwing into it the waters which would naturally find their way into the Tanitic and Mendesian branches, a sufficient stream of water might be thrown into the Mediterranean at Pelusium to keep a passage open by its *scour*. We must speak with diffidence about a locality which has yet been so imperfectly surveyed; but so far as the present state of our knowledge respecting it enables us to judge, there are no serious impediments to the construction of a ship-canal from Pelusium to Suez, which would be perfectly accessible and practicable for vessels of from 300 to 350 tons burden; and there is a growing impression among merchants and skippers that this class of vessels is the best for trading purposes.

But the great difficulty remains yet to be noticed; the condition of government and civil security in that country. The Isthmus is close on the borders of civilised Europe, and ample supplies of effective labourers could be procured from Malta, and the Syrian and African coasts. But so long as the country is subject to a Turkish dynasty, could the undertakers count upon fair play and sufficient protection from the local authorities? And are the jealous powers of Europe likely to combine in good faith to afford them a guarantee that they should be enabled to prosecute their enterprise in security?

The Golden City.

"THE fitful flame of Young Romance," fed by the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Fairy Tales and Heathen Mythologies; the wonderful fables of Genii and Magicians; stories of towns springing up, ready-built, out of deserts; tales of cities paved with gold; the Happy Valley of Rasselas; the territories of Oberon and Titania, Robert Owen's New Harmony, and the land of Cockaigne; Gulliver's Travels, the Adventures of Peter Wilkins, legends of beggars made kings, and mendicants millionaires; Sinbad the Sailor, Baron Munchausen, Law of Lauriston, Major Longbow, Colonel Crockett, the Poyais loan; illimitable exaggeration; undaunted lying; the most rampant schemes of the most rabid speculators; the wildest visions of the maddest poet; the airiest castle of the most Utopian lunatic—any one of these, and all of them put together, do not exceed the wondrous web of realities that is being daily woven around both hemispheres of the globe. Not to mention conversations carried on thousands of miles apart, by means of electricity, and a hundred other marvels that Science has converted into common places, we would now confine ourselves to the latest "wonderful wonder that has ever been wondered at"—the gold region of California; but more especially to its capital, San Francisco.

The story of the magic growth of this city would have defied belief, had it not rapidly grown up literally under the "eyes of Europe." When the returns were made to the United *authorities in* 1831, it contained three hundred and se

individuals, and very few more resided in it up to the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, in the Sacramento River. Even in April, 1849, we learn from a credible eye-witness, that there were only from thirty to forty houses in San Francisco; and that the population was so small, that so many as twenty-five persons could never be seen out of doors at one time. There now lie before us two prints; one of San Francisco, taken in November, 1848, soon after the discovery was made, and another exactly a year afterwards. In the first we are able to count twenty-six huts and other dwellings dotted about at uneven distances, and four small ships in the harbour. In the second, the habitations are countless. The hollow, upon which the city partly stands, presents a bird's-eye view of roofs, packed so closely together, that the houses they cover are innumerable; while the sides of the surrounding hills are thickly strewed with tents and temporary dwellings. On every side are buildings of all kinds, begun or half-finished, but the greater part of them mere canvas sheds, open in front, and displaying all sorts of signs, in all languages. Great quantities of goods are piled up in the open air, for want of a place to store them. The streets are full of people, hurrying to and fro, and of as diverse and bizarre a character as the houses: Yankees of every possible variety, native Californians in *sarapes* and sombreros, Chilians, Sonorians, Kanakas from Hawaii, Chinese with long tails, Malays and others in whose embrowned and bearded visages it is impossible to recognise any especial nationality. In the midst is the plaza, now dignified by the name of Portsmouth Square. It lies on the slope of the hill; and, from a high pole in front of a long one-story adobe building used as the Custom House, the American flag is flying. On the lower side is the Parker House

Hotel. The bay of San Francisco is black with the hulls of ships, and a thick forest of masts intercepts the landscapes of the opposite coast and the islet of Yerba Buena. Flags of all nations flutter in the breeze, and the smoke of three steamers is borne away on its wings in dense wreaths.—The first picture is one of stagnation and poverty, the other presents activity and wealth in glowing colors.

"Verily," says the correspondent of a Boston Paper, "the place was in itself a marvel. To say that it was daily enlarged by from twenty to thirty houses may not sound very remarkable after all the stories that have been told; yet this, for a country which imported both lumber and houses, and where labor was then ten dollars a day, is an extraordinary growth. The rapidity with which a ready-made house is put up and inhabited, strikes the stranger in San Francisco as little short of magic. He walks over an open lot in his before-breakfast stroll—the next morning, a house complete, with a family inside, blocks up his way. He goes down to the bay and looks out on the shipping—two or three days afterwards a row of store houses, staring him in the face, intercepts the view."

An intelligent traveller from the United States has recorded his impressions of this marvellous spot, as he saw it in August, 1849:—

"The restless, feverish tide of life in that little spot, and the thought that what I then saw and was yet to see, will hereafter fill one of the most marvellous pages of all history, rendered it singularly impressive. The feeling was not decreased on talking that evening with some of the old residents, (that is of six months' standing,) and hearing their several experiences. Every new-comer in San Francisco is overtaken with a sense of complete

bewilderment. The mind, however it may be prepared for an astonishing condition of affairs, cannot immediately push aside its old instincts of value and ideas of business, letting all past experiences go for nought and casting all its faculties for action, intercourse with its fellows, or advancement in any path of ambition, into shapes which it never before imagined. As in the turn of the dissolving views, there is a period when it wears neither the old nor the new phase, but the vanishing images of the one and the growing perceptions of the other are blended in painful and misty confusion. One knows not whether he is awake or in some wonderful dream. Never have I had so much difficulty in establishing, satisfactorily to my own senses, the reality of what I saw and heard." *

The same gentleman, after an absence in the interior of four months, gives a notion of the rapidity with which the city grew, in the following terms:

"Of all the marvellous phases of the history of the Present, the growth of San Francisco is the one which will most tax the belief of the Future. Its parallel was never known, and shall never be beheld again. I speak only of what I saw with my own eyes. When I landed there, a little more than four months before, I found a scattering town of tents and canvas houses, with a show of frame buildings on one or two streets, and a population of about six thousand. Now, on my last visit, I saw around me an actual metropolis, displaying street after street of well-built edifices, filled with an active and enterprising people and exhibiting every mark of permanent commercial prosperity. Then,

* "Eldorado," by Bayard Taylor, correspondent of the "Tribune" newspaper.

the town was limited to the curve of the Bay fronting the anchorage and bottoms of the hills. Now, it stretched to the topmost heights, followed the shore around point after point, and sending back a long arm through a gap in the hills, took hold of the Golden Gate, and was building its warehouses on the open strait and almost fronting the blue horizon of the Pacific. Then the gold-seeking sojourner lodged in muslin rooms and canvas garrets, with a philosophic lack of furniture, and ate his simple though substantial fare from pine boards. Now, lofty hotels, gaudy with verandas and balconies, were met with in all quarters, furnished with home luxury, and aristocratic restaurants presented daily their long bills of fare, rich with the choicest technicalities of the Parisian cuisine. Then, vessels were coming in day after day, to lie deserted and useless at their anchorage. Now scarce a day passed, but some cluster of sails, bound *outward* through the Golden Gate, took their way to all the corners of the Pacific. Like the magic seed of the Indian juggler, which grew, blossomed, and bore fruit before the eyes of his spectators, San Francisco seemed to have accomplished in a day the growth of half a century."

In San Francisco everything is reversed. The operations of trade are exactly opposite to those of older communities. There the rule is scarcity of money and abundance of labour, produce, and manufactures; here cash overflows out of every pocket, and the necessaries of existence will not pour in fast enough. Mr. Taylor tells us, that a "curious result of the extraordinary abundance of gold and the facility with which fortunes were acquired, struck me at the first glance. All business was transacted on so extensive a scale, that the ordinary habits of solicitation and compliance on the one hand, and stubborn cheapening on the other,

seemed to be entirely forgotten. You enter a shop to buy something; the owner eyes you with perfect indifference, waiting for you to state your want: if you object to the price you are at liberty to leave, for you need not expect to get it cheaper; he evidently cares little whether you buy it or not. One who has been some time in the country will lay down the money without wasting words. The only exception I found to this rule was that of a sharp-faced Down-Easter just opening his stock, who was much distressed when his clerk charged me seventy-five cents for a coil of rope, instead of one dollar. This disregard for all the petty arts of money-making was really a refreshing feature of society. Another equally agreeable trait was the punctuality with which debts were paid, and the general confidence which men were obliged to place, perforce, in each other's honesty. Perhaps this latter fact was owing, in part, to the impossibility of protecting wealth, and consequent dependence on an honourable regard for the rights of others."

While this gentleman was in San Francisco, an instance of the fairy-like manner in which fortunes are accumulated, came under his observation. A citizen of San Francisco died insolvent to the amount of forty-one thousand dollars the previous autumn. His administrators were delayed in settling his affairs, and his real estate advanced so rapidly in value meantime, that after his debts were paid, his heirs derived a yearly income from it of forty thousand dollars!

The fable of a city paved with gold is realised in San Francisco. Mr. Taylor reports:—"Walking through the town, I was quite amazed to find a dozen persons busily employed in the streets before the United States Hotel, digging up the earth with knives and crumbling it in their hands. They were actual gold-

hunters, who obtained in this way about five dollars a day. After blowing the fine dirt carefully in their hands, a few specks of gold were left, which they placed in a piece of white paper. A number of children were engaged in the same business, picking out the fine grains by applying to them the head of a pin moistened in their mouths. I was told of a small boy having taken home fourteen dollars as the result of one day's labor. On climbing the hill to the Post Office I observed in places where the wind had swept away the sand, several glittering dots of the real metal, but, like the Irishman who kicked the dollar out of his way, concluded to wait till I should reach the heap. The presence of gold in the streets was probably occasioned by the leakings from the miners' bags and the sweepings of stores; though it may also be, to a slight extent, native in the earth, particles having been found in the clay thrown up from a deep well."

The prices paid for labour were at that time equally *romantic*. The carman of one firm (Messrs. Mellus, Howard, and Co.) drew a salary of twelve hundred a year; and it was no uncommon thing for such persons to be paid from fifteen to twenty dollars, or between three and four pounds sterling per day. Servants were paid from forty to eighty pounds per month. Since this time (August, 1849), however, wages had fallen; the labourers for the rougher kinds of work could—poor fellows—get no more than something above the pay of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British army, or about four hundred per annum. The scarcity of labour is best illustrated by the cost of washing, which was one pound twelve shillings per dozen. It was therefore found cheaper to put out washing to the antipodes; and to this day, *San Francisco* shirts are washed and "got up" in China and the

Sandwich Islands. So many hundred dozens of dirty, and so many hundred dozens of washed linen form the part of every outward and inward cargo to and from the Golden City.

The profits upon merchandise about the time we are writing of, may be judged of by one little transaction recorded by Mr. Taylor:—"Many passengers," he writes, "began speculation at the moment of landing. The most ingenious and successful operation was made by a gentleman of New York, who took out fifteen hundred copies of 'The Tribune' and other papers, which he disposed of in two hours, at one dollar a-piece! Hearing of this I bethought me of about a dozen papers which I had used to fill up crevices in packing my valise. There was a newspaper merchant at the corner of the City Hotel, and to him I proposed the sale of them, asking him to name a price. I shall want to make a good profit on the retail price,' said he, 'and can't give more than ten dollars for the lot.' I was satisfied with the wholesale price, which was a gain of just four thousand per cent."

The prices of food are enormous, and, unhappily, so are the appetites; "for two months after my arrival," says a respectable authority, "my sensations were like those of a famished wolf;" yet the first glance at the tariff of a San Francisco bill of fare is calculated to turn the keenest European stomach. "Where shall we dine to-day?" asked Mr. Taylor, during his visit. "The restaurants display their signs invitingly on all sides; we have choice of the United States, Tortoni's, the Alhambra, and many other equally classic resorts, but Delmonico's, like its distinguished original in New York, has the highest prices and the greatest variety of dishes. We go down Kearney Street to a two-story wooden house on the corner of Jackson. The lower story is a market; the walls are garnished with quarters of beef and mut-

ton; a huge pile of Sandwich Island squashes fills one corner, and several cabbage-heads, valued at two dollars each, show themselves in the window. We enter a little door at the end of the building, ascend a dark, narrow flight of steps and find ourselves in a long, low room, with ceiling and walls of white muslin and a floor covered with oil-cloth. There are about twenty tables disposed in two rows, all of them so well filled that we have some difficulty in finding places. Taking up the written bill of fare, we find such items as the following:—

	Dol.	Cents.
SOUPS.		
Mock Turtle	0	75
St. Julien	1	00
FISH.		
Boiled Salmon, Trout, Anchovy Sauce	1	75
BOILED.		
Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce	1	00
Corned Beef, Cabbage	1	00
Ham and Tongues	0	75
ENTREES.		
Fillet of Beef, Mushroom Sauce	1	75
Veal Cutlets, breaded	1	00
Mutton Chop	1	00
Lobster Salad	2	00
Sirloin of Venison	1	50
Baked Maccaroni	0	75
Beef Tongue, Sauce piquante	1	00

So that, with but a moderate appetite, the dinner will cost us five dollars, if we are at all epicurean in our tastes. There are cries of 'steward!' from all parts of the room—the word 'waiter' is not considered sufficiently respectful, seeing that the waiter may have been a lawyer or a merchant's clerk a few months before. The dishes look very small as they are placed on the table,

but they are skilfully cooked and are very palatable to men that have ridden in from the diggings."

Lodging was equally extravagant. A bedroom in an hotel, 50*l.* per month, and a sleeping berth or "bunk"—one of fifty in the same apartment—1*l.* 4*s.* per week. Social intercourse is almost unknown. There are no females, and men have no better resource than gambling, which is carried on to an extent, and with a desperate energy, hardly conceivable. "Gambling," says a private correspondent, whose letter, dated April 20, 1850, now lies before us, "is carried on here with a bold and open front, so as to alarm and astonish one. Thousands and thousands change hands nightly. Go in, for instance, to a place called 'Parker House,' which is a splendid mansion, fitted up as well as any hotel in England; step into the front room, and you see five or six Monte, Roulette, and other gaming-tables, each having a bank of nearly half a bushel of gold and silver, piled up in the centre. That the excitement shall not be wholly devoid of diversion, the Muses lend their aid, and a band plays constantly to crowded rooms! Step into the next building, called 'El Dorado,' and there a similar scene is presented, and which is repeated, on a smaller scale, all over the town. The gamblers seem to control the town, but of course their days must be numbered. Fortunes are made or lost daily. People gamble with a freedom and recklessness which you can never dream of. Young men who come here must at all times resist gaming, or it must eventually end in their ruin: the same with drinking, as there is much of it here."

The variety of habits, manners, tastes, and prejudices, occasioned by the confluence in one spot of almost every variety of the human species, is another bar to a speedy deposit of all

these floating and opposite elements into a compact and well assimilated community. "Here," writes the same gentleman, "we see the character and habits of the English, Irish, Scotch, German, Pole, French, Spaniard, and almost every other nation of Europe. Then you have the South American, the Australian, the Chilian; and finally, the force of this golden mania has dissolved the chain that has hitherto bound China in national solitude, and she has now come forth, like an anchorite from his cell, to join this varied mass of golden speculators. Here we see in miniature just what is done in the large cities of other countries; we have some of our luxuries from the United States and the tropics, butter from Oregon, and for the most part California, Upper or Lower, furnishes us with our beef, &c. The streets are all bustle, as you may imagine, in a place now of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, independent of a small world of floating population."

Not the smallest wonder, however, presented in this region, is the rapid manner in which social order was shaped out of the human chaos. When a new placer or "gulch" was discovered, the first thing done was to elect officers and extend the area of order. The result was, that in a district five hundred miles long, and inhabited by one hundred thousand people—who had neither government, regular laws, rules, military or civil protection, nor even locks or bolts, and a great part of whom possessed wealth enough to tempt the vicious and depraved,—there was as much security to life and property as in any part of the Union, and as small a proportion of crime. The capacity of a people for self-government was never so triumphantly illustrated Never, perhaps, was there a community formed of more unpropitious elements; yet from all this seeming

chaos grew a harmony beyond what the most sanguine apostles of Progress could have expected. Indeed, there is nothing more remarkable connected with the capital of El Dorado, than the centre point it has become.

The story of Cadmus, who sowed dragons' teeth, and harvested armed men, who became the builders of cities; the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel; and the beautiful allegory of the lion lying down with the lamb; are all types of San Francisco. The first, of its sudden rise; the second, of the varieties of the genus Man it has congregated; and the third, of the extremes of those varieties, which range from the Polynesian savage to the most civilised individuals that Europe can produce. It is a coincidence well worthy of note, that, besides the intense attractions possessed from its gold, Upper or New California is of all other places the best adapted, from its geographical position, to become a rendezvous for all nations of the earth, and that the Bay of San Francisco is one of the best and most convenient for shipping throughout the western margin of the American continent. It is precisely the locality required to make a constant communication across the Pacific Ocean with the coasts of China, Japan, and the Eastern Archipelago commercially practicable. Its situation is that which would have been selected from choice for a concentration of delegates from the uttermost ends of the earth. If the Chinese, the Malay, the Ladrone, or the Sandwich Islander had wished to meet his Saxon or Celtic brother on a matter of mutual business, he would—deciding geographically—have selected California as the spot of assembly. The attractive powers of gold could not, therefore, have struck forth over the world from a better point than in and around San Francisco, both for the *interests of* commerce and for those of human intercourse.

The practical question respecting the Golden City remains yet to be touched. Does it offer wholesome inducements for emigration? On this subject we can do no more than quote the opinions of the intelligent and enterprising gentleman, to whose private letter we have already referred:—"This, I should say, is the best country in the world for an active, enterprising, steady young man, provided he can keep his health, as the climate, without due precaution, is not a healthy one. In the summer season, the weather is pleasantly warm from morning till noon, then it is windy till evening, and dusty, and then becomes so cold as to require an over-coat. This weather lasts to October, when the wind gets round to the south-west. It is dry, warm, and pleasant now (April). This and the rainy season are the pleasantest and warmest here. Thousands, on arriving, fall victims to the prevailing disease of dysentery. On the latter account, therefore, I should not advise, or be the indirect means of inducing, any one to make the adventure here, because it is impossible to foresee or calculate whether or not he can stand the climate and inconveniences of this country; and, if so, he is sure to be exposed to a miserable and too often neglected sickness, and ending in a miserable death. I have not been ill myself so far, as my general health has been extremely good, and I never looked so well as now. The climate seems to operate injuriously on bilious habits; but to those who can stand it, it is decidedly pleasanter than England. Fires are never necessary. Out of doors, at night, a great-coat is required, but in the house it is always warm. The whole and only question, with a man making up his mind to locate in California, should be in regard to his health. Business of all descriptions is better here than in any other part of the world, and he who perseveres is sure to succeed.

"There are various opinions afloat, in regard to the fertility of the soil, some holding that there are productive valleys in the interior which would supply sufficient sustenance for home consumption: others assert the reverse. Certain it is, however, that in many parts in the interior, the climate is delightful, but owing to the long continued dry season, I have doubts as to her ever raising a sufficient supply of vegetable necessaries of life: our market now is supplied from the Sandwich Islands and Oregon.

"As to gold mining, it is altogether a lottery; one man may make a large amount daily, another will but just live. There is an inexhaustible quantity of gold, however, but with many it is inconceivably hard to get, as the operations are so many, and health so very precarious, that it is a mere chance matter if you succeed in getting a large sum speedily. It seems a question whether it would not be advisable for the American Government to work the mines ultimately.

"California must 'go a-head:' the east will pour through the country her immense commerce into the States, and the mines will last for ages. Finally, I would now say to my friends, that, if you are inclined to come to this country, upon this my report of it, you must, to succeed, attend to my warnings as to drinking and gambling, and to my precautions against climate."

Our Phantom Ship among the Ice.

YONDER is the coast of Norway; we shall soon be at Spitzbergen.. The "Phantom" is fitted out for Arctic exploration, with instructions to find her way, by the north-west, to Behring Straits, and take the South Pole on her passage home. Just now, we steer due north, and yonder is the coast of Norway. From that coast parted Hugh Willoughby, three hundred years ago; the first of our countrymen who wrought an ice-bound highway to Cathay. Two years afterwards his ships were found, in the haven of Arzina, in Lapland, by some Russian fishermen; near and about them Willoughby and his companions—seventy dead men. The ships were freighted with their frozen crews, and sailed for England; but, "being unstaunch, as it is supposed, by their two years' wintering in Lapland, sunk, by the way, with their dead, and them also that brought them."

Ice floats about us now, and here is a whale blowing; a whale, too, very near Spitzbergen. When first Spitzbergen was discovered, in the good old times, there were whales here in abundance; then a hundred Dutch ships, in a crowd, might go to work, and boats might jostle with each other, and the only thing deficient would be stowage room for all the produce of the fishery. Now one ship may have the whole field to itself, and travel home with an imperfect cargo. It was fine fun in the good old times; there was no need to cruize. Coppers and boilers were fitted on the island, and little colonies about them, in the fishing season, *had nothing* to do but tow the whales in, with a boat, as fast as

they were wanted by the copper. No wonder that so enviable a Tom Tidler's ground was claimed by all who had a love for gold and silver. The English called it theirs, for they first fished; the Dutch said, nay, but the Island was of their discovery; Danes, Hamburghers, Biscayans, Spaniards, and French put in their claims; and at length, it was agreed to make partitions. The numerous bays and harbours which indent the coast were divided among the rival nations; and, to this day, many of them bear, accordingly, such names as English Bay, Danes Bay, and so forth. One bay there is, with graves in it, named Sorrow. For it seemed to the fishers most desirable, if possible, to plant upon this island permanent establishments, and condemned convicts were offered, by the Russians, life and pardon, if they would winter in Spitzbergen. They agreed; but, when they saw the icy mountains and the stormy sea, repented, and went back, to meet a death exempt from torture. The Dutch tempted free men, by high rewards, to try the dangerous experiment. One of their victims left a journal, which describes his suffering and that of his companions. Their mouths, he says, became so sore that, if they had food, they could not eat; their limbs were swollen and disabled with excruciating pain; they died of scurvy. Those who died first were coffined by their dying friends; a row of coffins was found in the spring, each with a man in it; two men uncoffined, side by side, were dead upon the floor. The journal told how once the traces of a bear excited their hopes of fresh meat and amended health; how, with a lantern, two or three had limped upon the track, until the light became extinguished, and they came back in despair to die. We might speak, also, of eight English sailors, left, by accident, upon Spitzbergen, *who lived to* return and tell their winter's tale; but a

long journey is before us, and we must not linger on the way. As for our whalers it need scarcely be related that the multitude of whales diminished as the slaughtering went on, until it was no longer possible to keep the coppers full. The whales had to be searched for by the vessels, and thereafter it was not worth while to take the blubber to Spitzbergen to be boiled; and the different nations, having carried home their coppers, left the apparatus of those fishing stations to decay.

Take heed. There is a noise like thunder, and a mountain snaps in two. The upper half comes, crushing, grinding, down into the sea, and loosened streams of water follow it. The sea is displaced before the mighty heap; it boils and scatters up a cloud of spray; it rushes back, and violently beats upon the shore. The mountain rises from its bath, sways to and fro, while water pours along its mighty sides; now it is tolerably quiet, letting crackers off as air escapes out of its cavities. That is an iceberg, and in that way are all icebergs formed. Mountains of ice formed by rain and snow—grand Arctic glaciers, undermined by the sea or by accumulation over-balanced—topple down upon the slightest provocation (moved by a shout, perhaps) and where they float, as this black looking fellow does, they need deep water. This berg in height is about ninety feet, and a due balance requires that a mass nine times as large as the part visible should be submerged. Icebergs are seen about us now which rise two hundred feet above the water's level.

There are above head plenty of aquatic birds; ashore, or on the ice, are bears, foxes, reindeer; and in the sea there are innumerable animals. We shall not see so much life near the North Pole, that is certain. It would be worth while to go ashore upon *an islet there*, near Vogel Sang, to pay a visit to the eider-ducks.

Their nests are so abundant that one cannot avoid treading upon them. When the duck is driven by a hungry fox to leave her eggs, she covers them with down, in order that they may not cool during her absence, and, moreover, glues the down into a case with a secretion supplied to her by Nature for that purpose. The deserted eggs are safe, for that secretion has an odour very disagreeable to the intruder's nose.

We still sail northward, among sheets of ice, whose boundaries are not beyond our vision from the mast-head—these are "floes;" between them we find easy way, it is fair "sailing ice." In the clear sky to the north a streak of lucid white light is the reflection from an icy surface; that is "ice-blink," in the language of these seas. The glare from snow is yellow, while open water gives a dark reflection.

Northward still; but now we are in fog; the ice is troublesome; a gale is rising. Now, if our ship had timbers they would crack, and if she had a bell it would be tolling; if we were shouting to each other we should not hear; the sea is in a fury. With wild force its breakers dash against a heaped-up wall of broken ice, that grinds and strains and battles fiercely with the water. This is "the pack," the edge of a great ice-field broken by the swell. It is a perilous and an exciting thing to push through pack ice in a gale.

Now there is ice as far as eye can see, that is "an ice field." Masses are forced up like colossal tombstones on all sides; our sailors call them "hummocks;" here and there the broken ice displays large "holes of water." Shall we go on? Upon this field, in 1827, Parry adventured with his men, to reach the North Pole, if that should be possible. With sledges and portable boats they *laboured on,* through snow; and over hummocks, launching

their boats over the larger holes of water. With stout hearts, undaunted by toil or danger, they went boldly on, though by degrees it became clear to the leaders of the expedition, that they were almost like mice upon a tread-mill cage, making a great expenditure of leg for little gain. The ice was floating to the south with them, as they were walking to the north; still they went on. Sleeping by day to avoid the glare, and to get greater warmth during the time of rest, and travelling by night,—watch-makers' days and nights, for it was all one polar day, the men soon were unable to distinguish noon from midnight. The great event of one day on this dreary waste, was the discovery of two flies upon an ice hummock; these, says Parry, became at once a topic of ridiculous importance. Presently, after twenty-three miles walking, they only had gone one mile forward, the ice having industriously floated twenty-two miles in the opposite direction; and then, after walking forward eleven miles, they found themselves to be three miles behind the place from which they started. The party accordingly returned, not having reached the Pole, not having reached the eighty-third parallel, for the attainment of which, there was a reward of a thousand pounds held out by government. They reached the parallel of eighty-two degrees, forty-five minutes, which was, and still is, the most northerly point trodden by the foot of man. From that point they returned. In those high latitudes they met with a phenomenon, common in alpine regions, as well as at the Pole, red snow. The red colour being caused by the abundance of a minute plant, of low development, the last dweller on the borders of the vegetable kingdom. Most interesting to the sailors was a fat she-bear which they killed and devoured with a zeal to be repented of; for on reaching *navigable* sea, and pushing in their boats to Table Island,

where some stones were left, they found that the bears had eaten all their bread, whereon the men agreed that "Bruin was now square with them." An Islet next to Table Island—they are both mere rocks—is the most northern land discovered. Therefore, Parry applied to it the name of Lieutenant—now Sir James—Ross. This compliment Sir James Ross has acknowledged in the most emphatic manner, by discovering on his part, at the other pole, the most southern land yet seen, and giving to it the name of Parry: "Parry Mountains."

It very probably would not be difficult under such circumstances, as Sir W. Parry has since recommended, to reach the North Pole along this route. Then (especially if it be true, as many believe, that there is a region of open sea about the Pole itself) we might find it as easy to reach Behring's Straits, by travelling in a straight line over the North Pole, as by threading the strait and bays north of America.

We turn our course until we have in sight a portion of the ice-barred eastern coast of Greenland, Shannon Island. Somewhere about this spot in the seventy-fifth parallel is the most northern part of that coast known to us. Colonel—then Captain—Sabine in the "Griper," was landed there to make magnetic, and other observations; for the same purpose he had previously visited Sierra Leone. That is where we differ from our forefathers. They commissioned hardy seamen to encounter peril for the search of gold ore, or for a near road to Cathay; but our peril is encountered for the gain of knowledge, for the highest kind of service that can now be rendered to the human race.

Before we leave the northern sea, we must not omit to mention the voyage by Spitzbergen northward, in 1818, of Captain *Buchan in the "Dorothea,"* accompanied by Lieutenant Franklin,

in the "Trent." It was Sir John Franklin's first voyage to the Arctic regions. This trip forms the subject of a delightful book by Captain Beechey.

On our way to the south point of Greenland we pass near Cape North, a point of Iceland. Iceland, we know, is the centre of a volcanic region, whereof Norway and Greenland are at opposite points of the circumference. In connection with this district there is a remarkable fact; that by the agency of subterranean forces, a large portion of Norway and Sweden is being slowly upheaved. While Greenland, on the west coast, as gradually sinks into the sea, Norway rises at the rate of about four feet in a century. In Greenland, the sinking is so well known that the natives never build close to the water's edge, and the Moravian missionaries more than once have had to move farther inland the poles on which their boats are rested.

Our Phantom Ship stands fairly now along the western coast of Greenland into Davis Straits. We observe that upon this western coast there is, by a great deal, less ice than on the eastern. That is a rule generally. Not only the configuration of the straits and bays, but also the earth's rotation from west to east, causes the currents here to set towards the west, and wash the western coasts, while they act very little on the eastern. We steer across Davis Straits, among "an infinite number of great countreys and islands of yce;" there, near the entrance, we find Hudson Strait, which does not now concern us. Islands probably separate this well-known channel from Frobisher Strait to the north of it, yet unexplored. Here let us recall to mind the fleet of fifteen sail, under Sir Martin Frobisher, in 1578, tossing about *and parting* company among the ice. Let us remember how the *crew of the* "Anne Frances," in that expedition, built a pinnace

when their vessel struck upon a rock, although they wanted main timber and nails. How they made a mimic forge, and "for the easier making of nails, were forced to break their tongs, gridiron, and fire-shovel, in pieces." How Master Captain Best, in this frail bark, with its imperfect timbers held together by the metamorphosed gridiron and fire-shovel, continued in his duty, and did "depart up the straights as before was pretended." How a terrific storm arose, and the fleet parted, and the intrepid captain was towed "in his small pinnesse, at the stern of the 'Michael,' thorow the raging seas; for the bark was not able to receive, or relieve half his company." The "tongs, gridyron and fire-shovell," performed their work only for as many minutes as were absolutely necessary, for "the pinnesse came no sooner aboord the ship, and the men entred, but she presently shivered and fell in pieces, and sunke at the ship's stern with all the poor men's furniture."

Now, too, as we sail up the strait, explored a few years after these events by Master John Davis, how proudly we remember him as a right worthy forerunner of those countrymen of his and ours who since have sailed over his track. Nor ought we to pass on without calling to mind the melancholy fate, in 1606, of Master John Knight, driven, in the "Hopewell," among huge masses of ice with a tremendous surf, his rudder knocked away, his ship half full of water, at the entrance to these straits. Hoping to find a harbour, he set forth to explore a large island, and landed, leaving two men to watch the boat, while he, with three men and the mate, set forth and disappeared over a hill. For thirteen hours the watchers kept their post; one had his trumpet with him, for he was a trumpeter, the other had a gun. They *trumpeted often and loudly*; they fired, but no answer came. They

watched ashore all night for the return of their captain and his party, "but they came not at all."

The season is advanced. As we sail on, the sea steams like a lime-kiln, "frost-smoke" covers it. The water, cooled less rapidly, is warmer now than the surrounding air, and yields this vapour in consequence. By the time our vessel has reached Baffin's Bay, still coasting along Greenland, in addition to old floes and bergs, the water is beset with "pancake ice." That is the young ice when it first begins to cake upon the surface. Innocent enough it seems, but it is sadly clogging to the ships. It sticks about their sides like treacle on a fly's wing; collecting unequally, it destroys all equilibrium, and impedes the efforts of the steersman. Rocks split on the Greenland coast with loud explosions, and more icebergs fall. Icebergs we soon shall take our leave of; they are only found where there is a coast on which glaciers can form; they are good for nothing but to yield fresh water to the vessels; it will be all field, pack, and salt-water ice presently.

Now we are in Baffin's Bay, explored in the voyages of Bylot and Baffin, 1615-16. When, in 1817, a great movement in the Greenland ice caused many to believe that the northern passages would be found comparatively clear; and when, in consequence of this impression, Sir John Barrow succeeded in setting a-foot that course of modern Arctic exploration, which has been continued to the present day, Sir John Ross was the first man sent to find the north-west passage. Buchan and Parry were commissioned at the same time to attempt the North Sea route. Sir John Ross did little more on that occasion than effect a *survey of* Baffin's Bay, and prove the accuracy of the ancient *pilot.* In the extreme north of the bay there is an inlet or a

channel, called by Baffin, Smith's Sound; this Sir John saw, but did not enter. It never yet has been explored. It may be an inlet only; but it is also very possible that by this channel ships might get into the polar sea and sail by the north shore of Greenland to Spitzbergen. Turning that corner, and descending along the western coast of Baffin's Bay, there is another inlet called Jones' Sound by Baffin, also unexplored. These two inlets, with their very British titles, Smith and Jones, are of exceeding interest. Jones' Sound may lead by a back way to Melville Island. South of Jones' Sound there is a wide break in the shore, a great sound, named by Baffin, Lancaster's, which Sir John Ross, in that first expedition, failed also to explore. Like our transatlantic friends at the South Pole, he laid down a range of clouds as mountains, and considered the way impervious; so he came home. Parry went out next year, as a lieutenant, in command of his first and most successful expedition. He sailed up Lancaster Sound, which was in that year (1819), unusually clear of ice; and he is the discoverer whose track we now follow in our Phantom Ship. The whole ground being new, he had to name the points of country right and left of him. The way was broad and open, due west, a most prosperous beginning for a north-west passage. If this continued, he would soon reach Behring's Strait. A broad channel to the right, directed, that is to say, southward, he entered on the Prince of Wales's birthday, and so called it the "Prince Regent's Inlet." After exploring this for some miles, he turned back to resume his western course, for still there was a broad strait leading westward. This second part of Lancaster Sound, he called after the Secretary of the Admiralty who had so indefatigably laboured to *promote the expeditions*, Barrow's Strait. Then he came to a

channel, turning to the right or northward, and he named that Wellington Channel. Then he had on his right hand ice, islands large and small, and intervening channels; on the left, ice, and a cape visible, Cape Walker. At an island, named after the First Lord of Admiralty Melville Island, the great frozen wilderness barred farther progress. There he wintered. On the coast of Melville Island they had passed the latitude of one hundred and ten degrees, and the men had become entitled to a royal bounty of five thousand pounds. This group of islands Parry called North Georgian, but they are usually called by his own name, Parry Islands. This was the first European winter party in the Arctic circle. Its details are familiar enough. How the men cut in three days through ice seven inches thick, a canal two miles and a half long, and so brought the ships into safe harbour. How the genius of Parry equalled the occasion; how there was established a theatre and a "North Georgian Gazette," to cheer the tediousness of a night which continued for two thousand hours. The dreary dazzling waste in which there was that little patch of life, the stars, the fog, the moonlight, the glittering wonder of the northern lights, in which, as Greenlanders believe, souls of the wicked dance tormented, are familiar to us. The she-bear stays at home; but the he-bear hungers, and looks in vain for a stray seal or walrus—woe to the unarmed man who meets him in his hungry mood! Wolves are abroad, and pretty white arctic foxes. The reindeer have sought other pasture-ground. The thermometer runs down to more than sixty degrees below freezing, a temperature tolerable in calm weather, but distressing in a wind. The eye-piece of the telescope *must be protected* now with leather, for the skin is destroyed *that comes in* contact with cold metal. The voice at a mile's

distance can be heard distinctly. Happy the day when first the sun is seen to graze the edge of the horizon; but summer must come, and the heat of a constant day must accumulate, and summer wane, before the ice is melted. Then the ice cracks, like cannons over-charged, and moves with a loud grinding noise. But not yet is escape to be made with safety. After a detention of ten months, Parry got free; but, in escaping, narrowly missed the destruction of both ships, by their being "nipped" between the mighty mass and the unyielding shore. What animals are found on Melville Island, we may judge from the results of sport during ten months' detention. The island exceeds five thousand miles square, and yielded to the gun, three musk oxen, twenty-four deer, sixty-eight hares, fifty-three geese, fifty-nine ducks, and one hundred and forty-four ptarmigans, weighing together three thousand seven hundred and sixty-six pounds—not quite two ounces of meat per day to every man. Lichens, stunted grass, saxifrage, and a feeble willow, are the plants of Melville Island, but in sheltered nooks there are found sorrel, poppy, and a yellow butter-cup. Halos and double suns are very common consequences of refraction in this quarter of the world. Franklin returned from his first and most famous voyage with his men all safe and sound, except the loss of a few fingers, frost-bitten. We sail back only as far as Regent's Inlet, being bound for Behring's Strait. The reputation of Sir John Ross' being clouded by the discontent expressed against his first expedition, Mr. Felix Booth, a rich distiller, provided seventeen thousand pounds to enable his friend to redeem his credit. Sir John accordingly, in 1829, went out in the "Victory," provided with steam machinery that did not answer well. He was *accompanied by* Sir James Ross, his nephew. He it was who,

on this occasion, first surveyed Regent's Inlet, down which we are now sailing with our Phantom Ship. The coast on our right hand, westward, which Parry saw, is called North Somerset, but farther south, where the inlet widens, the land is named Boothia Felix. Five years before this, Parry, in his third voyage, had attempted to pass down Regent's Inlet, where, among ice and storm, one of his ships, the "Hecla," had been driven violently ashore, and of necessity, abandoned. The stores had been removed, and Sir John was able now to replenish his own vessel from them. Rounding a point at the bottom of Prince Regent's Inlet, we find Felix Harbour, where Sir John Ross wintered. His nephew made from this point scientific explorations; discovered a strait called after him the Strait of James Ross, and on the northern shore of this strait, on the main land of Boothia, planted the British flag on the Northern Magnetic Pole. The ice broke up, so did the "Victory;" after a hair-breadth escape, the party found a searching vessel, and arrived home after an absence of four years and five months, Sir John Ross having lost his ship, and won his reputation. The friend in need was made a baronet for his munificence; Sir John was reimbursed for all his losses, and the crew liberally taken care of. Sir James Ross had a rod and flag signifying "Magnetic Pole," given to him for a new crest, by the Heralds' College, for which he was no doubt greatly the better.

We have sailed northward to get into Hudson Strait, the high road into Hudson Bay. Along the shore are Esquimaux in boats, extremely active, but these filthy creatures we pass by; the Esquimaux in Hudson Strait are like the negroes of the coast, demoralised by intercourse with European traders. These *are not true pictures* of the loving children of the north. Our

"Phantom" floats on the wide waters of Hudson Bay—the grave of its discoverer. Familiar as the story is of Henry Hudson's fate, for John King's sake how gladly we repeat it. While sailing on the waters he discovered, in 1611, his men mutinied; the mutiny was aided by Henry Green, a prodigal, whom Hudson had generously shielded from ruin. Hudson, the master, and his son, with six sick or disabled members of the crew, were driven from their cabins, forced into a little shallop, and committed helpless to the water and the ice. But there was one stout man, John King, the carpenter, who stepped into the boat, abjuring his companions, and chose rather to die than even passively be partaker in so foul a crime. John King, we who live after, will remember you.

Here on an island, Charlton Island, near our entrance to the bay, in 1631, wintered poor Captain James with his wrecked crew. This is a point outside the Arctic circle, but quite cold enough. Of nights, with a good fire in the house they built, hoar frost covered their beds, and the cook's water in a metal pan before the fire, was warm on one side and froze on the other. Here "it snowed and froze extremely, at which time we, looking from the shore towards the ship, she appeared a piece of ice in the fashion of a ship, or a ship resembling a piece of ice." Here the gunner, who had lost his leg, besought that "for the little time he had to live, he might drink sack altogether." He died and was buried in the ice far from the vessel, but when afterwards two more were dead of scurvy, and the others, in a miserable state, were working with faint hope about their shattered vessel, the gunner was found to have returned home to the old vessel; his leg had penetrated through a port-hole. They "digged him clear out, and he was as free from noisomeness,"

the record says, "as when we first committed him to the sea. This alteration had the ice, and water, and time, only wrought on him, that his flesh would slip up and down upon his bones, like a glove on a man's hand. In the evening we buried him by the others." These worthy souls, laid up with the agonies of scurvy, knew that in action was their only hope; they forced their limbs to labour, among ice and water, every day. They set about the building of a boat, but the hard frozen wood had broken all their axes, so they made shift with the pieces. To fell a tree, it was first requisite to light a fire around it, and the carpenter could only labor with his wood over a fire, or else it was like stone under his tools. Before the boat was made they buried the carpenter. The captain exhorted them to put their trust in God; "His will be done. If it be our fortune to end our days here, we are as near Heaven as in England. They all protested to work to the utmost of their strength, and that they would refuse nothing that I should order them to do to the utmost hazard of their lives. I thanked them all." Truly the North Pole has its triumphs. If we took no account of the fields of trade opened by our Arctic explorers, if we thought nothing of the wants of science in comparison with the lives lost in supplying them, is not the loss of life a gain, which proves and tests the fortitude of noble hearts, and teaches us respect for human nature? All the lives that have been lost among these Polar regions, are less in number than the dead upon a battle-field. The battle-field inflicted shame upon our race—is it with shame that our hearts throb in following these Arctic heroes? March 31st, says Captain James, "was very cold, with snow and hail, which pinched our sick men more than any time this year. This evening, being May *eve, we returned* late from our work to our house, and made a

good fire, and chose ladies, and ceremoniously wore their names in our caps, endeavouring to revive ourselves by any means. On the 15th, I manured a little patch of ground that was bare of snow, and sowed it with pease, hoping to have some shortly to eat, for as yet we could see no green thing to comfort us." Those pease saved the party; as they came up the young shoots were boiled and eaten, so their health began to mend, and they recovered from the scurvy. Eventually, after other perils, they succeeded in making their escape.

A strait, called Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, leads due north out of Hudson's Bay, being parted by Southampton Island from the strait through which we entered. Its name is quaint, for so was its discoverer, Luke Fox, a worthy man, addicted much to euphuism. Fox sailed from London in the same year in which James sailed from Bristol. They were rivals. Meeting in Davis Straits, Fox dined on board his friendly rival's vessel, which was very unfit for the service upon which it went. The sea washed over them and came into the cabin, so says Fox, "sauce would not have been wanted if there had been roast mutton." Luke Fox being ice-bound and in peril, writes, "God thinks upon our imprisonment with a *supersedeas;*" but he was a good and honourable man as well as euphuist. His "Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome," leads into Fox Channel; our "Phantom Ship" is pushing through the welcome passes on the left-hand Repulse Bay. This portion of the Arctic regions, with Fox Channel, is extremely perilous. Here Captain Lyon, in the "Griper," was thrown anchorless upon the mercy of a stormy sea, ice crashing around him. One island in Fox Channel is called Mill Island, from the incessant grinding of great masses of ice collected there. In the *northern part* of Fox Channel, on the western shore, is

Melville Peninsula, where Parry wintered on his second voyage. Here let us go ashore and see a little colony of Esquimaux.

Their huts are built of blocks of snow, and arched, having an ice pane for a window. They construct their arched entrance and their hemispherical roof, on the true principles of architecture. Those wise men, the Egyptians, made their arch by hewing the stones out of shape, the Esquimaux have the true secret. Here they are, with little food in winter and great appetites; devouring a whole walrus when they get it, and taking the chance of hunger for the next eight days—hungry or full, for ever happy in their lot—here are the Esquimaux. They are warmly clothed, each in a double suit of skins sewn neatly together. Some are singing, with good voices, too. Please them, and they straightway dance; activity is good in a cold climate. Play to them on the flute, or if you can sing well, sing, or turn a barrel-organ, they are mute, eager with wonder and delight; their love of music is intense. Give them a pencil, and, like children, they will draw. Teach them and they will learn, oblige them and they will be grateful. "Gentle and loving savages," one of our old worthies called them, and the Portuguese were so much impressed with their teachable and gentle conduct, that a Venetian ambassador writes, "His serene majesty contemplates deriving great advantage from the country, not only on account of the timber of which he has occasion, but of the inhabitants, who are admirably calculated for labour, and are the best I have ever seen." The Esquimaux, of course, will learn vice, and in the region visited by whale ships, vice enough has certainly been taught him. Here are the dogs, who will eat old coats, or anything; and, near the dwellings, here is a snow-bunting,—robin redbreast of the Arctic lands. A party of our sailors once, on landing, took some sticks from a large heap,

and uncovered the nest of a snow-bunting with young; the bird flew to a little distance, but seeing that the men sat down and harmed her not, continued to seek food and supply her little ones, with full faith in the good intentions of the party. Captain Lyon found a child's grave partly uncovered, and a snow-bunting had built its nest upon the infant's bosom.

Sailing round Melville Peninsula, we come into the Gulf of Akkolee, through Fury and Hecla Straits, discovered by Parry. So we get back to the bottom of Regent's Inlet which we quitted a short time ago, and sailing in the neighbourhood of the magnetic pole, we reach the estuary of Back's River, on the north-east coast of America. We pass then through a strait, discovered in 1839, by Dean and Simpson, still coasting along the northern shore of America, on the Great Stinking Lake, as Indians call this ocean. Boats, ice permitting, and our "Phantom Ship," of course, can coast all the way to Behring's Strait. The whole coast has been explored by Sir John Franklin, Sir John Richardson, and Sir George Back, who have earned their knighthoods through great peril. As we pass Coronation Gulf—the scene of Franklin, Richardson, and Back's first exploration from the Coppermine River—we revert to the romantic story of their journey back, over a land of snow and frost, subsisting upon lichens with companions starved to death, where they plucked wild leaves for tea, and ate their shoes for supper; the tragedy by the river; the murder of poor Hood, with a book of prayers in his hand; Franklin at Fort Enterprise, with two companions at the point of death, himself gaunt, hollow-eyed, feeding on pounded bones, raked from the dunghill; the arrival of Dr. Richardson and the brave sailor; their awful story of the cannibal Michel;—we revert to these things with a shudder. But we must continue on our

route. The current stills flows westward, bearing now large quantities of drift wood, out of the Mackenzie River. At the name of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, also, we might pause, and talk over the bold achievements of another Arctic hero; but we pass on, by a rugged and inhospitable coast, unfit for vessels of large draught,—pass the broad mouth of the Youcon, pass Point Barrow, Icy Cape, and are in Behring's Strait. Had we passed on, we should have found the Russian Arctic coast line, traced out by a series of Russian explorers; of whom the most illustrious —Baron Von Wrangell—states, that beyond a certain distance to the northward, there is always found what he calls the *Polynja* (open water). This is the fact adduced by those who adhere to the old fancy that there is a sea about the pole itself quite free from ice.

We pass through Behring's Straits. Behring, a Dane by birth, but in the Russian service, died here in 1741, upon the scene of his discovery. He and his crew, victims of scurvy, were unable to manage their vessel in a storm; and it was at length wrecked on a barren island, there, where "want, nakedness, cold, sickness, impatience, and despair, were their daily guests." Behring, his lieutenant, and the master died.

Now we must put a girdle round the world, and do it with the speed of Ariel. Here we are already in the heats of the equator. We can do no more than remark, that if air and water are heated at the equator, and frozen at the poles, there will be equilibrium destroyed, and constant currents caused. And so it happens, so we get the prevailing winds, and all the currents of the ocean. Of these, some of the uses, but by no means all, are obvious. We urge our "Phantom" fleetly to the southern pole. *Here, over* the other hemisphere of the earth, there shines another

hemisphere of heaven. The stars are changed; the southern cross, the Magellanic clouds, the "coal-sack" in the milky way, attract our notice. Now we are in the southern latitude that corresponds to England in the north; nay, at a greater distance from the pole, we find Kerguelen's Land, emphatically called "The Isle of Desolation." Icebergs float much further into the warm sea on this side of the equator, before they dissolve. The South Pole is evidently a more thorough refrigerator than the North. Why is this? We shall soon see. We push through pack-ice, and through floes and fields, by lofty bergs, by an island or two covered with penguins, until there lies before us a long range of mountains, nine or ten thousand feet in height, and all clad in eternal snow. That is a portion of the Southern Continent. Lieutenant Wilkes, in the American exploring expedition, first discovered this, and mapped out some part of the coast, putting a few clouds in likewise,—a mistake easily made by those who omit to verify every foot of land. Sir James Ross, in his most successful South Pole Expedition, during the years 1839–43, sailed over some of this land and confirmed the rest. The Antarctic, as well as the Arctic honours he secured for England, by turning a corner of the land, and sailing far southward, along an impenetrable icy barrier, to the latitude of seventy-eight degrees, nine minutes. It is an elevated continent, with many lofty ranges. In the extreme southern point reached by the ships, a magnificent volcano was seen spouting fire and smoke out of the everlasting snow. This volcano, twelve thousand four hundred feet high, was named Mount Erebus; for the "Erebus" and "Terror," now sought anxiously among the bays, and sounds, and creeks of the North Pole, then coasted by the solid ice walls of the south. Only as "Phantoms" can we cross this land and

live. These lofty mountain ranges, cold to the marrow, these vast glaciers and elevated plains of ice, no wonder that they cast a chill about their neighbourhood. Our very ghosts are cold, and the volcanoes only make the frost colder by contrast. We descend upon the other side, take ship again, and float up the Atlantic, through the tropics. We have been round the world now, and among the ice, and have not grown much older since we started.

My Pearl-Fishing Expedition.

CEYLON has for centuries been famed for the richness and value of its pearls. Its oyster banks are said to have furnished those which the voluptuous Cleopatra quaffed in her wine to the health of Marc Antony. The "Barbaric Pearl" was ever a favourite ornament amongst the Greek and Roman ladies; and it is still as highly prized by the native princes of India. The most costly produce of the Ceylon Pearl Fisheries is carried, by Moorish and Hindoo traders, to the Indian Continent: the least valuable are mostly exported to the countries of Europe.

The reader need hardly be informed that the pearl is a substance found secreted in the flesh of a peculiar species of non-edible oyster, which is met with on the north-west coast of Ceylon, as well as in the Persian Gulf, in the Sooloo Islands, on the coast of Algiers, in the Bay of Panama, and in one or two other places. These oysters are more prettily shaped than the edible oysters of this country. The interior of the shell has a most beautiful mother-o'-pearl appearance. The finest pearls are usually found in the beard of the oyster, whilst the smaller varieties, and those known as *seed pearls*, are met with in the thick part of the flesh. Some have been seen as large as pistol-bullets, and one is on record as having been worth one hundred and ten thousand pounds. The average value, however, of the middling sizes is about three or four pounds; whilst the smaller sizes are to be had for a few shillings.

Since the possession of Ceylon by the British, the Pearl Fishery has proved a source of considerable revenue to the Government; yielding, occasionally, as much as eighty thousand pounds per annum. The season for fishing is during the month of March; just when the force of the north-east monsoon has passed over, and previous to the first appearance of the south-west winds. The oyster banks are situated off a point of land called Aripo, on the west coast of the island, far to the north of Colombo, and not very distant from "Adam's Bridge;" a ridge of rocks crossing the Samubin Channel, nearly from Ceylon to the most southern point of the Indian Continent. The Banks are numerous and mostly of but a few miles in extent; they are out of sight of land, which is here very low, so that to fish them requires some degree of experience and skill. The exclusive right to this Fishery rests with the Ceylon Government; and this right was, for many years, sold by public auction or by private tenders, to native renters. In more recent times the Government fished the Banks on their own account, disposing of the oysters, as brought on shore, by auction.

On the 25th of February, 1836, I arrived in the Bay of Condaletry, the anchorage of Aripo, a passenger on board the Government barque "Wellington," of whose commander I was the guest. The Inspector of the Pearl Banks was also on board, with his own boat and crew; his lugger was fitted up very comfortably with awnings and cushions, precautions I soon found highly necessary on such service.

Early the next morning I landed with the Inspector at Silawatorre, a small village, distant a few miles from the station at Aripo. This was a most miserable little place, consisting of but *a single* row of small mud huts, standing in hot and dusty soli-

tude, with a few lonely parched up palms near them; but far as the eye could reach, inland or coastwise, there was nothing to break the monotony of endless sand-plains, save the distant white walls of the "Doric;" a lofty, stuccoed Government building near Aripo, which glistened and shone so brilliantly in the rays of the morning sun as to make one's eyes blink again. For miles around lay countless heaps of snowy oyster shells, bleached by the suns of many monsoons. Ridge over ridge, heap upon heap, they seemed to have no end; and one might well have imagined that, in years long past, some conflicting armies of oysters had met to do battle on those sea-washed sands, and left their many hecatombs of slain unburied on those wastes.

There were a few dirty women, and thin-faced children on the beach, whose curiosity had for the moment overcome their sloth. Further on under three palms, stood the *Adapanaar* of Aripo, or headman of the district; a fine grey-bearded old man, attended by his deputy the *Maniagar*, and a few seedy looking followers armed to the teeth with paper umbrellas and painted sticks. The inspector adjourned with these strange-looking officials to a thatched open bungalow, by a small flag-staff, where they were soon engrossed in details respecting the approaching fishery. The scene was altogether so desolate and uninteresting, and the sun was becoming so powerful, that I was glad to return to the ship by the first opportunity—a native canoe.

The following morning we stood out for the "Banks," near which the anchor was dropped, and for several days, the Inspector and his boat's crew were occupied in placing buoys with little blue and red flags attached, upon the edges of the several beds which were to be poked. The weather was oppressively hot; the sky was without a cloud to break the intensity of the sun's

rays; the sea-breeze blew faintly and fitfully, scarcely rippling the surface of the water, which seemed as though it were a sea of some molten metal.

On the 5th of March we returned to our anchorage in Condaletry Bay; but this time closer to the shore. I could not help being amused at the pantomimic change which had, during our absence, come over the dull mud-village and dusty plains on shore. It was as though Harlequin had, with his wand, transformed all those piles of shells I had left on the beach, into living masses of dusky human beings. The Genius of the Wonderful Lamp must have given his vessel an extra rub, and conjured up the inhabitants of some subterranean world to astonish us on our return. The very sands of the plain seemed to be redolent of life. The miserable row of low, dirty huts had either been levelled to the ground, or were hidden from sight by numberless gaily-coloured booths or *Pandals*, of all sorts of shapes and sizes, ornamented with the pale green leaves of the Palmyra and Cocoa Palm, and long stripes of white cloth. There were thousands of natives flocking and struggling down to the beach, as though they expected us to bring on shore all the wealth of the Pearl Banks. Our anchorage-ground was opposite the little flag-staff; and, about us as thick as they could be moored, lay fully two hundred native boats of various sizes, though of one build, being a sort of rakish-looking barge; so sharp and knowing, both forwards and aft, that one might have imagined them to have been bloated and corpulent London wherries. They were each manned by ten oarsmen, a *Tandal* or steersman, and his deputy, besides a cooley for baling out the water; for most of these crafts leak freely. They measure from eight to twelve *tons, yet there* are very few nails about them; the omnipotent

cocoa-nut fibre serving to fasten nearly all Cingalese vessels and boats together.

I could not resist the temptation presented by the motley scene on shore. Accordingly, towards the evening, I landed, and mixed amongst the busy, endless throng. It seemed almost incredible that the gay place I then beheld, could have been the same that not many days since I had left so silent and desolate. There was the flag-staff, however, now enclosed by a broken fence, and guarded by a detachment of Malay riflemen. Further off, towering high above the *Pandals* and bazaars, were the dazzling white walls of the Doric. It was with the utmost difficulty that I forced my way through the dense moving mass; the noise, the crowd, the heat, the smell, the motley colours, all served to annoy and perplex, whilst they amused. All these thousands were congregated to share in, or derive some profit from the fishery about to take place. All appeared anxious to learn if the day had been fixed; how many boats would be employed; and for how long. A few of the more respectable traders passed around me, in the hope of gathering some information on these points; but in vain. Wealthy Hindoo merchants; Moormen and Malabar Chettys from the opposite coasts of India; Parawa traders from the Madura shore; Arabs, Banians, and Parsees, from Bombay and Madras; dealers from the Persian Gulf; Tamils, Jews, Chinese, Portuguese, Dutch, half-castes, Cingalese, Malays; all were there, in their many gaily-coloured and varied costumes, making up what might well have been taken for a masquerade in the open air.

Long rows of bazaars stretched as far as the eye could reach; gaudily decorated, and filled to the roof with wares and merchandise of every conceivable kind, as though the swarms of visitors

were expected to dwell there for a twelvemonth at least. Booths full of sweet-meats, strong liquors, and native drinks, tempted the hungry and the thirsty on all sides. In the middle stood a rather humble sized building, with a white flag flying from one corner of its leafy roof, and strings of little lamps and flowers hung across the doorway. The sound of heavy tom-toms, and shrilly-shrieking pipes, resounded from within, and told plainly enough its sacred character. It was a temple hastily erected by the priests of the shrine of Ramisseram—a famed sanctuary on the Indian shore—where, it is said by Bramin legends, Adam rested ere passing over to Ceylon to end his days. Further on was a Buddhist temple, with its yellow and white flowers, cloths and flags, and its yellow-robed, bald-headed, keen-eyed, old priests. These gentry reap a rich harvest during the fishery by ordinary offerings, the sale of charms for the divers, and lucky "*olahs*" for those who intend to bid for oysters. Besides all these sources of income, the priests lay claim to charity, or temple oysters, a small proportion from each boat-load out of the divers' shares, and which most of the natives are weak and ignorant enough to concede to them.

At one of the large ornamental arrack-booths, a crowd of boatmen and divers was assembled, listening to the lusty harangue from a tall ungainly figure, I could scarcely distinguish amidst so many in the throng. I found out that he was a Shark-Charmer, and reaped no little gain from his vocation. The divers, I learnt, were so persuaded of his mystic powers over the monsters of the deep, that no bribes or threats would induce them to venture into the sea without his presence. This "Charmer" stood quite six feet high, a dark, long-haired Bramin, with bright, *cat-like eyes*, and heavy, shaggy eyebrows. His black hair was

matted together with dirt and filth; his skin was marked in many places with mysterious characters in chalk: his brawny neck and arms were ornamented with strings of heavy black beads. It was hardly to be wondered at, that such a character should possess some influence over the benighted Indians—the boatmen and divers; it was not difficult, however, to perceive that most of his excitement was derived from the little squat bottles which graced the dirty shelves of the Arrack Bazaar.

After a lapse of four days, spent by the Inspector, the Magistrate of the District, the Government Agent, and the *Adapanaar*, in various arrangements;—in publishing notices and issuing instructions connected with the fishery—the first diving day was determined on, and the boats, to the number of two hundred, were forthwith put in readiness.

The day previous to the fishery, the "Wellington" once more stood out for the "Banks," with the Inspector and Government Agent on board. The boats, with their respective complements of divers, were to leave precisely at midnight, so as to arrive on the banks before day-light, the wind being at that time off the land and in their favour. In order to see as much as possible of their proceedings, I remained to accompany the fleet with the old *Adapanaar* in his ten-oared cutter. I lay down at dusk in a small shed attached to the temporary military quarters, intending to snatch a few hours' repose. But I soon found sleep was quite out of the question; the noise in the bazaars was greater than ever, and it was with an effort that I made myself heard by the attendants, above the din of voices, tom-toms and pipes. I walked out and found the boatmen and divers, far from attempting any rest previous to their heavy labours, merry-making on the sea beach. Many were dancing, many beating time on

the tom-tom; hundreds were chaunting their wild songs, and all had been well supplied with toddy and arrack. The night was pitchy dark, and but few stars were visible over the bright glare of many torches. A huge bonfire blazed over the flag-staff, lighting up bazaars, palm-trees, and temples, in one lurid glare, and flinging a few rays on the distant shining walls of the Doric. The Shark-Charmer, too, stood in all his glory, on the summit of one of the vast heaps of blanched oyster shells; he was holding forth to the assembled crowd with shouts and wild gesticulations, and as the glare of the fire shot past him, he appeared to be clothed in flame, while his gaunt arms flung titanic shadows along the distant plain, like those of a monster windmill hard at work in the midnight breeze.

The appointed time drew near; a gong sent forth a few notes of thunder, and with magic suddenness the dancing, singing, and drinking ceased. The Shark-Charmer stole away, no one knew where; some thought to pray, more probably into the Arrack Bazaar; the boatmen, divers, and government Peons, crowding down the beach and through the water, passed to their appointed posts in the boats. More than four thousand human beings packed themselves into those frail-looking craft, and yet they were not so crowded as not to leave room for the oysters. The *Adapanaar* led me to his cutter; we seated ourselves, and he gave orders to the head *Tandal*, or commodore of the fleet, to make all ready. Then arose a low indistinct murmur, which gradually swelled into hollow thunder: the echo of thousands of voices. The boatmen rose up on their benches, flung high their arms, opened their huge mouths and rolled their shining eyes. What could all this mean? Was it a revolt? No,—the Shark-Charmer *was missing* from his post; without his potent presence not a boat

of all the fleet would put to sea. A detachment of Peons, and a few Malay riflemen were despatched in search of the "holy" truant. In a few minutes they returned leading the charmer of the deep staggering along in a most mysterious manner, and flinging his arms about him as though possessed. The Peons rolled him very unceremoniously into one of the largest boats, where he fell on the flooring with a heavy crash.

The *Adapanaar* gave the final signal amidst a momentary hush; and a small field-piece was fired from the base of the flag-staff, half-a-dozen rockets shot into the air and scattered themselves in a thousand stars over our heads, and away went the two hundred boats in gallant style! A loud discordant shout was raised on shore, answered lustily by the crews and divers, and then all was still again. The land breeze was fresh; the water smooth as glass; and our fleet made rapid way. The large yellow bamboo masts, pointed high in air, with their enormous, beautifully white transparent sails filling with the breeze, and lit up by the bonfire on shore, seemed as though they were a host of huge winged creatures of the deep, hastening to their sea-homes far away. On the soft cushions of our roomy craft, I laid me down beneath the awning's shade, and slept some quiet hours. I started from my rest on hearing some one near me giving orders in a loud voice. It was still dark, and looking out I perceived a bright small light not very far distant. It was a signal-light at the mast-head of the "Wellington." We were close to the "Banks," and in a few minutes I was on board the vessel. The fleet went astern, and there quietly awaited day-light. By the time we had sipped a cup of hot coffee, and smoked a cheroot, it was broad daylight, and then a move was made. I passed once more to the soft cushions of the cutter, the *Adapanaar* saw all

ready, and in a few minutes a gun was fired, and off we went as before.

The fishing-grounds lay above half a mile a-head of the bark, and arriving on them, it occupied some time to arrange the many boats in proper order, so as to prevent delay or confusion. The sun had risen, bright and gorgeous, over the land. All eyes were turned towards the "Wellington," awaiting the expected signal to commence operations. Five divers in each boat were mounted on the gunwales, armed with their diving-stones, nets, and ropes; the remaining five stood eagerly watching them. The Inspector was standing on the vessel's poop—the boatswain by his side, with the signal halyards in his hands. Minutes seemed hours. At last there was a move on deck, and the signal-flag rose slowly upwards; the union-jack fluttered in the morning breeze, and just as it touched the mast-head, a thousand divers, with their stones and nets, plunged silently into the sea. I shall not easily forget the sensation I experienced when I saw the crowd of human beings sink, as by magic, in the depths below, leaving but a few bubbles to mark their downward path. I pulled out my watch; a minute elapsed, and not one of all the thousand appeared; a minute and a quarter—a minute and a half—three quarters—two minutes—still not a soul rose to the surface. I dreaded some fearful calamity. Two minutes and a quarter had flown; the drops of perspiration gathered thickly on my fore-head; my hands trembled, so that I could scarce hold my watch. I turned to the *Adapanaar* in an agony of anxiety, for he was sitting calm and quiet as an oyster. How gladly my heart beat when I saw first a dozen heads and shoulders, then fifty, then five hundred and more, ascend to the surface, bubbling and spluttering, as well they might after such a submarine excursion. And then

bustle and excitement began in good earnest, on all sides. The atmen helped to pull in the nets full of oysters: the divers, but tle fatigued, climbed over the boats' sides, and saw their fish ounted into distinct heaps by the Peon in charge of the boat. ach net appeared to have brought up from fifty to seventy ysters. As the last of the divers came over the boats' sides, the five hundred who had quietly waited their turn rose up, and, with their nets and stones, plunged in as their comrades had before them, as rapidly and as silently.

The arrangements for diving are exceedingly simple:—the diving-stone is a piece of granite, conical-shaped, and weighing about ten pounds; through one end of it a double cord of coir is rove, of sufficient length to reach the bottom easily, one end of it being secured to the boat. When about to plunge in, the diver places his right foot on the stone and between the double cord, using it as a stirrup; the weight suffices to hasten his descent, and on arriving at the bottom, the stone is cast away and pulled up by the boatman, so as to be clear of the net-rope: this rope is stouter, and single. The diver seizes the hoop of the net firmly between the toes of his left foot—for the natives use their toes as actively as we do our fingers; and when on the bank below, grasps the net in his left hand, flings himself flat on his face, and sweeps the oysters rapidly into his coir bag with his right hand. When he has secured sufficient fish, he gives his comrades above the signal by jerking the net-rope; they immediately commence hauling it in. To give himself an impetus upwards, the diver lays hold of the net for a second or two, then raises his hands together above his head, and rapidly floats to the surface

From the commencement of the diving, the old Shark-Charmer had stationed himself on the stern of his boat, which was

the centre of the fleet; occasionally he muttered a short prayer or charm, flourishing his long arms about in his accustomed manner; but at intervals he descended to sip something from a cocoa-nut shell bottle, doubtless to aid him in his exorcisms. During one of his potations, and about one hour before mid-day, we were suddenly startled by hearing a shrieking and howling in one of the distant boats, followed by a terrible commotion, and loud cries of—"The Shark! The Shark!" Our boat was immediately pulled to the scene of commotion, and there, sure enough, one of those monsters of the deep had been at work. A poor diver was being pulled into the boat, lacerated, and bleeding profusely, the water all around being deeply tinged with blood. One leg was nearly severed from his body, and the pain had caused him to faint away. The alarm went rapidly round from boat to boat; the divers left the water, and it was soon evident that there would be no more fishing on that day. So effectually did the accident paralyse that mass of people, that all, with one accord, sat gazing vacantly at each other, neither speaking nor moving. After a time, some of the boats, without orders, began to leave the fishing ground, and were soon followed by the rest, making their way to the "Wellington." The Inspector was too well acquainted with native prejudice to attempt any expostulation on this diversion: he, however, sent for the old Shark-Charmer, who attended the summons with the utmost effrontery. In reply to the question, how he dared to permit a shark to injure a diver in the employ of the British Government, he said there were some spirits adverse to the powers he possessed; and that, during the brief time of his taking a little refreshment, one of those antagonists had broken his charm and *unloosed the* jaws of the shark! All was now vain—no more fish-

ing; and, although the sea breeze was still lagging lazily behind, the fleet pushed shorewards, the boatmen plying their oars for a few miles. An hour later the breeze came up from the south-west—fitfully at first—then steadily up went the great spider-legged bamboo masts and the wide winged sails and the sharp-nosed boats slipped noiselessly landward.

Our approach to the shore was signalised by a gun; thousands were again on the beach awaiting our coming, and anxious to hear of our success. As we drew near, a long, wild shout rent the air; then a pause. No reply was given from the boats, the spirits of all were depressed by the accident, not so much from sympathy with the poor sufferer, as from a feeling that the accident at so early a stage was a bad omen.

The whole of the fleet having reached the shore, a party of Malay riflemen and Peons cleared an open space between them and the crowd on the beach, so as to allow the unloading of the boats, which was at once commenced. The oysters were divided on the sandy shore, into four equal parts, three of which went to the Government, or the renter, as the case might be; the remaining fourth was shared amongst the boatmen, the divers, the *Tandal* and the boat-owner; the divers receiving twice as much as the boatmen, and the owner rather more than the divers. The Government oysters were carried up in baskets to large bamboo enclosures, called *Cottoos*, where they were kept until sold by auction on the following day. The native shares of the fish were disposed of in a similar way; though sometimes they were retained by their owners on their own account, and the pearls found in them sold afterwards.

I did not go off to the next day's fishing, being desirous of witnessing the oyster auction; the boats, however, went as before,

the Shark Charmer having woven a spell of extra potency; which, it was said, would astonish the marine monsters, and secure their jaws as effectually as if fastened by Chubb's detector locks. The biddings were carried on with an eagerness almost amounting to frenzy. The oysters were offered in lots of one thousand, taken from the *Cottoos* indiscriminately. Some fine looking fellows went as high as six pounds the thousand; many, however, were knocked down for half that price, and not a few realised no more than fifteen shillings a lot, about the price of ordinary native oysters in England. Had the bidders believed that their admission into Paradise depended on their obtaining a few lots of these oysters, their mad excitement could scarcely have been exceeded. One old man, a Moorman, I particularly noticed. His entire suit of wearing apparel could hardly have been worth one of the oysters he had been bidding for. Avarice was deeply marked in his sharp features; and when he at last succeeded in obtaining one lot, I thought he would have gone wild with joy. He leaped about, danced, laughed, and sung bits of old musty ditties. Nor was he quiet until he had removed his heap to a miserable little shed hard by. There he sat down, close beside his lot of fish, and burying his head between his hands with the elbows resting on his knees, remained contemplating his little fortune, longing, yet half afraid, to open some of them. I left him thus gazing on the oysters, as though each living thing held his own life and immortality within its rocky shell.

There were many wealthy traders there from all parts of India; but many more had with difficulty scraped together sums varying from a dozen pagodas to a dozen dollars; men who had purhased or borrowed the means of bidding at this intoxicating

auction; men who had left their famished families without the means of obtaining a mouthful of rice; who had torn the gold bangles and ear-rings from their wives and children, and melted them into ingots, to deal in the maddening trade of Aripo. Some returned home rich beyond their expectations; some with little fortunes; but many went back ruined, beggared, and broken-hearted, to repay their loans or pledges; while some fled in terror to strange lands—having lost the means of replacing monies taken by them from sources of trust—being ruined in means and reputation. All this happens at every Pearl Fishery, and is not to be prevented, save by offering the fish in larger lots, which, though it might not prove quite so remunerative to the Government, would save much evil and suffering.

No further accidents from sharks happened whilst I was on the "Banks;" but in truth, at the end of the first week of the fishery, I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity of returning to Colombo in a Government boat. The novelty of the scene had worn off; one day's operations were precisely those of another. The scenes of drunken riot and dissipated phrenzy were daily becoming more violent and disgusting. Added to this, the intolerable stench from the accumulating myriads of oysters hastening to decomposition, rendered a residence on shore, within a mile or two of the *Cottoos*, quite intolerable to one who did not in any way partake of the excitement of the lottery in pearls.

The oysters are left in heaps for about thirty days, at the end of which time they become perfectly decomposed. In that state they are placed in a large canoe, and well but carefully washed with plenty of water, so as to remove the rotten portion of the fish, leaving the pearls and the shells in the water. Some of the more needy purchasers have not patience to await this process,

but at once proceed to work by opening the fresh oysters, and so learn their good fortune or their beggary. So eager are all to make money at these auctions, that the *Cottoos*, or bamboo enclosures and the washing-places, are all offered for sale at the expiration of the cleansing processes, and eagerly purchased by those who hope to discover in the sandy ground, some pearls which may have escaped the care of the former occupants. This they often succeed in doing.

Some conception may be formed of the immense masses of oysters which at these times lay putrifying on the burning sands of Aripo, when I mention that each boat will bring on shore, in one trip, from ten to twenty thousand of fish, making a daily total of from two to four millions for the whole fleet. The extremely hazardous results of these auctions may be gathered from the fact, that whilst in some instances as many as a hundred pearls of various weights and value are found in one oyster of large size, one hundred oysters may be opened without finding in them a single pearl.

The natives of India have a singular belief, with regard to the origin of pearls:* it is, that those beautiful concretions are congealed dew-drops, which Buddha, in certain months, showers upon the earth, and are caught by the oysters whilst floating on the waters to breathe. The priests—ever alive to their own interests—keep up the strange belief, and make it the pretext for exacting from the divers and boatmen of their faith what are termed "charity oysters," for the use of Buddha, who, when thus propitiated, according to their showing, will render the fish more rich in pearls in future seasons.

* The true explanation of the formation of pearls in the oyster is to be *found in our first* Volume, pp. 466-67.

Our Phantom Ship.

JAPAN.

WE may as well go by the North-west Passage as by any other, on our phantom voyage to Japan. Behring's Straits shall be the door by which we enter the Pacific Ocean. We are soon flitting between islands; from the American peninsula of Aliaska runs a chain of islands, the Aleutian,—which lie sprinkled upon our track, like a train of crumbs dropped by some Tom Thumb among the giants, who may aforetime have been led astray, not in the wood, but on the water. If he landed on Kamtchatka, from the point of that peninsula he made a fresh start, dropping more crumbs,—the Kurile Islands,—till he dropped some larger pieces, and a whole slice for the main land of Japan, before he again reached the continent and landed finally on the Gorea. In sailing by these islands, we have abundant reason to observe that they indicate main lines of volcanic action. From Behring's Strait, in fact, we enter the Pacific, between two great batteries of subterranean fire. Steering for Japan, we pass, on the Kamtchatkan coast, the loftiest volcano in the old world, Kamtchatskaja (fifteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-three feet). Following the course of the volcanic chain of Kurile Islands, of which the most northerly belong to Russia, the southern Kuriles are the first land we encounter subject to Japan. We do not go ashore here, to be sent to prison like Golownin, for we are content, at present, to remember that the natives of these islands are the hairiest among men. We sail on, too *polite* to outrage Japanese propriety by landing,

even from a Phantom Ship, on the main island; so we sail to Kiusiu, and run into the bay of Nagasaki. The isles of Japan, calling rocks islands, are in number three thousand eight hundred and fifty. The main island, Nippon, is larger than Ireland, and is important enough to have been justly called the England of the Pacific Ocean.

Only there is a mighty difference between this England, talking about liberty, or cherishing free trade, and that Dai Nippon; in which not a soul does as he pleases, and from which the commerce of the whole world is shut out. Dai (or great) Nippon is the name of the whole state, which the Chinese modify into Jihpun, and which we have further altered to Japan. On Kiusiu, a large southern island, Nagasaki is the only port into which, on any possible excuse, a foreign vessel is allowed to enter. This port we are now approaching; the dark rocks of the coast line are reflected from a brilliant sea; we pass a mountain island, cultivated to the very summit, terrace above terrace; green hills invite us to our haven, and blue mountains in the distance tempt us to an onward journey. There are white houses shining among cedars; there are pointed temple roofs; boats with their sails up make the water near us lively; surely we shall like Japan. We enter the bay now, and approach Nagasaki, between fruitful hills and temple groves, steeps clothed with evergreen oak, cedars and laurels; picturesque rocks, attacked by man, and wheedled out of practicable ground for corn and cabbages. There is Nagasaki on a hillside, regularly built, every house peeping from its little nest of greens; and there is the Dutch factory, named Dezima. Zima in Japanese means "island," for this factory is built upon an island. No Europeans but the Dutch; no Dutch except these managers of trade who are locked up in Dezima, may traffic with Japan:

and these may traffic to the extent only of two ships yearly, subject to all manner of restrictions. As for the resident Dutch, they are locked up in Dezima, which is an island made on purpose for them. As if three thousand eight hundred and fifty were not enough, another little island, fan-shaped, was built up out of the sea a few yards from the shore of Nagasaki. There the Dutchmen live; a bridge connects their island with the mainland, but a high gate and a guard of soldiers prevent all unseasonable rambles. In another part of the town there is a factory allowed to the Chinese. Other strangers entering this port are treated courteously, are supplied gratuitously with such necessaries as they want, but are on no account allowed to see the town, still less to penetrate into the country, and are required to be gone about their business as soon as possible. Strangers attempting entry at any other port belonging to Japan, are without ceremony fired upon as enemies. The admitted Dutch traders are rigorously searched; everything betraying Christianity is locked up; money and arms are removed, and hostages are taken. Every man undergoes personal scrutiny. The Dutch are allowed no money. The Japanese authorities manage all sales for them; pay the minutest items of expenditure, and charge it on the profits of their trade, which are then placed on the return vessel, not in money, but in goods. The Japanese deal justly, even generously, in their way; but it is their way to allow the foreigners no money power. They restrict their exports almost wholly to camphor and copper, and allow no native workmanship to go abroad. Yet among themselves, as between one island and another, commerce is encouraged to the utmost. The Japanese territories range in the temperate zone through a good many degrees, and include all shades of climate between that *of Liverpool and that of* Constantinople. Between island

and island, therefore, busy interchange takes place by means of junks, like these which now surround us in the Nagasaki harbour. You can observe how weak they look about the sterns, with rudders insecure. The law compels them to be so; for that is an acute device by which they are prevented from travelling too far: they dare not trust themselves too boldly to the mercy of the sea, and as it is, many wrecked men accuse the prudence of their lawgivers. But life is cheap; the population of Japan is probably near thirty millions,—and who should care for a few dozen mariners?

If you please we will now walk up into Nagasaki, with our phantom cloaks about us. Being in a region visited by earthquakes, of course we find the houses of one story, lightly built; they are built here of wood and clay with chopped straw,—coated over like our town suburban villas, with cement. Paper, instead of glass, for window panes, Venetian blinds, and around each house a verandah, we observe at once. But our attention is attracted from the houses to the people. How very awkardly they slip along! With so much enérgy and vigour in their faces, how is it that they never thought of putting reasonable shoes upon their feet! They wear instead of shoes mere soles of wood or matting, held to the foot each by a peg which runs between the great toe and its neighbour, through a hole made for that purpose in the sock. These clouts they put away on entering a house, as we should put away umbrellas, and wear only socks in-doors. Nevertheless the people here look handsome in their loose, wide gowns, bound by a girdle round the waist, with long sleeves, of which, by the bye, you may perceive that the dependent ends are Japanese coat-pockets. Thence you see yonder gentleman drawing his nose-*paper*,—one of the little squares of clean white paper always

ready in the sleeve-pocket to serve the purpose of our handkerchief. That little square when used is, you see, thrown away; but if the gentleman were in a house he would return it to his pocket, to be got rid of in a more convenient place. The women's robes are like those of the men in form, but richer in material, more various with gold and colour. As to the head equipment, we observe, however, a great difference between the sexes. The men shave their own heads, leaving hair only at the back part, and upon the temples, which they gather forward, and tie up into a tuft. The women keep their entire crop of hair standing, and they make the most of it; they spread it out into a turban, and stick through it not a few pieces of polished tortoiseshell, as big as office-rulers.* Inviting admiration, the young beauty of Japan paints her face red and white, and puts a purple stain upon her lips; but the remaining touches are forbidden to a damsel till her heart is lost. The swain who seeks to marry her, fixes outside her father's house a certain shrub; if this be taken in-doors by the family, his suit he knows to be accepted; and when next he gets a peep at his beloved, he watches with a palpitating heart the movement of her lips, to see whether her teeth be blackened; for by blackened teeth she manifests the reciprocal affection. Only after marriage, however, is the lady glorified with a permission not only to have black teeth, but also to pull out her eyebrows.

Those are not little beggars yonder trotting by that lady who is so magnificently dressed; they are her children. The children of the Japanese are all dressed meanly, upon moral grounds.

* Hats are not used by either sex except in rainy weather, but every Japanese carries a fan; even the beggar yonder holds his fan to that young lady, whereupon she drops her charitable gift.

Notice those gentlemen who bow to one another; the ends of a scarf worn by each of them exactly meet the ground, yet one bows lower than another, and they go on walking in the bowed position until each has lost the other from his sight. Those scarfs are regulated by the law; each man must bow so that his scarf shall touch the ground, and it is so made long or short, that he may humble himself more or less profoundly in exact accordance with his rank.

Of rank there are eight classes after the Mikado and the Ziogoon, whom we shall come to visit in our travels presently. There are, one, the princes; two, the nobles, who owe feudal service to the prince, or the empire; three, the priests; and four, the soldiers; these four form the higher orders, and enjoy the privilege of wearing two swords and petticoat trousers. Class five counts as respectable; inferior officials and doctors constitute this class, and wear one sword with the trousers. Merchants and respectable tradesmen form class six, whose legs may not pollute the trousers, though, by entering themselves as domestics to a man of rank, they may enjoy the privilege of carrying one sword. These are the only people by whom wealth can be accumulated. Class seven—artists, artisans, and petty shopkeepers. Class eight—day labourers and peasants. Tradesmen who work on leather, tanners, &c., are excluded from classification. They are defiled, and may not even live with other men; they live in villages of their own, so thoroughly unrecognised, that Japanese authority, in measuring the miles along a road, breaks off at the entrance of a currier's village, leaving it excluded from his measurement, which is resumed upon the other side. So, if we travel post, we get through leather-sellers' villages for nothing.

These houses in Nagasaki, which at a distance looked so much

like mansions, are the store-rooms wherein tradesmen keep th valuable stock, and families their valuable furniture. Fo lating fires are common in the towns and cities of Japan; common that almost every house is prudently provided fire-proof store-room, having copper shutters to the windows, the walls covered a foot thick with clay. Attached to each is a large vessel of liquid mud, with which the whole building is smeared on an alarm of fire; and this method of fire-insurance is exceedingly effective, where there is nothing like a Sun or Atlas Company to fall upon, and the most abstemious of fires eats up, at any rate, a street.

That door is open, and there is no horse-shoe over it—there's not an iron horse-shoe in Japan,—so two ghosts slip into the house unperceived. First, here is a portico for palanquins, shoes, and umbrellas; into this the kitchens open. In the back apartments we shall find the family. We walk into the drawing-room, and there the master sits. It is most fortunate that we are now invisible; for, did we visit in the flesh, we should be teased by the necessities of Japanese civility. That gentleman would sit upon his heels before us; we should sit on our heels before him; we should then all bow our heads as low as possible. Then we should make compliments to one another, the answer to each being, "*He, he, he!*" Then pipes and tea would be brought in; after this we might begin to talk. Before we left we should receive sweetmeats on a sheet of white paper, in which it would be our duty to fold up whatever we did not eat, and put it in our pockets. Eat what you like, and pocket what remains, is Japanese good-breeding. At a dinner party the servant of each guest brings baskets, that he may take away his master's portion of the feast. This master, however, is unconscious of our sha-

dowy appearance, and continues busy with his book. It is Laplace, translated into Japanese, through Dutch. The Japanese are thoroughly alive to the advanced state of European science, and on those fixed occasions when the Dutchmen from the factory visit the capital, the Dutch physician is invariably visited by the native physicians, naturalists, and astronomers, who display on their own parts wonderful acumen, and most dexterously pump for European knowledge. Scientific books in the Dutch language they translate and publish into Japanese. The country has not been shut up out of contempt for foreigners, and native men of science have so diligently profited by opportunities afforded from without, that they construct by their own artificers, barometers, telescopes, make their own almanacks, and calculate their own eclipses. Hovering about this gentleman, our eyes detect at once that the impression on his page is taken from a wood-cut imitation of hand-writing; moveable types are not yet introduced into Japan. The writing, like Chinese, is up and down the page, and not across it. Three or four different characters seem to be used indiscriminately, and some of them are certainly Chinese. The good folks of Dai Nippon are indebted to the Chinese for the first strong impulse to their civilisation; not being themselves of Chinese origin, but a distinct branch of the Mongolian family. Their language is quite different, and has exceedingly long words, instead of being built up, like Chinese, of monosyllables. Japanese written in Chinese character is understood by any Chinaman; but so would English be, since Chinese writing represents ideas. So, if a Spaniard writes five, an Englishman reads it as "five," and understands correctly, yet the Spaniard would tell you that he wrote not "five," but "cinco."

Hovering still about this gentleman, and beguiled, by the

gentleman at Nagasaki. His wife enters, and by their mutual behaviour, it is evident that ladies in Japan are to their husbands very much what ladies are in England. This lady passes to the garden; the room ends with a projecting angle open to the garden on each side, a sort of bay, which every house has; and if there be no more ground than just the supplementary triangles on each side to complete the square, still there is always that; and that is always quite enough, for want of more. It is enough to spend a fortune upon, in dwarf trees and vegetable curiosities. The Japanese shine like the Chinese in monstrosities. They can dwarf trees so well, that in a little box four inches square, President Moylan saw growing, a fir, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, in full blossom. Or they hypertrophy plants if they please, until a radish is produced as large as a boy six years old. Their gardens, however small, are always laid out in landscape style, and each is adorned with a temple, not a mere ornamental summer-house, but the real shrine of a household god. Into this garden walks the lady, and returns with a few flowers. She takes these to an elegant shelf fixed in a recess of the apartment, upon which a bouquet stands, and is engaged upon her nosegay. An act of taste? O dear, no; every drawing-room in Japan has such a shelf with flowers placed upon it; every lady entering who found her husband there, and meant to talk with him, would in the first place make the nosegay talk, and say, "The wife and husband are alone together." If company arrive, the flowers must be otherwise adjusted; the position of every flower, and even of green leaves, in that bouquet, is fixed by custom, which is law, to vary with the use to which the room is put. One of the most difficult and necessary parts of female education in Japan, is to *acquire a perfect* knowledge of the rules laid down in a large

book on the arrangement of the drawing-room nosegay, in a manner suitable to every case. It is the Japanese "Use of the globes" to ladies' schools. To boys and girls, after reading and writing, which are taught (hear, England!) to the meanest Japanese, the most necessary part of education is an elaborate training in the ceremonial rules of life. Bows proper for every occasion, elegant kotoos, the whole science and practice of good-breeding, have to be learned through many tedious years. To boys there is given special training in the harakiri, or the art of ripping one's self up. Many occasions present themselves on which it as much concerns the honour of a Japanese to cut himself open, as it concerned an Englishman some years ago to fire a pistol at his friend. The occasions are so frequent, that a Japanese boys' school would be incomplete in which instruction was not given in this art of suicide. Boys practise all the details in dramatic fashion, and in after life, if a day come when disgrace, caused often by the deeds of other men, appear inevitable, he appoints a day, and according to the exigencies of the case, before his family or his assembled connections, ceremoniously cuts open his own belly at a solemn dinner. Dying in this way, he is said to have died in the course of nature; dying before shame came to him, he is said to have died undisgraced, and so has saved his family from that participation in his fall, which otherwise was imminent. Now we must leave this house, in which we have spent perhaps a little too much time: yet in the whole time we did not once hear the squalling of a baby, though a baby was there certainly. If this should meet the eye of Mr. Meek, he is informed that in Japan, children, until they are three years old, are not allowed to wear anything tight about their persons.

Now we are once more in the streets of Nagasaki, and observe,

that for a gentleman to turn his back upon a friend, is true politeness, in this most original of lands. It signifies that he who so turns is unworthy to behold the face, &c. A bridal procession passes us; the bride in her long white veil. There is a touch of poetry connected with that veil; it literally is the shroud in which she will be buried.

We are out of town now, and delighting in the open country. Exquisite views of hill, and dale, and wood, and water, tempt the sight. Rice fields, of course, we pass; rice is a staple article of diet to the Japanese, as to so many other millions of the human race. It is the vegetable food that finds its way into more mouths than any other. There is wheat, also, in Japan, used chiefly for making cakes and soy; barley for feeding cattle. The cattle being used as beasts of draught and burden, it is thought improper to kill them, or to deprive the young calves of their milk; the Japanese, therefore, refrain from milk and beef. They eat great quantities of fish, poultry, and venison. In the country gardens we see quinces, pears, plumbs, cherries, peaches, oranges, and citrons too; bean-fields abound, and farms,-of which the hedges are all tea. Where soil and climate favour, many a hill-side, in Japan, is cultivated as a tea plantation; but beyond this, the tea plant is used by the farmers generally as a hedge, from which they gather their own leaves, and dry tea for home use, just as our farmers brew their own October beer. Now we are flitting under cedar groves, now under firs, now under mulberry plantations for the silk-worm; every good point in the landscape is occupied by a temple, which is composed of one large edifice and many little ones; the little ones are used by pleasure parties. There is a snake, and there you see in the tree a long-tailed *monkey (Inuus speciosus)*; there is no other kind of monkey in

these islands, and the snakes are all of species found nowhere else. The tree frog and the eatable frog live in the north of Nippon. Here we have squirrels. There are no lions and tigers; there is not a single animal of the cat tribe known upon these islands; you can meet with nothing worse than a wild boar. Great pains are taken to destroy the foxes. Here are pheasants without game-laws, and the peacock yonder looks as if he felt himself at home. Several palanquins have passed us on the road, varying much in shape and minor details. The shape of the palanquin, the length of the poles, their position, the way in which they are held, and the number of holders, are all fixed so as to accord precisely with the rank of the good gentleman inside. The number of attendants in the train, even of an inconsiderable man, is startling; and as for a prince, he might be setting out to conquer China. The roads are good, and there is no lack of horsemen, but we have not seen draught carriages; perhaps these hills are an impediment to travelling by such conveyance; roads over hills and mountains being simply flights of steps.

Hollo! What couple scampers by in such a hurry? 'Tis the post; the greatest princes must put by their etiquette, and get out of its way. One man runs with the letters, and another keeps pace with him to supply his place in case of illness or accident; if both posts fail, the nearest man, whatever be his dignity, must do their work for them. These posts are never horsed; but each pair, at the conclusion of a stage, finds the next couple waiting to catch the important bundle thrown to them, and set off instantly, before the spent runners have reached the spot where they may halt and get their wind again. Goods are conveyed on pack-horses or oxen over land; but water transit by lakes, rivers, or canals, *is much* more common. The roads are well swept, for the

farmers on each side diligently scrape up all manure: and as men with brooms clear the way before a traveller of rank, the highway is kept in a very neat condition. Men selling straw clouts for travellers, and straw shoes for the horses, which require, of course, frequent renewal, pick up a living by the roadside, and we pass them frequently. Observe that mighty camphor-tree, which every traveller has mentioned. To Kæmpfer it was venerable for its age in the year 1691: still it is healthy, and so large that fifteen men can stand within its hollow. Hot springs, of course, we pass in a volcanic country. There is a coal-mine also here, though charcoal is the fuel usually burned.

We have now crossed Kiusiu, and reached the seaport of Kokura, where we find our Phantom Ship in readiness to take us through a sea covered with islets, to the large island of Nippon. We shall disembark, and travel very rapidly through Ohosaka to Miyako, where the divine Mikado holds his court. We pass some strange-looking men covered with matting, each of whom has in his hand a long wooden spoon. The spoon is their cockle-shell, for they are pilgrims travelling in the most pious form, as beggars, to the shrine of their own goddess. This pilgrimage is made by all good Japanese—the oftener the better, especially as they grow old, because they get each time full absolution from the priests for their past sins.

The sun goddess and the Mikado are allied together; and as we now are journeying towards a seat of government, we can do nothing better than discuss the Japanese religion. It begins with an Oriental "once upon a time," of gods who reigned for a few millions of years apiece, above whom there was, and is, and ever will be, one supreme God, free from care. The last of *seven royal gods* said to his wife one day, "There's earth some-

where, I'm sure!" and so he poked about with his spear in the water, feeling for it. Drops falling from his spear-point made the islands of Japan. Then this god made eight millions of other gods, and also created the ten thousand things. Having ordered matters to his satisfaction, he made a present of his Japanese earth to his pet daughter, the sun goddess. The sun goddess reigned only two hundred and fifty thousand years, and her four successors filled the next two million; the last of the four, being the great-great-grandson of the sun goddess, fancied a mortal life, and left a mortal boy, who reigned on earth, and was the first Mikado; from him all Mikados are descended. This is the native Japanese religion, called Sintoo; worshipping the sun goddess, and *Kami*, which are minor gods, or saints. The Sintoos bow before no images, but put as emblems in their temples a sheet of white paper and a mirror, to denote the soul pure and incapable of stain. The worshipper kneels, gazes at the mirror, offers sacrifice of fruit or rice, deposits money, and retires. Upon this creed Buddhism has been grafted; but the religion of the learned Japanese is Sintoo—a philosophic moral doctrine which they cherish secretly, while outwardly observing rites prescribed by custom.

But *revenons à nos Mikados:* the first Mikado, though of fabulous descent, is an historical person, Zin-mu-ten-woo, and with him Japanese history begins—at a period from whence we date rational annals in some other countries, about 660 B. C. We will note those points of history that are essential to a comprehension of the present government. Mikados followed each other, sole rulers, and powerful, until they fell into a trick of abdicating in favour of their children, and then doing the duty without being annoyed by the ceremonies of their office. That had its inconvenient results, for presently came one Mikado who

married the daughter of a powerful papa; and when the time came for retirement, and he had abdicated in favour of a son three years old, the powerful papa thrust him aside into a prison, and usurped the regency. A civil war was the result of this; Yoritomo leaped up as champion of the imprisoned man, so recently a king, released him, and restored him to the regency over his infant son. For this essential service good Yoritomo was made a sort of field-marshal, or Ziogoon. The ex-Mikado dying, left Yoritomo the guardian of his son; and so for twenty years the Ziogoon was regent. Infant Mikados still continuing to be the fashion, regency became hereditary to the Ziogoons; and these last being men, it eventually came to pass that the Mikado was stripped of all power, and converted into a magnificent doll, while the real court was transferred to Jeddo, where the Ziogoons reside. Retributive justice we shall meet with in a little while, but we have now reached Miyako, the Mikado's residence, and nominally still the capital of Nippon.

Poor Mikado, what a miserable honour he must think it is to be divine! He represents the sun goddess on earth, and is required to sit upon his throne quite still, and without moving his head for several hours every day, lest the whole earth should be unsteady. When not sitting, he must leave his crown upon the throne to keep watch in his absence. Being so very holy, he is deprived of all use of his legs; earth is not worthy of his tread. His nails and hair are never cut—for who may mutilate a god! Every article of dress that he puts on must be bran new; his plates, and cups, and dishes, everything he touches at a meal—even the kitchen utensils used in cooking for him—must not be used twice, and of course no profane man may employ what has *been sanctified* by the Mikado's use. Whatever clothes he puts

off are immediately burned; his pots and vessels are destroyed. This hourly waste being a heavy pull on the finances of the Ziogoon, the divine victim gets only the coarsest slops to dress in, and eats off the cheapest crockery. No wonder that he still keeps up the fashion of resigning. His palace is circumscribed with palisades, and an officer residing without the gate spies all his actions, and reports them to the Ziogoon. Still the poor fellow is divine. The gods, it is believed, all spend a month at his place, during which month they are not at home in their own temples, and worship is accordingly suspended. The Mikado grants religious titles, fixes feasts and fasts, and settles doctrinal disputes. Thus there arose once schism in Japan about the colour of the devil. Four factions respectively declared him to be black, white, red, and green. The theologic knot was given to the Mikado that day to unravel, who, knowing the obstinacy of theologians well, declared all parties to be right; and so the devil of Japan remains to this day a four-coloured monster. Offices of state in the Mikado's court—the Dairi it is called—are above all in honour, objects of ambition even to the Ziogoon. The dwellers in the Dairi with the holy prisoner, both male and female, are the most refined and cultivated Japanese. From their ranks are supplied the poets of the land, who sing the beauties of the rapid Oyewaga, or legends of the snow-capped Foesi.

Miyako is the classic ground, the Athens, of Japan. But we must go on to the Japanese London, Jeddo, the real capital, a grand metropolis, with about one million, six hundred thousand inhabitants. Of course there is a wilderness of suburb; there are endless streets; there is a river through the town which flows into the bay, from which this capital is not far distant. There are bridges; there is a vast multitude of people thronging to and

yes; there are shops, signs, inscriptions. We will walk into a *theatre*; for here, as in the days of Æschylus, performances take *place* by day. There is a pit, and there are tiers of elegant seats, which answer to our boxes; the scenery and dresses are handsome, only in scene-painting there is no perspective. As in the early European drama, the subjects illustrated are the deeds of *gods* and *heroes*: not more than two speakers occupy the scene at once; boys act the female characters. Several pieces are performed, each piece divided into acts, and the plan is to give after Act I. of the first play, Act I. of the second, and then to begin the third, before taking the series of second acts. As each actor in each piece plays also several parts, one might consider this arrangement to be rather puzzling. Gentlemen go out after the act of any piece they wish to hear, and attend to other matters till the next act of the same piece shall come on; but ladies sit with pleasure through the whole. Dear souls! they steal a march upon our feminine box ornaments; for they bring with them a collection of dresses to the play, slip out during each pause to change their clothes, and reappear, to catch the admiration of beholders, every time in a new costume.

The palace of the Ziogoon covers much ground, being in fact a rural scene—a palace and a park, locked up within the town. As for the Ziogoon, he also is locked up within his trenches. To understand how he is fettered, and, at the same time, how all the people of Japan have come to be locked up, we must pursue our little thread of history. Yoritomo established, as we said, the power of the Ziogoons, which flourished for a long time. Kublah Khan endeavoured to make Nippon subject to [illegible] without success, winds and waves fighting with the *Mongolians* were forbidden then to touch Japanese

century later friendly relations were restored with China. In 1543, two Portuguese, Antonia Mota and Francesco Zeimoto, landed in Japan, exciting great interest among a mercantile people, trading at that time, it is said, with sixteen foreign nations. The Portuguese taught new arts, they brought new wares, and they were welcomed eagerly; some of them settled, and were married in Japan. The Jesuits came, too, with Christianity, and their preaching was abundantly successful. Now, it so happened, that about the same time, when the Portuguese first arrived, a civil war was waged between two brothers, for the dignity of Ziogoon. Both brothers perished in this war, and then the vassal princes fought over the fallen bone. Nobunaga, the most powerful of these, was aided by a person of obscure birth, named Hide-yosi. Nobunaga became Ziogoon, favoured the Christians, and invested Hide-yosi with high military rank. An usurper murdered Nobunaga, was then himself murdered, and left vacant a seat which Hide-yosi was now strong enough to seize. He took the name of Tayko, and is the great hero of the annals of Japan. He it was who continued the robbery of the Mikado's power, and secured himself against revolt by establishing a system of check over the princes, which prevails to this day. He left a son bearing the name of Hide-yosi, six years old, and to secure his power, married him to the daughter of Jyeyas, a strong papa. Jyeyas played the usurper, of course, and a large faction supported the young Hide-yosi, whom he had sworn to guard. The boy was Christian at heart; his cause, also, was just; the Jesuits, therefore, and the great body of the Christians, warmly took his part. Had he maintained his right successfully, Christianity would have become the state religion in Japan. Jyeyas conquered, and the Christians, persecuted, afterwards re-

belling, they were rooted out—regarded as a sect politically hostile. Their rebellion broke loose in the principality of Arima; the Prince of Arima drove the insurgents, seventy thousand in number, to the peninsula of Simabara, where they stood at bay. Since they were not to be dislodged, the Dutch, then settled at Firato, were desired to aid the government; accordingly they sent a man-of-war, which fired upon the Christians and sealed their fate. To this service the Dutch were indebted for their permission to retain one factory. All other Christians were destroyed or expelled, and since those days every stranger has been required, exempting the Dutch factory, to trample on an image of the Saviour, as an evidence of his not being a Christian interloper.

To finish our history, we must record that Jyeyas, having established his own usurpation, completed the reduction of the Mikado to a state of helplessness; completed the fettering of the princes, and the protective system of espial; and being deified, on death, under the name of Gongen, was the founder of the Gongen dynasty of Ziogoons, which still rules in Japan, and still adheres to the protective system. But in course of time the power of the Ziogoons has waned: the Ziogoon himself is now a puppet to his council, which is governed by a president, who by no means is able to do what he likes.

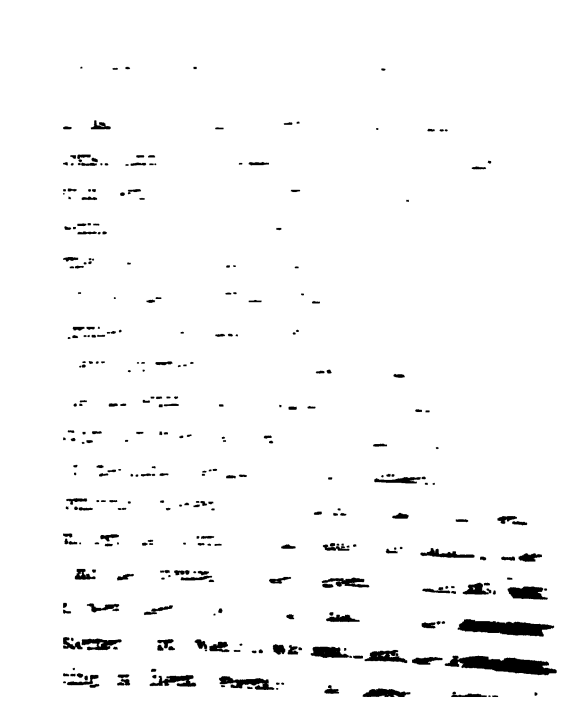
Let us now see how all the Japanese are tied and bound, and kept in profound peace. In the first place, nearly half the population are officials in pay, and the whole empire is sprinkled thickly with spies, some public and official, who may intrude where they please, others concealed and not acknowledged, although paid, by government. Furthermore, every householder is required to watch the actions of his five intermediate neighbours, and to keep

a sharp eye upon movements opposite. Every prince is assisted in his government by two secretaries, whom the court appoints, one to reside with him, and the other to reside at Jeddo. These take every act of government out of his hands. The secretary, who lives with him, watches him, and acts upon instructions from the secretary who resides at Jeddo, who again is prompted by the council. Not only does the prince live surrounded by a mob of unknown spies, but he is obliged, every alternate year, to leave his principality and to reside at Jeddo; his wife and family are always kept at Jeddo in the character of hostages. Furthermore, pains are taken to prevent a prince from being rich. He is required at Jeddo to impoverish himself by displays of pomp; and if his purse be long, the Ziogoon invites himself to dinner with him; an honour great enough to ruin any noble in Japan. Similar checks are upon all governors of towns and all officials. Any neglect reported by a spy, any infraction of a rule, threatens disgrace, and makes it necessary to perform the act of suicide before described. So it was not without cause that they were taught at school the hara-kiri. Perhaps you think the council is omnipotent. Far from it. The council may, indeed, make any law, which will be submitted by the president for sanction to the Ziogoon. Then, should the Ziogoon refuse his signature, and differ in opinion from the council, if he blame the law, the question is submitted to the Ziogoon's three next of kin, and they are umpires. If these decide against the Ziogoon, he is deposed immediately; if they decide againt the council, then its president and members must rip themselves up.

Yet still this tyranny of custom, which would seem to be so burdensome to all, goes on, because all are so bound that none can begin to stir. The Japanese, as we have partly been able

to see, are an acute race—they have original and thinking minds; with a dash of Asiatic fierceness, they are generous, joyous, sympathetic. They love picnic parties and music, with a buffoon; who first encourages them to throw off restraint, to laugh and riot in good-nature; and, assuming then his second office, draws himself up demurely, to give all a lesson in politeness. The buffoons who go for hire to promote mirth with a pleasure-party, go also as masters of the ceremonies. The treatment of Golownin, as a prisoner, will also illustrate the nature of the Japanese. In moving from one prison to another, he walked, bound so tightly with thin cords that they cut wounds into his flesh. These wounds the soldiers dressed every evening, but did not slacken any string; they said that he was fettered in the customary way. Yet these men willingly would take him on their backs, to carry him, when he was foot-sore; people in the villages were gladly suffered to show sympathy by feeding him with pleasant things as he passed through; and when he had made efforts to escape, which, if successful, would have entailed hara-kiri on his guards, they still showed no abatement of good-nature.

Under the main bridge of Jeddo lies our Phantom Ship, and from the heart of that great city of the East we float out to the sea. It does not take us long to get to Tower Stairs;—and now a Phantom Cab will take you home.



have started up, and at the time we write, the insurgents are again in arms. It is about the commencement of the struggle that our trip took place.

The night was dark, and not too calm. Staniza, an old, unbaptised, obstinate Servian, who had brought me to the very borders of the Turkish frontier, sat with me by the fire, while Richard, my friend and travelling companion, slept on a bed of straw by our side. The storm, which shook the light Servian cottage in which we sat, blew into Bosnia; it was but natural that our conversation should follow it. My curiosity was great, and so was Staniza's desire to recount the wonders of the country "on the other side;" and while I questioned him, and while he talked, he smoked his pipe with that concentrated gravity which marks a true believer; he said, at length, "Would you like to go across?"

"I should; but I have no money."

"True! Your Swabian* bits of paper—your *notes*—are of no use when you leave these territories."

"How can I then go to Sarajewo?"

"Have you not a friend on the other side?"

"Ahmed Beg?"

"Yes; that's the man! He will lend you *silver*. I will find you in horses and food."

When Richard awoke, I recounted our project; and after some persuasion he consented to accompany us. Staniza brought three horses, and various good-sized packages. We mounted, and set off in high spirits, although without passports or money.

A short ride brought us to Ahmed Beg's village, where we were received by a large party of dogs, which escorted us, yelling

* In Servia and Bosnia everything Austrian is known as *Swabian*.

and barking, to my friend's house. Some boys, who were playing at the door, raised a shout which effectually scared the dogs; but they, in their turn, surrounded us, yelling, and laughing, and expressing by unmistakeable signs, their astonishment and disgust at the spectacles which adorned my face. Staniza collared one of the shrieking imps, and asked for Ahmed Beg.

"He is gone to Bijelastjena," said the boy, sullenly.

This was bad news; for we looked to Ahmed Beg for everything we wanted; for protection, advice, and money. Staniza, however, seemed by no means inclined to sympathise with our despondency. "When did Ahmed go?" said he.

"Yesterday."

"And when will he come back?"

"This evening."

"I thought as much" said Staniza; "for Bijelastjena is hardly more than half a day's ride from this place."

We dismounted, and introduced our horses into Ahmed Beg's Konak, or house, where we found half-a-dozen men and women servants and others, walking and sitting about. None of them spoke to us. They neither welcomed us, nor did they condescend to ask where we came from, and on what business? At length the urchin to whom we had spoken before made his appearance, and told us to tie the horses to a post, and take a seat in Ahmed Beg's parlour. He led the way into a dark apartment, lighted the fire on the hearth-stone, and a torch of firewood in the centre of the room; and having performed these domestic functions, he retired, silent as a dumb-waiter.

We were now at leisure to examine the place. The room was clean and airy. It had an old discoloured piece of carpet by way of hearth-rug, and a heap of clean straw and blankets in a corner

A small cask of exquisite tobacco, and a choice collection of chibuks, or pipes, completed the list of the rest of the furniture.

"This air of Bosnia," said I, "has Turkified us. Here we sit staring and moping, and why? We are not prisoners, surely, and if it so pleases us, we can go back."

"I say, Swaby," said Staniza, "methinks thou art afraid."

"Afraid!" cried Richard, to whom this soft impeachment was applied, "what is there to be afraid of?"

"Never mind, *dragi*, (my dear), I know you. You are bold-spoken, but—"

"The Swabçad is not a nation of cowards," said I to Staniza, "and my friend is less afraid than disgusted. The Swabe travel with great comfort, and—"

"I know all about it, Doctor. They have coaches and plenty of money."

"Just so. Now we have no coaches and no money." Staniza nodded. In another moment Ahmed Beg entered with a hearty *Selamun aleikümün*. His presence changed the aspect of the place. Coffee was brought in. We sat and smoked the most precious tobacco, and drank solid hot mokka from the smallest cups imaginable. While we smoked and drank, we were grave, thoughtful, and silent, in the true Oriental fashion.

At length I spoke. I informed Ahmed Beg of our intentions, and asked him for funds. He said neither yes nor no; but told us of his journey to Bijelastjena, where he had transacted some business with the Kadija.

Early in the morning Ahmed Beg stepped up to us, and, with a kind nod, he handed me a large bag.

"*Here*," he said, "is your money. It's the whole of a

Kesa,* and here is a Teskera,† if you should stand in need of it."

I gave him my best thanks, and asked when he would require me to return the money.

"If it were mine own," replied Ahmed Beg, "I would say, give it back when most convenient. But I have just borrowed it from my neighbour, Sefir-Aga, and he will want it in autumn."

I held out my hand. He took it, and the affair was concluded in the true Turkish manner, without bond, or indeed a single scratch of the pen.

We had breakfast, and a deal of information and advice. Thus prepared for the journey, we took leave of our host, and with a large crowd of little Turks yelling and shouting at our heels, we proceeded in the direction of Jasenica.

We passed over a forest-covered plain, broken here and there by fine meadows, and fields of maize. Hares and rabbits crossed our road; the bushes were alive. The air was so pure, and the greenwood so fresh, melodious, and merry, that, recollecting the nursery tales of Turks and Pagans, and their doings, I could not, for the life of me, believe that we were really and truly on Turkish ground. Besides, we saw no human biped who might have recalled me to a sense of my situation. After a hard ride of six hours, we crossed the Irna, a small river, but full of falls and rapids; on the opposite bank we dismounted, and turned the horses away to graze in the forest. A gigantic oak was selected as the most convenient place for our bivouack, and Staniza produced our provisions from the gaudy-coloured Bisago. A capital

* Purse. † Passport.

caterer he proved himself to be, this unchristened Staniza. There was a ham, a lamb roasted whole, a large cake, and a *cutura* filled with black Dalmatian wine. A six hours' ride over Turkish plains and through forests, and the fresh, racy spring air, is the very thing to prepare one for such a repast. We enjoyed our pic-nic amazingly. We ate, and joked, and drank, until, suddenly turning round, I remarked a Turk squatted down at my elbow. I stared at the new comer, who scarcely returned the compliment. He smoked his pipe with exemplary gravity; until, noticing the remains of our dinner, he dropped his chibuk, drew his knife, and coolly helped himself to a slice of roast lamb.

"Do you like it, komiga?"—that is to say, neighbour—said I.

"Your bread is good."

"Take another piece, then."

He took another piece, and another; and, having finished his repast, he said "Horála!"—thanks!

There was a lengthened pause. Question and answer is, indeed, essential in Turkish conversational etiquette.

"Whither are you going?" said our new friend, at length.

"To Jasenica."

"Hm!"

There was another long pause.

"You cannot reach it this day. It is late now, and there is no moonlight."

"Hm! This is bad."

"Hm!"

Another pause.

"Have you met men who were journeying towards Krupa?"

"No!"

"*Hm!*"

In this instance there was a remarkably long pause.

"Ele Jusuf!" said Staniza at last, "methinks you are going to Krupa!"

"No, Stara lisice" (old fox), replied Jusuf, "for once you are in the wrong. I saw you, and came down from my Konak."

Staniza laughed.

"You honour us much!" said he. "I did not think you would stir for our sakes."

Jusuf smiled.

"Listen, old giour!" said he, "wilt thou swear on thy book to give an honest answer to an honest question?"

"Boga mi!—my answer shall be as honest as thy question."

"Hvala!" said the Turk. "Tell me, from whence did you come this day?"

"From Jarak."

"Hm!—Did you see Ahmed Beg?"

"We slept in his house."

"Hm!"

"Did he give you orders for the Capitan of Jasenica?"

"No!"

"Did he give you a Teskera?"

This question was uttered with peculiar emphasis, and accompanied by a very searching glance.

"He did," said Staniza. "Shall I show thee the Teskera?"

"Hm! No! Ahmed Beg is of our party. Why should I see it?"

"Show it him!" said Staniza, and I produced the paper, with its crabbed Turkish characters.

"It is well!" said the Turk. "I will go with you to Jasenica; I can confide in you."

id. "I was not afraid; and now thou knowest why I
of from the bird."
ounded eagle had meanwhile breathed its last. Jusuf
iza plucked the largest feathers, and fastened them t
les.
ou know, Ture," said Stanisa, "whom I thought of
vith my pistol?"
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' sleep.

"Where is thy horse!"

"It is at home. Your way lies past my Konak."

Saying which he rose and disappeared in the forest.

"He has confidence in us," said I, "but I am not quite sure whether we can return him the compliment."

"Sveta ti Vjera, covjece!" replied Staniza. "Why should not one man be trusted by three? Think you a Turk has two tongues in one mouth like a Swaba! Are we not armed? Whom *I* trust, you may surely confide in. Saddle your horses and let us be gone!"

We proceeded on our road, and were soon afterwards overtaken by Jusuf. Staniza and Richard led the way, and I followed with Jusuf, partly for the purpose of watching him, and partly because my horse, on which Staniza had been pleased to pack all our luggage, seemed almost unequal to the double burden. Neither of the party spoke for some hours. All of a sudden—bang! went the report of a musket, and close to my side too. Staniza taking a pistol from his belt, turned upon the Turk; who, as I now saw, had dismounted, and discharged his piece at an enormous eagle, which sat on a tree by the road-side. He had evidently hit it, for the feathers were flying about. Seeing this, Staniza fired at the bird, which came down with a plaintive cry, flapping the ground with its enormous wings in so furious a manner, that Staniza and Jusuf thought it proper to keep at a respectful distance. But Richard, a keen sportsman, intended evidently to deal with the eagle as he would have done with a partridge, or black cock. He stooped to take it up, but the very next moment he measured his length on the ground. The eagle had hit him in the face.

"*Ludi* Kriste!" (Stupid christian!) said Jusuf to my discom-

fited friend. "I was not afraid; and now thou knowest why I stood aloof from the bird."

The wounded eagle had meanwhile breathed its last. Jusuf and Staniza plucked the largest feathers, and fastened them to their bridles.

"Do you know, Ture," said Staniza, "whom I thought of shooting with my pistol?"

"I saw it," said the Turk.

"The eagle's feathers which flew about my face, saved you. Had it not been for them, even your Prophet would not have saved your life."

The Turk was silent.

"Didst thou mistake it for a signal?" said he, after a while.

"I did."

"Ludi Kucko," said Jusuf with great scorn. "Dost think me a Christian?"

"Never mind, Ture, don't I know you?"

And we moved on, until the darkness of the night, and the dense impenetrable underwood in our way, convinced us of the uselessness of our effort to reach Jasenica in the course of that night. So we stopped and looked out for a resting-place in the forest.

Staniza secured the horses, and Jusuf lighted a fire, round which we squatted, smoking and despatching the remains of our dinner. The evening passed very much as an evening in the woods may be expected to pass, whether it be in Pagan countries or in Christendom, and as the night grew dark and the fire burned with a low and flickering flame, the chibuks dropped from their mouths, and leaning our heads in our knees, we were fast in meditation—or sleep.

The neighing of our horses roused us. I took my pistols, and Richard, with all the head-strongness of somnolency, insisted on being told what was the matter! Staniza, too, got up.

"I hear the sound of hoofs!" said he.

"Be quiet! They will be down upon us in a minute."

He was right. Almost immediately afterwards we were surrounded by a troop of armed horsemen.

"What are you doing here?" said a young Turk, in the Padisha's coat.

"We are on our road to Jasenica," replied Jusuf dogmatically, "and it is here we pass the night."

At this juncture another Turk joined the conversation.

"Ah!" said he, "this is Staniza, the old fox. Tell us, why didst thou creep from thy cave?"

"Did you not hear it?" said Staniza. "We are going to Jasenica. It's nothing to *you*, I hope."

"And who are these fellows?" said the young soldier, with a significant look at Richard and myself.

"They are men, just the same as you and I," replied Staniza.

"Take care, old fellow! I will make you howl for your impertinence."

"You threaten because you fear!"

Saying which, Staniza grasped the handle of his handjar.

Some of the new comers had, meanwhile, dismounted. They interfered.

"Leave him alone, Mehmed," said they. "We know old Staniza; he is one of ours."

Their conciliatory efforts produced a temporary suspension of hostilities. A fresh supply of dry wood was thrown on the fire, *and the Turks* squatted round it. The chibuks were lighted.

"What is your business in Jasenica?" asked one of the horsemen after a long pause.

"We are going to Sarajevo."

"Hm! Have you a Teskera?"

"Most certainly."

"Show it."

The paper was produced, and carefully examined by the young officer, who did not, however, appear much edified by its contents. At length he said:—

"This will not help you on. It is not from the Porte, it is the Teskera of the insurgents."

All the Turks started to their feet.

"What!" cried they, "are these rogues of the insurgents' camp!"

"Ludi covjece! You fool!" shouted Staniza in his turn. "Is not this Teskera signed by Ahmed Beg, of Jarak? And was Ahmed Beg ever known to stand by the insurgents?"

"Who is Ahmed Beg?" said the officer.

"It is he who, some days ago, gained Bijelastjena for our party. It was he who expelled the old Disdar from Vranogra."

"Hm! But who knows whether it was he who signed this Teskera?" said the officer.

"Ama!" cried all the Turks, "thou art right, who knows whether Ahmed Beg ever saw this Teskera?"

"So be it! Who knows whether these rogues did not mean to impose upon us?"

"Ama! who knows it!"

Upon this the officer whispered to his neighbour, and the latter nodded his head.

"Yes!" said the fellow, "they want to impose upon us!"

"Ama! so they do," roared the whole troop in chorus.

One of the captors had long fixed an intent and earnest gaze upon my friend's watchguard. He now stretched out his hand, and coolly helped himself to Richard's watch and chain.

"Ah!" said the officer. "That's it, is it? They are Swabe and spies. Seize them!"

"They are Swabe!"

"Let us seize them!"

"What can they want?"

"Down with the dogs!"

And in an instant we were overpowered and disarmed. Resistance was quite out of the question, for we were three against seventeen.

"Let them go!" said Jusuf. "They are indeed Swabe, but they are peaceable men, and never did *you* any harm."

"They are Swabe. What an enormity! What can they want here?"

"Mussa!" said Staniza, addressing one of the Turks. "I know you well enough, and you know that I am quite as good a Turk as you are."

"Is he a Turk?"

"Ama! I have known him these many years; he is," replied Mussa.

"So much the worse for him," said the officer. "He is one of the insurgents, and he shall suffer for it."

"Ama, let him suffer for it; why should he not? Let us take him to Jasenica, and let the Capitan deal with him as he pleases."

"Jok, by no means!" said the officer. "Jok, tie him up on the spot."

Staniza remained calm and collected. He knew the men he

had to deal with. Protests, threats, prayers, and entreaties were alike lost upon them.

"Very well," said he; "tie me up. I die because such is my fate. But let my friends go their ways."

Never mind them," said Mehmed. "I'll hang them by thy side."

This was not a comfortable assurance. The Turks were serious and determined; they wanted our money. And this desire of theirs seemed to seal our doom. Still I tried to imitate Staniza's equanimity. I looked at him.

"Let me say a word to that little Swaba," said Staniza to the Turk who held him, and coming up to me, he asked me to purchase my own life and Richard's, from the Turks. As for himself, he said, if it was his doom, he was prepared to die. The old man's generosity touched me to the heart, and with something like a choking sensation in my throat, I said I would do my best.

I went up to the officer.

"Listen, Turk! We have some money with us. Let us go away, and it is yours."

"Hm!"

"I will give you all we have—the money and the watches. Do you understand me?"

"Hm! How much have you got?"

"I hardly know. But you shall have all as a ransom for us four."

"I believe you. But why shouldst thou give me what is mine already?"

"I see," said I. "Your right is as good as any other robber's. Take it, and let us go."

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"No, I cannot do that."

"Evalah! then take me to Jasenica."

"Why to Jasenica?"

"Because there I can give you ten purses more, which I lent to Captain Sulejman Effendi, when he was at the Rastell, and—"

"Listen, old man!" said the officer, addressing Staniza. "What man is this Swabo?"

"A Doctur."

"A Doctur? We want a Doctur!" cried all the Turks.

"Ama!" said the officer, who had already become enamoured of the ten purses. "Let us give the dog his life and take him with us."

"I'll go," said I, "wherever you like; but my friends must go along with me."

The officer threw a quick glance at his men. His cupidity had now fairly overcome his discretion.

"Hm! Why should it matter?" said he. "We are not afraid of four men."

"Evalah!—we fear them not!"

"Well!—we take these four men to Jasenica."

Staniza and I lighted our pipes, and the officers rifled all our pockets. Day was just breaking when the troops formed, and we, surrounded by our captors, proceeded on our way to Jasenica.

"If the Captain hears of this night's proceedings, know," said the officer, showing me his pistols, "that all the Sultan's treasures shall not avail to redeem thy life. Dost thou understand me?"

"Perfectly!" said I.

We reached Jasenica early in the afternoon, and were some-

what displeased with its appearance. To speak plainly, the place is an abomination of filth and misery; and the fortress, or castellated hovel, which bears that pompous title, has the wretched tumble-down appearance which struck me as the chief characteristic of all Bosnian architecture. With the exception of those eternal dogs, which haunt all Turkish places, there was not a single living being visible in the one street of the city. We were taken to the Captain's Kula, and my honest friend, the officer, dismounted and entered it. I was afflicted with an uncomfortable sensation, when I thought of the Captain, Sulejman Effendi, whom I had never seen, though I had heard his name mentioned; and to whom I had never lent, and much less given, those ten purses, the offer of which had saved my life. Saved it? A fine saving indeed! In a few moments Mehmed must learn that I had imposed upon his credulity; and he ——

"May the Lord have mercy upon us!" ejaculated I, as Mehmed reappeared with the blackest looks imaginable even for a Turk.

"Confound you, Swaba!" said he, "Sulejman Effendi is gone to Prido. He went yesterday!"

"Hm! did I send him?" said I breathing more freely.

He collared me, and dragged me up the steep stairs. Jusuf, Staniza, and Richard were left to follow, without his kind assistance.

The Bimbasha, who officiated in the Capitan's absence, sat in the centre of the room on his crossed legs, smoking. He was a gloomy-looking old man; and his eyes, as they fed on us, expressed vexation and distrust.

"What crime have they committed?" said he at last, looking at the officer.

"None, sir," said I; "none whatever. We were on our road to Sarajewo, and last night, in the forest, these people came and offered——"

Here honest Mehmed interrupted me.

"We captured them because they are of the Insurgent party!"

"Mashallah!" cried I; "this is not true. Have I not a Teskera from Ahmed Beg?—and did not Ahmed Beg expel the Dijdar of Vranograc from Bijelastjena?"

"Show me the Teskera!" said the Bimbasha. I handed it to him, and he examined it carefully.

"It is our own Teskera!" said he. "Let them go! Peace be with them!"

Mehmed looked daggers at me, but I defied him: and, turning to the Bimbasha, I thanked him, in Turkish, having at once understood, from his peculiar accent, that he was not Bosnian born. The sounds of his own language caused him to brighten up, and he called for coffee and chibuks.

"Valah!" said he. "This is the first time I hear Turkish from a Swaba. Who could have thought it!"

"Valah!" replied I, with rather a strong tinge of conceit, "I understand Turkish and Arabic."

"Can you read the Citab?"*

"Certainly."

He mused for a time; and then, as if struck with a very bright idea, started up, and ordered one of the soldiers to run for the Hodza, or teacher. "Tell him," added he, "to bring the Book."

It was not long before the Hodza made his appearance. He stooped low before the Bimbasha.

* That is to say, the Coran.

"Ama!" said that potentate; "hand the book to the little giour; he will sing to us."

The pious man, looking at me with a curious mixture of hatred, scorn, and envy, protested that no unbeliever dared to touch the sacred volume. But the Bimbasha insisted on the book being given into my hands; "For," said he, "you must show me how you can sing the Citab."

I submitted to my fate, and opening the book after I had duly applied my lips to it, I fell to singing the "Bismillah errahman errahim," in pure orthodox Turkish fashion. It so happened that I had lighted on a chapter, which I had read over and over again in the course of my Arabic studies; and I, consequently, acquitted myself to perfection. The old Turk was amused, and the Hodza admitted that my singing was as good as that of the truest believer.

"I wish that little giour would embrace the true faith!" said the Bimbasha; "I would gladly keep him here as Hekim Effendi!" and turning full upon me, he said, in a louder but a most alarmingly insinuating tone:

"Art thou a horseman?"

"Yes!"

"And a smoker of chibubs and a drinker of coffee?"

"Most certainly."

"Behold, these shall be thy labours. Stay with me! Thou shalt live in my own kula, eat at THY MASTER'S table, and ride about with me. Thou shalt have plenty of money and horses; and if thy heart be set upon wedlock, thou mayest marry girls as many as thou pleasest. What canst thou want more?"

I listened with astonishment to this oration—for so it was for a Turk—and, in reply, begged to decline the Bimbasha's generous

offer with my warmest thanks, adding:—"I have a house and a wife in my own country, nor must I leave them behind; and I acknowledge no master except God and his law."

"Hm!—I understand you: you would be your own master. Such things may be in your own country; but *here*," added the Bimbasha energetically—"here there is no master except me and the Sultan."

All the Turks in the room crossed their arms and bowed, while we thought it time to make our adieux. Mehmed and our escort seemed inclined to see us off, but a peremptory order from the Bimbasha kept them back.

In another moment we were on horseback, dashing, at a mad gallop, down the single street of the famous city of Jasenica.

"Allah küvvet versün!—May the Lord give us strength!"—prayed Jusuf, as he spurred his lean horse in advance of the fugitive party. A retreat is the severest trial of human courage; and ours, I grieve to say, was found signally wanting. Each of us urged the others on by the furious speed into which he lashed his own horse, and in this manner, panting, foaming, and all but exhausted, we reached Jusuf's house at nightfall. Early next morning, we proceeded to Jarak, and recounted our adventures and sufferings to the patient ears of Ahmed Beg.

"It is what I expected," said he. "But I thought you had considered the danger, and as my advice was not asked for, I did not give it."

Thus terminated my first and last trip into Bosnia.

A Peep at the "Peraharra."

OF the religious festivals of the Buddhists of Ceylon, that known as the Peraharra is the most important. It is observed at Kandy, the capital of the ancient Kings of Ceylon, and at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the Saffragam district. Few good Buddhists will be absent from these religious observances; and whole families may be seen journeying on foot for many miles, over mountains, through dense jungles and unwholesome swamps, across rapid and dangerous streams, along hot sandy pathways, loaded with their pittance of food and the more bulky presents of fruit, rice, oil, and flowers, to lay at the foot of the holy shrine of Buddha, to be eventually devoured by the insatiable priests.

In the month of July, 1840, I had a peep at the celebrated Peraharra of Ratnapoora, where the shrine sacred to the memory of *Saman*, rivals in attractions the great *Dalada Maligawa* of Kandy. Like its mountain competitor, it has its relic of Buddha enshrined in a richly-jewelled casket, which is made an object of especial veneration to the votaries of that god. *Saman* was the brother of the famed Rama, the Malabar conqueror who invaded Ceylon in ages long past, and extirpated from its flowery shores the race of mighty giants who had held its people in subjection for many centuries—a sort of Oriental King Arthur. To Saman was given the district of Saffragam; and the people of that country, at his death, promoted him to the dignity of a deity, as a slight token of their regard.

The Ratnapoora festival is the more attractive by reason of its being made the occasion of a large traffic in precious stones, with which the neighbourhood abounds. In this way the great part of the Buddhists manage to combine commerce with devotion.

The road to the Saffragam district was, in the time at which I travelled it, a very barbarous and dangerous affair, differing widely from the excellent traces which existed through most of the maritime provinces of Ceylon. It was then, in fact, little more than a mere bullock-track, or bridle-path, with no bridges to aid in crossing the streams which intersect it. The journey from Colombo to Ratnapoora may now be easily performed in one day; at that time it required a good nag and careful diligence to accomplish it in two.

Day dawned as I got clear of the Pettah, or Black town of Colombo, and crossed a small stream which led me to the jungle, or village road I was to follow. In England, we should call such a muddy lane; but here one knows little between the good high roads and the bullock track. Strange as it may sound to home travellers, one is often glad to see the sun rise, and feel it warm the heavy, damp air in the tropics. Before me lay a long straggling line of low jungle, indicating the road; far away in the distance rose the high, bluff hill and rocks towering over the once royal domain of *Avishawella*. Around, on every side, was water, completely hiding the fields from view, and only allowing a bush, or a tree, or a hut-top, to be seen peeping up through the aqueous veil, dotting the wide expanse like daisies in a field. The rains had flooded the whole of the low country, which, inundated by many mountain torrents, could not discharge the mass of streams nearly so fast as it received them. Over and across all this watery wilderness huge masses of misty vapor came rolling and tumbling along, as

though shrouding some titanic water-sprites who had been keeping it up rather late the night before, and were not quite sure of the way home. One might have imagined, indeed, that it was some universal washing-day, and that the great lid of the national copper had just been lifted up.

As the sun rose above the line of black rocks in the distance, its rays lit up those misty monsters of the flood, imparting to them life-like tints, which gave them beauty, and forms they had not known before. As these sun-lit fogs rolled on, a thousand shapes moved fitfully amongst them: troops of wild horsemen; crystal palaces with gilded gates; grim figures playing at bo-peep; hills, towns, and castles; with many a ship at sea, and lovely cottages in quiet sunny glades; all these, and more, seemed there. With the sea-breeze, all that array of cloudy creatures departed, leaving the air hot and stifling from the reflection of the sun's rays in the endless flood above me. But where were the poor Singalese villagers, their families, and their goods, amidst all this wreck? As I jogged along, the cry of a child, the crowing of a cock, the bark of a dog, floated across the ocean of mist, but whence came they? I looked to the right and to the left. I strained my eyes straightforward, but not a soul, or a feather, or a snout, was to be seen. Presently the fog cleared away, and I could see overhead into the trees. There, chairs, tables, chatties, paddy-pounders, boxes of clothes, children in cots, men, women, cats, dogs, all were there in one strange medley, curiously ensconced amongst the wide-spreading branches of the trees. Over their heads, and on each side, mats and cocoa-nut leaves were hung to keep off rain and damp fogs, whilst against each side of the tree was placed a thick notched stick, which served as a ladder for the whole party. Here and there canoes were to be seen paddled

across the fields to keep up communication between the different villages. It was a strange but desolate spectacle, and I was glad to find myself, at last, free from the watery neighbourhood, and once more riding on *terra firma*.

During the heat of the next day I turned aside to a shady green lane. A mile along this quiet pathway I was tempted to rest myself at the mouth of a dark-looking cave, by the side of a running stream of beautiful water. Tying my poney to a bush, I entered at the low archway, and found myself at once in utter darkness; but after a short time I began to distinguish objects, and then saw, close to me, one whom I should have least looked for in that strange, desolate spot. It was a Chinese, tail and all. My first idea was, as I looked at the figure through the dim light of the cave, that it was nothing more than a large China jar, or, perhaps a huge tea-chest, left there by some traveller; but, when the great, round face relaxed into a grin, and the little pea-like eyes winked, and the tail moved, and the thick lips uttered broken English, I took a proper view of the matter, and wished my cavern acquaintance "good morning." I soon gathered the occupation of See Chee in this strange place; the cave we were then in was one of the many in that neighbourhood, in which a particular kind of swallow builds the edible nests so highly prized by the Chinese and Japanese for conversion into soups, stews, and, for aught we know, into tarts. The Chinaman told me, what I was scarcely prepared to learn, that he rented from the Ceylon Government the privilege to seek these birds' nests in this district, for which he paid the yearly sum of one hundred dollars, or seven pounds, ten shillings. Procuring a *chule*, or native torch, the Chinese nest-hunter showed me long ledges of shelving *rock at the top* of the cavern, whereon whole legions of curious

little gummy-like excrescences were suspended; some were perfect nests, others were in course of formation, and these latter I learnt were the most valued; those which had had the young birds reared in them being indifferently thought of, and were only bought by the lower orders of soup-makers. Having rested myself and pony, I once more pushed on for Ratnapoora, where I arrived, heated, jaded, and dusty, by high noon.

A Chattie bath seldom fails to refresh the Indian traveller, and fit him for the enjoyment of his meal. In the cool of the evening I strolled out to watch the preparations for the nightly festivities. These continue for about a fortnight, chiefly after sunset, though devotees may be seen laying their simple offerings at the foot of the shrine during most part of the afternoon. The little bazaar of the town was alive with business; all vestiges of its wonted filth and wretchedness were hidden beneath long strips of white linen, and garlands of cocoa-nut leaves and flowers hung around by bands of bright red cloth. Piles of tempting wares were there; beads, bangles, and scarfs to decorate; rice, jaggery, and sweatmeats to eat, and innumerable liquors to drink, were placed in profuse array. The streets and lanes poured forth long strings of human beings, heated with the sun, flushed with drink, and bedizened with trumpery jewellery and mock finery. Poor tillers of the soil; beggarly fishermen; mendicant cinnamon peelers; half-starved coolies; lean, sickly women, and poor immature children, passed onwards in the motley throng, burying their every-day misery beneath the savage mirth of a night or two at the Paraharra.

Following the living, dark stream, as closely as the heat, dust, and strange odours would allow me, I arrived, at length, near to the Temple of Saman. The edifice, of which I caught a distant

glimpse, was half concealed beneath the heavy luxuriant foliage of cocoa-nut topes, arekas, plantains, and banyan trees. An ocean of human heads filled up the space around the building, from which proceeded the well-known sounds of the reed and the tom-tom. Gay flags fluttered from the four corners, and the lofty pinnacle in the centre; wreaths of flowers, plaited leaves and ribbons of many colours, waved jauntily from roof to door; whilst round the pillars of the walls and door-posts clustered rich bunches of most tempting fruit.

Close by this busy scene, another group was forming under a large and lofty *Pandahl*, or open bungalow. Forcing my way to one corner of the shed, I found a company of Indian jugglers, consisting of two men, a girl, and a child of perhaps three years. The men were habited in strange uncouth dresses, with large strings of heavy black beads round their necks; the girl was simply and neatly clad in white, with silver bangles and anklets, and a necklace of native diamonds. It would be impossible to detail all their extraordinary performances, which far exceeded anything I had ever read of their art. The quantity of iron and brass-ware which they contrived to swallow was truly marvellous; ten-penny nails, clasp-knives, gimblets, were all treated as so many items of pastry or confectionary, and I could but picture to myself the havoc a dozen of these cormorants would commit in an ironmonger's shop. Not the least remarkable of their feats was that of producing a sheet of water upon the sand close at our feet; and, after conjuring upon its clear surface half-a-dozen young ducks and geese, suddenly causing it to freeze in such a solid mass as to allow of our walking across it without causing so much as a crack in its crystal body. One more feat I must relate; which was that of suspending the girl while seated on a

sort of ottoman, to the ridge-pole of the shed; and at a given signal, removing the rope by which she hung, leaving her still suspended in the air—not with a regular apparatus, such as is used by the performers of a similar trick in London and Paris, but apparently with no apparatus at all! For, to my exceeding amazement, a sword was given to me, as the only European of the company, and I was told to cut and slash as much as I pleased above and around the girl. After some hesitation, I hacked and hewed the air in every direction, around and close to the suspended maiden, with a vigour which would inevitably have cut asunder any means of support; yet there she swung unmoved, without any sort of apparent agent of suspension except the air itself! Snake-charming and dancing completed the entertainment. When I left the place it was night.

Near the temple, all was noise and confusion, and it was with some difficulty that I forced my way through the dense crowd, and reached the steps of the venerated shrine. The priest stationed at the entrance made a way in for me as well as he could, but the pressure inside was intense. Hundreds of men and women pressed eagerly forward to reach the flight of huge stone stairs which led up to the sacred depository. It was as bad as a crush to get into the Crystal Palace. My passage was so slow that I had time to examine and admire the fine antique carved work on the pillars and ceiling of the entrance-hall, as well as on the tall pilasters which lined the ample stair-case. There was a beauty of style and a high degree of finish about this work that could not be attained in Ceylon in the present day. Arrived, at length, at the inner temple or sacred shrine above, I passed with the rest, between a richly-brocaded curtain which hung in folds across the entrance at the top of the stairs, and stood before the famed relic

of Buddha, or rather the jewelled casket which contained it. I felt disappointment at the spectacle here, arising, perhaps, from my taking no interest in the exhibition as a religious ceremony, and looking at it merely as an empty show, not far removed from the status of Bartholomew Fair. The strong glare of a hundred lights, the heat and crowd of so many in so small a place, the sickly perfume of the piles of Buddha flowers heaped before the shrine by the pilgrims, the deafening discordant din of a score of tom-toms, and vile screeching pipes, made me glad enough to descend the stairs, and, flinging a rupee into the poor-box of the god, to escape once more into the open fresh air.

From the votaries of Saman I entered another crowd, assembled round a gaily decorated building, which I at once perceived was a Hindoo temple. Here, to the sound of much music, and by the light of many lamps, a group of young dancing girls were delighting the motley crowd. There were but three of them, one a finely-made, tall, sylph-like creature with really graceful movements; the others younger, stouter and far less pleasing. A good deal of pains had evidently been taken with their dress, which sparkled at all points with what I was assured were precious stones. I have heard that it is not uncommon for these Nautch girls to have jewellery about their dress to the value of twenty thousand pounds. The graceful little jacket which the chief dancer wore over her flowing white robes sparkled and glistened with something which was quite new to me as articles of ornament: along the edge of her pure white garment, shone a whole host of fire-flies, which by some ingenious arrangement had been secured to the dress, and gave a strange and pleasing novelty to the appearance of her attire, as she swept gracefully *around in slow* and measured steps. The music to which these

people dance is anything but pleasing to an English ear: indeed, there is scarcely a trace of rhythm in it; yet they contrive to measure their mazy and difficult dance by its notes with admirable precision. Long custom has so attached them to their empty meaningless music that they can appreciate no other. I am certain that M. Jullien's band would scarcely be listened to by the Singalese if there were a few tom-toms within hearing. It is a curious fact that in the districts in which these Nautch girls are brought up, education is so rare, that these dancers are generally the only lay persons within many days' journey who can either read or write. The priests can all read, if not write, and they take care to instruct the temple girls, in order to enable them to learn the various songs and legends for recital at their periodic festivals. The rest of the population they keep in the densest ignorance.

Leaving the dancers and priests, I strolled towards the river Kaloo-ganga, whose quiet, palm-shaded banks stood out in sweetest contrast to the noisy revelry I had just beheld. The moon was near the full, and rising high above the many rich green topes of palms, and gorgeous plantains, lit up the peaceful scene with radiance not of earth. It is hardly possible to conceive the magic beauty of moonlight in the tropics: those who have witnessed it can never forget their feelings under its influence. The master hand of our finest painters might attempt to depict it, but the affair would be a dead failure: and did it succeed, strangers to these climes would pronounce it an unnatural painting. Even in its reality, it bears the impress of something not unearthly, and it requires the testimony of the huge fingery leaves, as they wave to the breeze, to assure one that the whole scene is not imaginary. Fully as bright and radiating, though softer in its

hue, than the broad sunshine, the moon poured down in living streams its gifts of ether-light. The monster palms, the slender arekas, the feathery bamboos and tamarinds, revelled in the harmony and glow of radiant moonlight, which leaping down in phosphorescent waves, sprang on from leaf to flower, from bud to herb, and streaming through the waving seas of giant, emerald grass, died sparkling at its feet.

Some of the topes along this gentle river grew so thickly that not the faintest ray of light found its soft way amongst them: the deepest shade was there, and only in one of these could I trace any vestiges of living beings. A little hut was burned far away in the inmost recesses of a tope—all bright above, all gloom below. The door was open, and from it shone a faintly glimmering light; so tiny was the ray amidst that heavy shade, so distant did it seem, that it defied all conception of space, and made my eyes ache to gaze at it. I, at length, distinguished faint sounds proceeding from it. They were those of a regular harmony. Strolling nearer, I heard that they proceeded from cultivated voices. What a sensation! The music was that of the "Evening Hymn!" and it came upon me with the echoes of the uncouth Babel of Heathenism I had just left still ringing in my ears, like the sunlight on a surging sea. When I recovered from the delightful surprise, I found that the singers were the family of a native missionary who had embraced Christianity.

The next day the bazaar was crowded with dealers in and diggers for precious stones. Hundreds of Moormen, Chitties, Arabs, Parsees, and Singalese were busily employed in barter; and a most noisy operation it was. In the neighbourhood of Ratnapoora exist many tracts of clayey and gravelly land, rich in rubies, sapphires, garnets, turquoise, and cat's-eyes. For the

privilege of digging for these, or of sifting them from the sands of some of the rivers, the natives pay heavy rents to Government; often sub-letting the ground, at large profits, to needy speculators. Their harvest is usually offered for sale during the Peraharra; and, be their gains what they may, they are generally rid of the whole amount before the end of the festival. The existence of this source of wealth is, unfortunately, a bane, rather than a blessing, to the district; for whole villages flock to the ruby-grounds, delving and sifting for weeks together, utterly neglecting their rice-fields and gardens. Arrack taverns have multiplied, intemperance has increased, long tracts of fertile land have ceased to be sown with paddy, and the country-people now buy their food from strangers, in place of growing it, as formerly. It will be a happy time for Saffragam when its stores of precious stones shall be exhausted; for not till then will peaceful industry be once more sought.

Struggling and forcing a way through the busy crowd were to be seen one or two Hindoo fakeers, most repulsive objects depending for subsistence on the alms of pilgrims and others. One of these wretched creatures, in the fulfilment of a vow, or as an act of fancied righteousness, had held his left arm for so many years erect above his head, that it could not now be moved—and grew transfixed, emaciated, and bony. It seemed more like a dry, withered stick tied to the body than a part of itself. The other fakeer had closed his hands so long that the finger-nails had grown quite through the palms, and projected at the back of them: these miserable-looking objects appeared to reap a tolerable harvest, and seemed to be then in no pain.

Under the shade of a banyan tree, a grave-looking Moorman was amusing a crowd of boys and women with the recital of

some wonderful or silly legend. The trade of story-telling, in the East, is still a profitable one, if I might judge from the comfortable appearance of this well-clad talker.

When I left Ratnapoora crowds were still flocking into the town, for on the morrow the huge temple elephants were expected to march in procession through the place, decked out in all sorts of finery, and bearing the casket and relic; but it was a wearisome spectacle, and I was heartily glad to find myself once more on my pony, quietly winding through green paddy-fields and under shady topes.

Student Life in Paris.

THE first impression of the Student of Students in Paris is one of curiosity. "When do the students find time to study?" is the natural inquiry. The next impression solves the mystery, by leading to the satisfactory conclusion, that the students do *not* find time to study. To be sure, eminent physicians, great painters, and acute lawyers, do occasionally throw sufficient light upon society to render its intellectual darkness visible. And the probabilities are that these physicians are not born with diplomas, as children are, occasionally, with cauls; nor the painters sent into the world with their pencils at their fingers' ends; nor the lawyers launched into existence sitting upon innate woolsacks. The inference, then, is, that education has done something towards their advancement, and that they, necessarily, have done something towards their education.

But the lives of great men are the lives of individuals, not of masses. And with these I have nothing now to do. It is possible that the Quartier Latin contains at the present moment more than one "mute inglorious" Molière, or Paul de Kock, guiltless, as yet, of his readers' demoralisation. Many a young man who now astonishes the Hôtel Corneille, less by his brains than his billiards, may one day work hard at a barricade, and harder still, subsequently, at the galleys! But how are we to know that these young fellows, with their long legs, short coats, and faces patched over with undecided beards, are geniuses, unless, as our excellent friend, the English plebeian, has it, they "behave as

such?" Let us hope, at any rate, that, like glow-worms, they appear mean and contemptible in the glare of society, only to exhibit their shining qualities in the gloom of their working hours.

It is only, then, with the outward life of the students that I have to deal. With this, one may become acquainted without a very long residence in the Quartier Latin—that happy quarter where everything is subservient to the student's taste, and accommodated to the student's pocket—where amusement is even cheaper than knowledge—where braces are unrespected, and blushes unknown—where gloves are not enforced, and respectability has no representative.

If the student be opulent—that is to say, if he have two hundred francs a month (a magnificent sum in the quarter) he lives where he pleases—probably in the Hôtel Corneille; if he be poor, and is compelled to vegetate, as many are, upon little more than a quarter of that amount, he lives where he can—no one knows where, and very few know how. It is principally from among this class, who are generally the sons of peasants or *ouvriers*, that France derives her great painters, lawyers, and physicians. They study more than their richer comrades; not only because they have no money to spend upon amusement, but because they have, commonly, greater energy and higher talents. Indeed, without these qualities they would not have been able to emancipate themselves from the ignoble occupations to which they were probably born; unlike the other class of students, with whom the choice of a profession is guided by very different considerations.

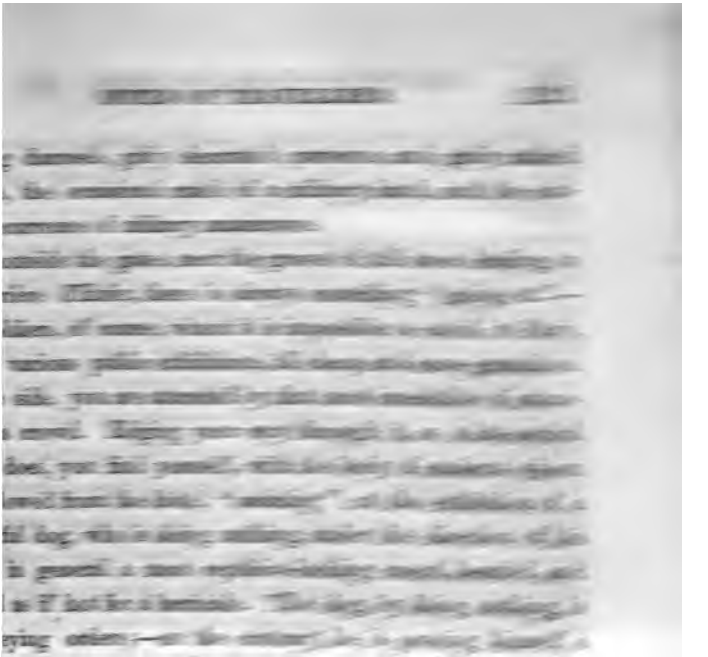
It is a curious sight to a man fresh from Oxford or Cambridge to observe these poor students sunning themselves at midday, in *the gardens of the* Luxembourg—with their sallow, bearded faces,

bright eyes, and long hooded cloaks, which, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, "circumstances" have not yet enabled them to discard. Without stopping to inquire whether there really be anything "new under the sun," it may be certainly assumed that the garments in question could not be included in the category. If, however, they are heavy, their owners' hearts are light, and their laughter merry enough—even to their last pipe of tobacco. After the last pipe of tobacco, but not till then, comes despair.

The more opulent students resemble their poorer brethren in one respect:—they are early risers. Some breakfast as early as seven o'clock; others betake themselves by six to their *atéliers*, or lectures—or pretend to do so—returning, in two or three hours, to a later meal. This is of a substantial character, consisting of two or three courses, with the eternal *vin ordinaire*. When living in a hôtel, the student breakfasts in the midst of those congenial delights;—the buzz of conversation, the fumes of tobacco, and the click of the billiard-balls. By means of these amusements, and sundry *demi tasses* and *petits verres*, he contrives to kill the first two or three hours after breakfast. Cards and dominoes are also in great request from an early hour, and present to an Englishman a curious contrast with his own national customs. In England he is accustomed to find card-playing in the morning patronised only by the most reckless; in France it is the commonest thing in the world to see a pair of gentlemen with grey hairs and every attribute of respectability, employed, at nine o'clock, upon a game of *écarté*, enlivened by little glasses of brandy and the never-failing pipe. If a young Englishman in London, instead of an old Frenchman in Paris, was to addict himself to such untimely recreations, he would probably be cut off with a shilling.

When the heat and smoke of the *café* become too much even for French students, they drop off by twos and threes, and seek the fresh air. The Luxembourg Gardens are close by, and here they principally congregate. Amusing figures they look, too, in their present style of costume, which is a burlesque upon that of the Champs Elysées, which is a burlesque upon that of Hyde Park. The favourite covering for the head is a very large white hat, with very long nap; which I believe it is proper to brush the wrong way. The coat is of the paletôt description, perfectly straight, without shape or make, and reaching as little below the hips as the wearer can persuade himself is not utterly absurd. The remainder of the costume is of various shades of eccentricity, according to the degree of madness employed upon its manufacture. As for the beard and moustaches, their arrangement is quite a matter of fancy: there are not two persons alike in this respect in the whole quarter: it may be remarked, however, that shaving is decidedly on the increase.

The Luxembourg Garden is principally remarkable for its statues without fingers, almond trees without almonds, and *grisettes* without number. Its groves of horse-chestnuts would be very beautiful if, in their cropped condition, they did not remind the unprejudiced observer—who is, of course, English—of the poodle dogs, who in their turn are cropped, it would seem, to imitate the trees. The queens of France, too, who look down upon you from the pedestals at every turn, were evidently the work of some secret republican; and the lions that flank the terraces on either side, are apparently intended as a satire upon Britain. However, if one could wish these animals somewhat less sweet and smiling, one could scarcely wish the surrounding scene *more so than* it is, with its blooming shrubs and scarcely less



value upon his talents, who is equally capricious, and who certainly has never yet been persuaded to show off his "grand trick?"

You are probably next attracted by a crowd at a short distance, surrounding an exhibition, dear to every English heart—that of "Punch." The same familiar sentry-box, hung with the same green baize, hides the same mysteries which are known to everybody. But the part of "Hamlet"—that is to say "Punch"—though not exactly omitted, is certainly not "first business." His hunch has lost its fulness; his nose, its rubicundity; and his profligacy, its point. He is a feeble wag when translated into French, and has a successful rival in the person of one Nicolet—who, by the way, gives its name to the theatre—and who is chiefly remarkable for a wonderful white hat, and a head wooden enough, even for a low comedian.

Nicolet is supposed to be a fast man. His enemies are not policemen and magistrates, as in the case of "Punch," but husbands—for the reason that his friends are among the wives. This seems to be the "leading idea" of the drama of Nicolet, in common, indeed, with that of every other French piece on record. If it were not considered impertinent in the present day to draw morals, I might suggest that something more than amusement is to be gained by contemplating the young children among the crowd, who enjoy the delinquencies of this *Faublas* for the million, with most precocious sagacity. It is delightful, in fact, to see the gusto with which they anticipate inuendos, and meet improprieties half way, with all the well-bred composure of the most fashionable audience.

It is not customary amongst the students to wait for the end of *Nicolet's* performances. The fashionable hour for departure

varies; but is generally about the period when the manager's wife begins to take round the hat.

Any one who accompanies a party of students in their morning rambles, will most probably find himself, before long, in the "Closerie des Lilacs," which is close by the same spot. The "Closerie" is associated in name with lilacs, probably from the fact that it contains fewer flowers of that description than any other place in the neighbourhood. It is a garden somewhat resembling Vauxhall; and at dusk there is an attempt made at lighting it up, especially on certain evenings in the week which are devoted to balls. These balls do not vary materially from any other temporary dances, either in London or Paris; but as a morning lounge, the place is not without attractions. One of them, is the fact that there is no charge for admission, the proprietor merely expecting his guests to *convenue* something—a regulation which is generally obeyed without much objection.

Throughout the whole day may here be seen numerous specimens of the two great classes of the quarter—students and grisettes; some smoking, and drinking beer and brandy in pretty little bosquets, others disporting themselves on a very high swing, which would seem to have been expressly constructed for the purpose of breaking somebody's neck, and to have failed in its object, somehow, like many other great inventions. *Ecarté* is also very popular; but the fact that its practice requires some little exertion of the intelligence, so very inconvenient to some persons, will always prevent it from attaining entire supremacy in a place so polite as Paris. To meet this objection, however, some ingenious person has invented an entirely different style of game; an alteration for which the Parisians appear deeply grateful. A small toad, constructed of bronze, is placed upon a stand, and into

its open mouth the player throws little leaden dumps, with the privilege of scoring some high number if he succeeds, and of hitting the legs of the spectators if he fails. At this exciting game a party of embryo doctors and lawyers will amuse themselves at the "Closerie" for hours, and moreover exhibit indications of a most lively interest. The great recommendation of the amusement, I believe, is, that the players *might* be doing something worse; a philosophical system of reasoning, which will apply to most diversions—from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter.

A few hours of this amusement is scarcely necessary to give the student that sometimes inconvenient instinct—an appetite. Accordingly, at about five he begins to think about dining; or, rather, he begins to perform that operation, for he has been thinking about it for some time.

Dining, in the weak imagination of conventional persons, usually induces visions of Vefour, and is suggestive of Provençal fraternity. But the student of the Quartier Latin, if he indulges in any such visions, or is visited by any such suggestions, finds their end about as substantial as their beginning. His dreamy dinners have, alas! no possibility of realisation. Truffles to him are tasteless, and his "trifles" are literally "light as air." Provence provides him, unfortunately, with more songs than suppers, and the fraternal associations with which he is best acquainted are those of the Cuisiniers in the Rue Racine or Rue des Mathurins.

It is, very probably, with one of these "*Associations Fraternelles des Cuisiniers*" that the student proceeds to dine. These societies, which are fast multiplying in every quarter of Paris, are patronised principally by Republicans who are red, and by Monarchists who are poor. The former are attracted by sym*pathy*, the latter are driven by necessity. Indeed, a *plat* at six

sous, which is the usual price at these establishments, is a very appropriate reward for the one, or refuge for the other. At these establishments—which had no existence before the last revolution—everybody is equal; there are no masters, and there are no servants. The *garçons* who wait upon the guests are the proprietors, and the guests themselves are not recognised as having any superior social position. The guest who addresses the waiter as "*garçon*" is very probably insulted, and the *garçon* who addresses a guest as "*monsieur*" is liable to be expelled from the society. In each case "*citoyen*" is the current form of courtesy, and any person who objects to the term is free to dine elsewhere. Even the dishes have a republican savour. "*Macaroni à la République*," "*Fricandeau à la Robespierre*," or "*Filet à la Charrier*," are as dear to republican hearts as they are cheap to republican pockets.

A dinner of this kind costs the student little more than a franc. If he is more ostentatious, or epicurean, he dines at Risbec's, in the Place de l'Odéon. Here, for one franc, sixty centimes, he has an entertainment consisting of four courses and a dessert, inclusive of half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. If he is a sensible man, he prefers this to the Associated Cooks, who, it must be confessed, even by republicans of taste, are not quite what might be expected, considering the advancing principles they profess.

After dinner, the student, if the Prado or some equally congenial establishment is not open, usually addicts himself to the theatre. His favourite resort is, not the Odéon, as might be supposed, from its superior importance and equal cheapness, but the "Théâtre du Luxembourg," familiarly called by its frequenters—why, is a mystery—"Bobineau's." Here the student is in his *element*. He talks to his acquaintances across the house, in-

dulges in comic demonstrations of extasy whenever Mademoiselle Hermance appears on the scene, and, in short, makes himself as ridiculous and contented as can be. Mademoiselle Hermance, it is necessary to add, is the goddess of the quarter, and has nightly no end of worshippers. The theatre itself is everything that could be desired by any gentleman of advanced principles, who spurns propriety, and inclines himself towards oranges.

After the theatre the student probably goes home, and there I will leave him safely. My object has been merely to indicate the general characteristics of his ordinary life, from which he seldom deviates, unless tempted by an unexpected remittance to indulge in more costly recreations, afforded by the Bal Mabille or the Château Rouge.

Tahiti

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chests, and possibly one or two jointed stools: the latter, however, rank among superfluities. Of cooking utensils or appa the Indians possess none. Their food is all baked in stone The stones are heated, and the meat is put into the oven w any dish. At table one knife suffices for a whole party; cocoa-nut shell serves as a basin to contain water for their di

The missionaries who have successively resided here durin last fifty years, have wrought a change in the dress of the n especially those in the neighbourhood of Papeiti. Still, hov their costume is sufficiently characteristic of savage life. men and women wear a garment called the *pareo*; it is a s petticoat made of coloured cloth and fastened round the wa a band. By the women it is worn long enough to descend t ankles; but the men have it much shorter, reaching only t knee. The men wear a short shirt of coloured cotton ove *pareo*, and under it they frequently have loose trousers. upper garment of the women is a sort of long full blouse. sexes wear flowers in their ears instead of ear-rings, the ho the lobe of the ear being bored sufficiently large to adm flower stalks being easily drawn through it. The Tahitia men, old as well as young, adorn themselves profusely flowers and foliage, of which they form very tasteful wreath bouquets. I also frequently saw men wearing wreaths r their heads. On holidays and other festive occasions, they in addition to their ordinary dress, an upper garment called *tiputa*. This is made of a material of the manufa prepared from the bark of the bread-fruit The bark, when newly stripped from the tr with stones until it becomes as thin as p *coloured yellow* and bro

troops, and several French ships were lying in the harbour. The town, which contains between three and four thousand inhabitants, consists briefly of a range of wooden houses with gardens extending along the shore. A noble forest, crowning a range of hills, forms the background of the scene, and here and there on the upland are scattered many small huts.

The only buildings of any commodious size, are the Governor's house, the French magazine, the military bakehouse (whence the barracks are supplied with bread), and the Queen's residence, not yet completed. Many little wooden houses, containing only one room, had been hastily constructed, to supply the demand for dwelling places, which, when I was there, were so scarce, that French officers of rank were glad to take up their quarters in wretched Indian huts.

I looked about in vain for a lodging. Nowhere could I find a single room to let; and at length I was fain to content myself with part of a room—in short, literally a corner. This accommodation I found in a hut, occupied by a carpenter, his wife, and two children. A space about six feet in length, and four in width, was allotted to me behind the door. The floor was not boarded, and the walls were formed of staccadoes or palisades. There was neither bedstead nor chair; and yet, for this lodging I was obliged to pay very exorbitantly.

The hut of a Tahitian Indian frequently has no walls, and consists merely of a roofing of palm-leaves supported on poles. Even those better sort of huts, which have palisadoed walls, are not divided into compartments; all comprise only one room, the dimensions of which usually vary from twenty to fifty feet in length, and from ten to thirty in breadth. The whole furniture consists of mats of plaited straw, some coverings for beds, a few wooden

chests, and possibly one or two jointed stools; the latter, however, rank among superfluities. Of cooking utensils or apparatus, the Indians possess none. Their food is all baked in stone ovens. The stones are heated, and the meat is put into the oven without any dish. At table, one knife suffices for a whole party; and a cocoa-nut shell serves as a basin to contain water for their drink.

The missionaries who have successively resided here during the last fifty years, have wrought a change in the dress of the natives, especially those in the neighbourhood of Papeiti. Still, however, their costume is sufficiently characteristic of savage life. Both men and women wear a garment called the *pareo;* it is a sort of petticoat made of coloured cloth and fastened round the waist by a band. By the women it is worn long enough to descend to the ankles; but the men have it much shorter, reaching only to the knee. The men wear a short shirt of coloured cotton over the *pareo*, and under it they frequently have loose trousers. The upper garment of the women is a sort of long full blouse. Both sexes wear flowers in their ears instead of ear-rings, the hole in the lobe of the ear being bored sufficiently large to admit of flower stalks being easily drawn through it. The Tahitian women, old as well as young, adorn themselves profusely with flowers and foliage, of which they form very tasteful wreaths and bouquets. I also frequently saw men wearing wreaths round their heads. On holidays and other festive occasions, they wear, in addition to their ordinary dress, an upper garment called the *tiputa.* This is made of a material of their own manufacture, prepared from the bark of the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees. The bark, when newly stripped from the tree, is beat and pressed with stones until it becomes as thin as paper; after which it is *coloured yellow* and brown.

I visited a little wooden building used as a place of worship. It was thronged by Indians, all of whom had been converted to Christianity. They called themselves Protestants; but, of the faith they professed they knew nothing but the name. Before entering the house of prayer they all divested themselves of their floral ornaments, with which they again decorated themselves on departing. Some of the women wore black satin blouses; others, who were resolved on being particularly fine, appeared in bonnets —gay creations of Parisian millinery, of a fashion which has been obsolete for at least half-a-dozen years. It is impossible to conceive the ludicrous effect produced by the broad, flat faces of these Tahitian belles, under their fantastically shaped bonnets.

Whilst the psalms were being sung, an air of devotion pervaded the congregation, many of whom joined in the singing with tolerable correctness; but during the delivery of the sermon, the clergyman was listened to with the utmost indifference. The children were engaged in playing, quarrelling, and eating; and of the grown-up portion of the assembly, those who were not gossipping were sound asleep. I was assured that most of the natives are able to read, and that many of them can write; but, during worship in the church, I saw only two individuals (aged men) make use of their bibles.

The Tahitians are tall in stature, and strongly made. Men of six feet high are by no means uncommon. The women are likewise tall, and, in general, very stout. The men are decidedly handsomer than the women. Both sexes are alike remarkable for beautiful white teeth, and fine dark eyes; all have very large mouths, thick lips, and broad, flat noses; the latter are so highly admired, that, as soon as an infant is born, it is customary to press down the cartilages of the nose, in order to give to the

feature the broad, flat form which is an indispensable condition of Tahitian beauty. Both men and women have long black hair, which hangs down their backs in one or two thick plaits. The complexion of these islanders is copper colour. Nearly all of them are tattooed on the lower limbs; but the hands, feet, and all other parts of the body are free of these ornaments. The figures employed in this tattooing, chiefly arabesques, are frequently executed with much artistic taste.

The Governor of Tahiti, M. Bruat, made arrangements for some grand public festivities on the first of May, in honour of the *fête* of Louis Philippe. In the forenoon, a sham sea-fight was got up under the superintendence of the sailors belonging to the French ships in the port. This being ended, the spectators adjourned to a meadow to witness feats of agility, exhibited by some of the natives in climbing a Maypole. At the summit of this pole coloured handkerchiefs and other trifles were the prizes won, to those who were lucky enough to reach them. At noon the principal native chiefs were invited to a grand feast prepared for them on the lawn fronting the Governor's house. The banquet consisted of salt meat, bacon, bread, roasted pigs, and fruits of various kinds. But the guests, instead of sitting down, as was expected they would, to partake of the delicacies provided for them, divided the whole into portions, and each carried his share home with him. In the evening there were fire-works, illuminations, and a ball.

I was present at this ball, and was vastly amused and interested. The assembled company exhibited the most ludicrous contrasts of art and nature. Elegant Parisian ladies were seated, side by side, with coarse, swarthy, native females; and French staff officers, in full uniform, might be seen holding conversation with

half-naked Indians. Several of the natives, desirous of making a particularly elegant appearance on this occasion, wore loose white trousers; others had no other clothing than the *pareo* and the loose shirt over it. One of the chiefs, arrayed in this costume, was a most pitiable object; he was perfectly crippled by *elephantiasis*.

On the occasion of this ball I saw Queen Pomare for the first time. Her figure is tall and stout, but very well formed. She is thirty-six years of age, but fresh and blooming; and I have observed that the women of Tahiti retain their youthful appearance to a more advanced period of life than the women of other warm climates. The countenance of Queen Pomare is pleasing, and is almost continually animated by a good-humoured smile. She wore a robe of azure-blue satin, made very full, and somewhat in the form of a blouse. It was trimmed with rich black blonde, set on in double rows. In her ears she wore sprigs of jasmin, and a profusion of flowers were wreathed in her hair. In her hand she held a beautifully-worked cambric handkerchief, trimmed with very rich broad lace. On that evening she wore stockings and shoes; but Her Majesty, on ordinary occasions, goes bare-footed. I was informed that the dress worn by Queen Pomare at this ball was a present from King Louis Philippe.

The Queen's Consort, who is somewhat younger than herself, is exceedingly handsome. The French have surnamed him "*Prince Albert of Tahiti*," not only on account of his good looks, but because, like Prince Albert in England, he is not the King regnant. At the ball he appeared in the uniform of a French General Officer, and wore it with tolerable grace.

Besides Queen Pomare and her Consort, there was another

royal personage in the company. This was King Otoume, the sovereign of one of the neighbouring islands. He was dressed in the most comical style imaginable. He wore a pair of white trousers very wide and short. Over his other garments was a kind of surtout, made of cotton of a bright canary colour. It had evidently been made in imitation of a European coat; but its shape and style of fitting proclaimed it to be a production of native genius, rather than the handiwork of a Parisian tailor. The King was bare-footed.

The Queen's ladies in waiting, four in number, were dressed in blouses of white muslin. They also had flowers for ear ornaments, and wreaths in their hair. Their manners and deportment were not devoid of grace. These young ladies danced quadrilles with some of the French officers; but it was painful to see them dance with their bare feet; and I was continually apprehensive that their toes would be trodden on by their partners' boots. Except the Queen and her Consort, none of the natives had shoes or stockings. A few of the more elderly females wore faded old-fashioned bonnets for head dresses; and several young mothers were accompanied by their children—even infants in arms.

A short time before supper was announced, the Queen withdrew into an adjoining apartment to smoke a cigar; and whilst her Majesty was thus engaged, her consort amused himself by a game at billiards.

At supper, I had the honour of sitting between Prince Albert of Tahiti and the canary-coloured King of Otoume. Both were sufficiently initiated in the rules of good breeding to show me such ordinary marks of attention as filling my glass with water or with wine, helping me to the dishes near them. It was evident that they took vast pains to imitate European manners.

Nevertheless, some of the guests now and then committed themselves, by doing the most extraordinary things. The Queen herself, having desired an attendant to bring her a plate, placed upon it a large assortment of sweetmeats and dainties, which her Majesty selected for the purpose of carrying them home with her. It was also found necessary to check several of her company in their too copious libations of champagne; but, on the whole, the party, though exceedingly merry, was tolerably decorous.

I subsequently dined several times with the Royal Family at the residence of the Governor. On these occasions, the Queen, as well as her husband, appeared in the national costume—the colored pareo, and the loose upper garment; both were barefooted. The heir to the throne, a boy of nine years of age, is already betrothed to the daughter of a neighbouring king. The future bride, who is two or three years older than the prince, resides at the court of Queen Pomare. She has been brought up in the Christian religion, and has been taught the English language.

Tati, the principal native chief of the Island, who had come to the port to be present at the festivities on the first of May, was now about to return, with his family, to his residence at Papara; and a French officer, who was to escort the chief, proposed that I should join the party. To this proposition I very readily acceded; and on the 4th of May we embarked in a sailing-boat to proceed along the coast of Papara, a distance of thirty-six nautical miles. Tati, the chief, a venerable old man, ninety years of age, perfectly well remembered the landing of Captain Cook. His father, at that time first chief of the island, formed a close friendship with Cook; and, in conformity with a custom then prevalent in Tahiti, he changed names with the English navigator.

Tati receives from the French Government an annual pension of six thousand francs, which, at his death, will revert to his eldest son. He had with him his wife, a young woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, and five of his children, the offspring of a previous marriage. The lady who travelled with us was his fifth wife.

We passed several interesting points as we sailed along the coast. Nor was the sea itself less interesting than the romantic scenery on shore. Our little skiff glided over shallows, where, through the clear crystal current, every pebble,—nay, almost every grain of sand was perceptible. Looking down through the translucent waves, I beheld groups of coral and madrepore, presenting such exquisite masses of form and colour, that I readily could have lent faith to the fanciful superstition which supposes the existence of fairy gardens at the bottom of the sea. In the wide-spreading ramifications of marine vegetation might be pictured miniature groves and arabesque parterres, interspersed here and there with hillocks of sponge. Multitudes of little transparent fishes darted to and fro, revelling in colour and radiance, the variegated hues of the butterfly, and the brightness of the glow-worm. These tiny fishes were scarcely an inch in length. For splendour of colouring, I scarcely ever beheld anything to equal them. Some were of clear azure blue, some bright yellow, and others, nearly transparent, exhibited richly shaded tints of brown and green.

We had left Papeiti about noon; and at six o'clock, when the sun was setting, it was resolved that we should not pursue our course further that evening, as the numerous rugged cliffs which fringe that part of the coast render the passage somewhat unsafe, after dark. We therefore landed at Paya (a place situated about

twenty-two miles from Papeiti)-of which the sixth son of Tati is the ruling chief.

In honour of his father's visit, the young chief ordered a supper to be prepared. A pig was accordingly killed, and cooked in the Tahitian fashion. A hollow dug in the ground contained a number of stones, round which a fierce fire was kindled. Meanwhile bread-tree fruits were skinned and divided into halves by a sharp wooden hatchet. When the fire burned up, and the stones were sufficiently heated, the pig and the bread-fruits were put into the oven, and heated stones laid over them. The whole was then covered over with leaves, branches of trees, and finally with a layer of earth.

Whilst the supper was being cooked by this process, the table was laid out. A straw mat having been spread on the ground, large leaves, intended to serve as plates, were placed upon it. As a drinking-cup, each guest was furnished with a cocoa-nut shell; half filled with a sort of acid beverage, called *Miti.*

In about an hour-and-a-half supper was announced to be ready; and though the pig was not prepared in the most tempting style, yet it was consumed with inconceivable rapidity. By the help of a single knife the pig was divided into as many portions as there were individuals to partake of it; and each one was helped to his or her share, together with half a bread-fruit, placed on a leaf. Excepting the French officer, old Tati, his wife, and myself, no one sat down at the rustic table; it being inconsistent with the customs of the country for the host to eat with his guests, or a child with his parent.

On our arrival at Papara, we were informed of the death of one of Tati's sons. The event had taken place a few days previously, but the funeral was deferred until the arrival of the aged

chief. I visited the hut, and the attendants gave me a new pocket handkerchief, directing me to offer it as a present to the departed. This custom of offering presents to the dead, is still kept up by the Tahitians—even those among them who have become converts to Christianity. The body lay in a coffin, resting on a low bier; both coffin and bier were overspread with a sort of white paint or lacker. Before the bier two straw mats were spread. On one of these mats were placed all the clothes, drinking-cups, knives, &c., which had belonged to the deceased. On the other lay a vast collection of presents, consisting of shirts, pareos, handkerchiefs, bits of cloth, &c.

I attended the ceremony of the interment. The priest delivered a short oration over the grave, and when the coffin was lowered, the mats, the straw hat, and the clothes of the deceased, together with some of the presents, were thrown into the grave. In the vicinity of the place of interment there were some ancient Indian tombs called *Murais*. They were quadrangular spaces surrounded by stone walls four or five feet high. Within the *Murai* or quadrangle, the corpse used to be laid, resting on a wooden framework. There it was left until nothing remained but the skeleton, which was afterwards buried in some sequestered spot.

After my return from Papara, I made a visit to Venus Point, a little tongue of land, on which Captain Cook stationed himself to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disk. The stone on which his telescope was fixed is still on the spot where it then was.

One of my most interesting excursions was to Fontana and the Diadem. Fontana is a point which the Tahitians considered to be impregnable, and where, nevertheless, they sustained the most

signal defeat by the French during the last war. Governor Brouat obligingly lent me his horse to make this excursion, and he sent with me as a guide a sub-officer, who had been engaged in the action, and who explained to me the positions and movements of the hostile forces.

For the space of six miles I rode through thick forests and deep ravines, intersected by mountain torrents. In many parts of these ravines, extremely narrow passes are flanked on either side by steep and inaccessible mountains; so that here, as in ancient Thermopylæ, a small band of brave warriors were enabled to keep at bay a strong and numerous army. The defiles of Fontana may be said to be the key to the whole island. During the late war Fontana was the principal stronghold of the Tahitians, and the only mode by which the French could hope to carry the important position was by climbing up an almost perpendicular precipice, and thereby reaching a narrow ridge near the summit. General Brouat announced his wish that this dangerous enterprise should be entrusted only to volnnteers; and sixty-two men were selected from the very considerable number who eagerly offered themselves. After twelve hours of difficult and perilous exertion, the gallant adventurers at length gained the summit. As soon as they appeared in sight, the dismayed Indians threw down their arms, exclaiming, "These are not men, for that steep acclivity is inaccessible to mortal footsteps. They must be spirits; therefore let us surrender, for it is needless to attempt defence."

At Fontana, a little fort, surmounted by a watch-tower, has been built. It is reached by a footpath running along a narrow mountain ridge, beneath which yawns a chasm of unfathomable depth. For persons liable to vertigo, it would be dangerous to attempt to walk along this path, which, however, commands a

magnificent prospect over the surrounding country. Mountains, valleys, ravines, and waterfalls diversify the romantic scene; and high above every other object in the landscape towers the Diadem. I reached that colossal mass of rock after a three hours' ride along a very difficult road. The prospect from the Diadem is still grander than that from the fort, extending in two directions, far beyond the boundaries of the island, and to some distance over the sea.

This was my last excursion in the lovely island of Tahiti.

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tapering minarets of the new Mosque on the citadel constantly re-appear as you ride along.

But the street closes in again, and assumes a different character. Large walled gardens, within which one can occasionally distinguish corners or pinnacles of mysterious-looking houses embowered in trees; court-yards devoted to business, and containing huge mountains of grain or of chopped straw; boat builders' stations, and all the signs of a commercial place, soon begin to appear. And then you get into a bazaar or street of shops; and then into the market place, from near which the ferry-boats start for Gizeh and the Pyramids; and then into another bazaar, and to the neighbourhood of the Custom-house, where first this huge by-street makes a bend, and after going through a neighbourhood principally devoted to private houses and gardens, becomes at length a country road, leading out to the Attar-En-Nebbi or Prophets' Footstep.

What I have thus endeavored to describe, is almost the only aspect of old Cairo which visitors usually witness; and indeed there are many parts of the place which it is not easy to see, unless you go with a very positive determination to do so. If you turn off from the great street in any other direction but the real bazaar, you are instantly assailed by the information, generally vouchsafed by old women and children, that there is no thoroughfare; you turn, and twist, and wind, and generally come back to the place from which you started, after having passed through a variety of narrow lanes, and ventured into twenty blind alleys. The town, in fact, is divided into quarters, each with its separate gate, and each inhabited, no doubt, by a kind of class of people—the relics, probably, of the original population that settled here in *the time of* Amer-ibn-el-As, some twelve hundred years ago. It is

impossible to imagine anything more quiet than these quarters, without being dismal. For, although the light of the sun is generally shut out, yet here and there a few bright beams find their way down upon some carved projecting window, or into some little square, where perhaps a single palm-tree bends gracefully over, and throws a small patch of shadow upon some snug corner, where two or three children gracefully sit, and look in unfeigned astonishment at the intruder in another costume and of another faith.

The bazaar is in itself tolerably well stocked, although many shops are closed. A certain bustle prevails, because boatmen and country people often come there to buy; but the manners of the place seem a century behind those of Cairo. The dealers are more grave, and more impressed with the importance of their social position, and, without being in the slightest degree rude, evidently regard a Frank as an object of curiosity. There they sit, pipe in hand, calmly waiting for customers, generally in silence, sometimes talking with neighbours over the way; but all with a decent gravity quite delightful to behold.

There are a good many other things to see and notice in and about the strange old decayed city, as the fortified convent where the Chamber of the Virgin is shown; but the most curious object is the Mosque of Amer, that stands on the eastern side. I went one day to visit it, in company with a devout Arab. It stands almost alone amidst dusty mounds, and a few hovels. There is nothing very remarkable in its exterior appearance, which presents nothing but long, littering, dead walls. On entering the narrow gate, however, it is impossible not to be struck with the effect of an immense square court, surrounded by vast colonnades, with

plain round arches of simple grandeur. An octagonal building in the centre, containing a well, improves the general effect. We were first conducted to the Pillar of Purity—that is to say, two marble columns, placed so close together that only a spare man can squeeze through. In old times it was esteemed that none but good and true Moslems—and yet all of these—could pass between. When such a standard was chosen, not very long after the Prophet had promulgated his faith—few indeed, must have been the specimens of bulky orthodoxy, such as we have so often met with parading the streets, fluttering in their ample silk robes. At present, it is believed the columns are still a test of remarkable purity; and my corpulent companion sighed as he acknowledged the absolute impossibility of his succeeding in an attempt which was easy to me. A hideous old lady, who played the part of cicerone, repeatedly excited him to prove his freedom from sin; but even to ascend the steps would have been to him a difficult operation; and he sadly renounced all claim to be considered one of the "very righteous."

The old lady was a capital and original guide—not original, however, in her eagerness to hurry us from one point of interest to the other. She led us along the vast colonnades, telling us, with rare faith, that the true believers would be trampled under foot by the heathen whenever the most sacred Mosque fell into decay; and it really requires some such persuasion to excuse the tasteless reparations which have recently been made at various points. After permitting us to peep into a small cell containing the tomb of the founder of the Mosque, she took us through a perfect forest of columns to one particular one, up to which she ran, and, slapping it triumphantly, cried, "Look there!" She *had evidently* reached what, to her, was the most interesting spot

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times would have been long swept away, were there not a counteracting superstition that these treasures are protected by evil spirits. Near Shabour, on the Rosetta branch, I am told there is a huge stone, covering the entrance of a cave, supposed to contain incalculable riches; and that every night a magic cock is supposed to come out and chant, to draw attention to the fact; but it is also supposed that any one who should venture to remove the stone, would have his heart pecked out by the imaginary cock that protects the imaginary treasure. The wild fancy of the Arabs has adorned nearly every spot in their country with similar legends. Even the Mosque of Amer itself was once believed to contain immense wealth—or rather, *is* believed; for the disappointment of the searches is said to be the work of genii.

But, as I was saying, the Moslems do respect their ancient mosques; and, indeed, one of the chief features in the conversation of the devout, is the emission of various opinions on the ages of their places of public worship. Some of the fanciful, forgetting the recent existence of the Prophet, heap thousands on thousands of years with complacent fervour; but, generally speaking, the information current seems to be tolerably exact—more so than one would expect to be the case. I found that donkey-boys and boatmen agreed to give the Mosque of Amer twelve hundred and odd years (it was built in A. D. 639), and that the knowledge of the particular incidents connected with its foundation was not very incorrect. The old lady cicerone told us some long stories about the period at which various additions were made, and the generosity of people who gave up their houses to make room for the expanding Mosque. Among other things, she said that a Jewish lady of extraordinary beauty, built a house close to the

northern side, leaving only a narrow passage between. It was determined to throw back the colonnades in that direction, such room being wanted for the increasing crowd of worshippers; and, accordingly (property being held, it appears, on a different tenure then to what it is now), application was made to the lady to sell her house. She refused, and the improvement was delayed for a year, when its urgency increasing, a new demand produced a new and decided refusal. Then the Governor of Egypt, in a moment of passion ordered the house to be forcibly entered, and its owner expelled. She would not give up the point, but travelled all the way to Bagdad to lay her complaint before the Caliph. A simple statement was sufficient, and an order was immediately issued that the property should not only be restored, but a heavy indemnity paid. But the heart of the Jewish lady was touched by the eloquence of the Lord of the Faithful, or by divine interposition, and she suddenly, not only declared herself willing to give the house in dispute as a present, but embraced Islam, and—so the story goes—became one of the favorite wives of the Caliph himself. In the midst of much extravagance, there is often a hidden purpose in these Arab tales; and I am inclined to think this one was a correct mode of satirising the manner in which, of late years, Government has interfered with private property.

I went away much pleased with this my first visit to the Mosque of Old Cairo, and was glad to find that, in accordance with former experience in other places, every one about was quite tolerant in demeanour, and that the usual present, instead of being exacted with rudeness, was gently solicited, and received with gratitude. It must not be supposed, however, that we paid for admission to the Mosque. There the door stood open for us and

the winds to enter; but we made a voluntary donation, in
ance with the custom of a country in which charity d
neither the giver nor the receiver. I tried to avoid d
mental comparison with home; but could not help thinki
at least in Egypt, places of public worship were *not* pu
level with theatres.

The "Mouth" of China.

TILL lately, the only entrance to the Celestial Empire vouchsafed to us Western barbarians, was the "Bogue," or mouth of the Canton river. Macao, Hong-Kong, and Canton were the only places Europeans were allowed to profane with their presence. The ship in which Madame Ida Pfeiffer, whose Voyage round the World we have before mentioned, was conveyed from Tahiti to this place, not being a Phantom Ship, only introduced her to those places. On the 9th of July, 1847, she cast anchor in the roads of Macao. A throng of Chinese, she tells us, speedily made their appearance on the deck of our ship, whilst others, without quitting their boats, offered for sale, fruit, cakes, and other articles—all very prettily arranged; in short, we were speedily surrounded by a sort of floating fair.

The captain ordered a boat to be got ready, and we eagerly went ashore. Each individual, on landing, was required to pay half a dollar to the mandarin—an exaction which I was informed would speedily be abolished. We proceeded to the house of the Portuguese merchants resident in Macao; and on our road thither, we passed through a great part of the town. Europeans, women as well as men, may freely travel the streets of Macao without fear of being stoned—a danger to which they are not unfrequently exposed in other Chinese towns. Those streets exclusively inhabited by Chinese, presented a very animated aspect. Groups of men, seated out of doors, were engaged in

playing at dominoes, whilst the occupants of the shops, carpenters, tailors, and shoemakers, were working, gossiping, or taking their meals. I saw but few women, and those few belonged to the lower class. I was greatly amused by the mode of eating practised by the Chinese. They use two pieces of stick, by the help of which they raise the food to their mouths, with extraordinary dexterity. When eating rice, the vessel containing it is raised to the widely-expanded mouth, into which the rice is thrown by help of one of the little sticks above mentioned. When partaking of dishes of a more fluid kind, they use round spoons made of porcelain.

The houses present nothing remarkable as to style of building. They are usually fronted by a court-yard or garden. I visited the Grotto in which the celebrated Camoens wrote some portion of his "Lusiad." The umbrage created by the satirical poem entitled "Disparates na India," caused Camoens to be banished to Macao, where he remained in exile for several years. The Grotto is built on a little eminence at a short distance from the town.

Our captain finding that he could not transact the business he expected to do in Macao, proposed to sail on the following morning; and he kindly invited me to make the trip to Hong-Kong, though I had engaged my passage only as far as Macao. I very gladly accepted his invitation.

On the morning of the 10th of July, we sailed for Hong-Kong, which is about sixty nautical miles from Macao. The voyage from the one place to the other is varied and interesting. We were continually in sight of picturesque bays and groups of islands. Hong-Kong was ceded to the English by the Chinese after the peace in 1842. The sea-port town, called Victoria, *built by the English*, contains many handsome stone edifices.

The Europeans, of whom there are only a few hundreds here, are somewhat dissatisfied, trade not being so prosperous as was at first expected. The English Government gratuitously gives portions of land to merchants, on condition of their building houses. Many have erected on these grants of land large houses, which they would willingly sell for half the price they have cost. Victoria is surrounded by barren hills, or not very pleasingly situated. The town has altogether a European character; and, but for the Chinese porters, labourers, hucksters, &c., seen in the streets and in shops, it would be difficult to imagine one's-self on Chinese ground. I was a little surprised at not seeing any native women in the streets; from which circumstance it might have been inferred that a European female could not safely have ventured out of doors alone. However, I never met with the least insult or annoyance on the part of the Chinese; even their curiosity was not offensively manifested.

In Victoria I had the pleasure of being introduced to the celebrated Gutzlaff. Four other German missionaries were also residing there. They were dressed in the Chinese style; had their heads shaved, and the back hair plaited in long tails, in the style worn by the natives. These missionaries were studying the Chinese language, which is exceedingly difficult, both to speak and to write. The written language consists of [illegible] of which there are upwards of four [illegible] guage is composed of pure [illegible] write with pencils dipped in [illegible] right to left, and from the top of the [illegible]

After the lapse of a few [illegible] going to Canton [illegible] chant residing at [illegible]

recommended me not to venture in the junk alone, as he assured me the Chinese people were not to be trusted. He advised me either to take a boat for myself, or to engage a berth on board one of the steamers; but these modes of travelling were too expensive for the limited means at my disposal. A place in the steamer, or a hired boat, would have cost twelve dollars; whilst the fare by the junk was only three. However, I must confess that I saw nothing either in the looks or conduct of the Chinese to excite alarm. "I put my pistols in order—(continues the fearless lady)—and, on the 12th of July, I went on board the junk."

As evening drew in, heavy rain obliged me to return to the covered part of the vessel, where I amused myself by observing my Chinese companions.

The party on board the junk, though not the most select, was nevertheless perfectly decorous in demeanor. Some of the men were seated at dominoes, others were listening to the performance of a musician, who drew forth doleful strains from a sort of mandoline with three strings. A few were gossiping; a great many smoking; and all, by turns, drank unsugared tea. Of this beverage, which was served in small cups, I was civilly invited to partake. The Chinese of all ranks and classes, rich and poor, drink neither pure water nor fermented liquors. Weak tea, without sugar, is their constant beverage.

Late in the evening I retired to my cabin, where, to my discomfort, I found the rain dripping through the roof. The captain, on being apprised of this fact, immediately accommodated me with another berth, where I found myself in company with two Chinese women. When I entered the cabin they were completely enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, which they were puffing from small pipes, no larger than thimbles.

My companions, observing that I was unprovided with the head-stool, which in China is used instead of a pillow, kindly offered me one of theirs; and the offer was so urgently pressed that I felt myself obliged to accept it. These head-stools are made of bamboo, or of a very thick kind of pasteboard. They are about eight inches high, and from one to three feet long, rounded at top, and have no stuffing. The head rests more comfortably than might be expected on one of these stools.

Early next morning I hurried on deck to see the entrance to the mouth of the Si-kiang or Tiger River; but we had advanced so far up, that no trace of the mouth was discernible. I, however, saw it subsequently, when I returned from Canton to Hong-Kong. The Si-kiang is one of the largest rivers in China. At a very short distance from the point at which it falls into the sea, it is nearly eight nautical miles in width; but at its mouth it is so contracted by rocks that it is only about half that breadth. The views along the banks are pleasing; and some fortifications erected on the heights give a romantic character to the scenery.

At Hoo-man (which place also bears the name of Whampoa) the river branches into several separate streams. One which flows up to Canton is called the Pearl River. Its banks are lined with extensive rice plantations, amidst which bananas and other trees are planted, in rows; the intervening spaces forming pleasant avenues. But these trees are intended less for ornament than for use. Rice requires a very damp soil, and the trees are planted with the view of giving the earth a certain degree of consistency, and preventing the rice from being washed away by the copious irrigation which the soil demands. Neat little Chinese country houses, with pointed and notched roofs, and walls profusely adorned with coloured tiles and clay ornaments, are

seen nestling amid groups of shady trees; and pagodas—or *tas*, as they are called by the Chinese—varying from three to nine stories in height, stand on hills in the vicinity of the villages, and from a vast distance attract the eye of the traveller. The river is defended along its banks by numerous fortified posts.

Some miles below Canton, we passed a succession of poor looking villages, for the most part consisting of huts built on piles driven into the bed of the river; numerous boats floating in the stream, also served as habitations for their owners.

As we drew near to Canton, the aspect of the river became more and more animated, and the number of boats of every description augmented. There were vessels of the most extraordinary forms. Some of the junks, two tiers above water at the stern, looked like houses with high balconied windows. Many of these junks are exceedingly large, and they are not unfrequently of a thousand tons burthen. I saw several Chinese ships of war, of a flat and long build, and carrying from twenty to thirty guns. The mandarins' boats, with doors and windows painted on the outside, are like neat little houses decorated with silk flags. But above all, I admired the flower-boats, with their upper galleries adorned with garlands, arabesques, and other ornaments. The windows and doors of these flower-boats are somewhat in the gothic style; the doors lead to the interior of the boat, which consists of one large saloon, and a few small cabins. Mirrors and silken tapestry adorn the walls; crystal lustres, and coloured paper lamps, between which are suspended pretty little baskets filled with fresh flowers, serve to complete a picture which, to European eyes, presents an almost magical effect.

These flower-boats, which constantly lie at anchor in the river, *are places of entertainment* to which the Chinese resort both by

day and by night. The amusements consist of dramatic performances, jugglery, and dancing. No females, save those of a depraved class, visit these places. Europeans are not prohibited from entering them; yet, the present hostile state of feeling on the part of the Chinese, exposes them to the chance of insult, and, possibly, of ill-treatment.

The bustle and movement on the river is still further augmented by thousands of very small boats, called shampans; some lying at anchor, and others floating about among the large vessels and flower-boats. Meanwhile, fishermen are seen in all directions casting their nets; and children and grown persons are bathing and swimming. It is frightful to see the young children in the small shampans. They are suffered to play and swing on the edges of these boats and they are every moment in danger of falling overboard. Careful parents adopt the precaution of fastening hollow gourds, or bladders inflated with air, on the shoulders of very young children, to save them from immediately sinking when they fall into the water—an accident of continual occurrence.

In short, the varied objects and strange manners; the active life and movement observable on the Pearl River, altogether make up a picture of the singularity of which description can convey no adequate idea.

During the last few years, European women have been permitted to enter the factories of Canton, and even to reside within them. I consequently left the junk without hesitation; but having landed, I had to find my way to the residence of Mr. Agassiz, to whom I had been directed, and as I could not speak a word of Chinese, I was obliged to have recourse to signs. I made the captain of the junk understand that I had no money with *me, and that he must* conduct me to the factory, where I

would pay him. He readily understood me, and escorted me to the place I wished to go to. When Mr. Agassiz saw me and learned how I had travelled,—above all, when he was informed that I had walked from the junk to his house, he was very much astonished that I had escaped so fortunately. I now, for the first time, became aware that it is very hazardous for a woman to walk through the streets of Canton unaccompanied by any one but a Chinese guide. It is quite an unheard-of thing: and I was assured that I might consider myself very lucky in having escaped being insulted, and even stoned, by the people. On my way from the junk to the factory, I observed the people staring at me, calling after me; and, by degrees, they ran out of the shops and houses, thus forming a crowd which followed us. However, I walked on fearlessly; and possibly my safety was due to the fact of my having manifested no symptoms of alarm. I was not disposed to stay very long in Canton; for since the last war between the English and the Chinese, the place has become more than ever insecure to Europeans. To European women especially, a strong dislike is manifested; because, according to a Chinese prophesy, the Celestial Empire will one day or other be conquered by a woman. The plan I had laid down was to direct my course to the north of China, to the port of Tschang-hai, where I was assured I might, with comparative ease, enter into communion with the people.

I was, however, induced to change my plan. By good fortune, I formed acquaintance with Herr Von Carlowitz, a German, who had resided for many years in Canton. He kindly offered to act the part of my Mentor; and to his courtesy I am indebted for having seen more of China than any other European woman ever saw.

Our first excursion was to the famous Temple of Honan, accounted the most beautiful in China. The temple and its surrounding gardens are enclosed by a lofty wall. We first entered a spacious outer court, at the further end of which a colossal portal led into an inner court. Beneath the arch of this portal there were two figures of War-Gods, each eighteen feet in height, and exceedingly fierce in attitude and aspect. Their presence is supposed to guard the entrance against evil spirits. A second portal of the same kind, beneath which were figures of the four Celestial Kings, leads to the third, or innermost, court, in which the Grand Temple is situated. The interior of this temple is about a hundred feet square. The flat roof, whence are suspended a multitude of glass lustres, lamps, artificial flowers, and coloured silk flags, is supported by a range of wooden pillars. Numerous images, altars, vessels filled with flowers and incense, candelabra, wax-tapers, &c., give to the decorations of this temple some resemblance to those of a Catholic church. Near the entrance there are three altars, and behind them three statues, representing the god Buddha in three different ways; allegorically personifying the Past, the Present, and the Future. The figures are of colossal proportions, and in sitting attitudes.

It happened that service was being performed in the Temple, at the moment when we entered. It was a sort of mass for the dead, which a mandarin had commanded for his deceased wives. At the two side altars there were officiating priests, whose garments, as well as the ceremonies they were performing, resembled those of the Catholic Church. At the centre altar was the mandarin devoutly engaged in prayer, whilst two attendants were fanning him. He frequently kissed the ground, and every time he performed *this ceremony*, three perfumed tapers were pre-

sented to him. Holding these in his hands, he raised them up as high as he could reach, and then gave them to a priest, who placed them before one of the statues of Buddha, but without lighting them. The musical part of the service was performed by three men; one strummed on a stringed instrument, another struck a metal ball, and the third played a sort of flute.

Besides this principal temple, there are several minor temples and halls, all decorated with images of gods. One of the smaller temples is held in especial veneration. It contains twenty-four images of the deity who is supposed to preside over mercy. Some of these images have six and others eight arms. All the gods, Buddha included, are carved in wood, gilt, and painted in a variety of tawdry colours.

Our guide next conducted us to the sanctuary of the Holy Swine—for the animal which the Mahomedan holds in utter detestation, the Chinese deifies. The interior chiefly consists of a handsome stone hall; and though some care is taken to keep it clean, it does not smell much more agreeably than pigstyes in general. The holy swine are so watchfully tended and abundantly fed, that they are usually killed with kindness and die a premature death. At the time of my visit, the sanctuary contained only one happy pair; and I was informed that there are seldom more than six of the animals living at a time.

Adjoining the Temple of the Sacred Swine was the dwelling-place of one of the Bonzes or priests. It consisted of a sitting-room and sleeping apartment, very neatly fitted up. The walls of the sitting-room were ornamented with wood carving, and the furniture was very elegant and curious. In the dwelling of the Bonze we saw an opium-smoker. He was lying on the ground stretched on a mat, and beside him he had a cup of tea, some

fruit, a lamp, and several very small pipes, through one of which he was inhaling the inebriating vapour. Not being in a state of total unconsciousness when we entered, he arose slowly, laid aside his pipe, and crawled to a seat. His eyes were fixed, and a death-like pallor pervaded his countenance. He was altogether a most miserable-looking creature.

We were next conducted to the garden in which the remains of the Bonzes are burned after death—an honour accorded exclusively to them, the remains of other persons being merely buried. Our attention was directed to a simple mausoleum, about thirty feet square, in which the bones of the Bonzes are preserved after the rest of their bodies has been consumed by fire. At a little distance from the mausoleum stands a tower built of stone, about eight feet in diameter, and eighteen in height. On the floor within the tower there is a small hollow, in which a fire is kindled, and the body of the dead Bonze, dressed in full costume, and seated in an arm-chair, is placed over this fire to be burned. Round about it are laid wood and dry rice, and when the whole begins to blaze up, the door of the Tower is closed. After the lapse of an hour, it is again opened, when the ashes are scattered round the Tower. The bones of the Bonze are left undisturbed for a year, after which time they are collected and deposited in the mausoleum. Another remarkable object in this garden is the beautiful water-rose, or Lotus flower (*Nymphæa Nelumbo,*) which properly claims China as its native land. The Chinese are so fond of this flower, that for the sake of rearing it, they have a pond in almost every garden. The flower measures about six inches in diameter. It is white, but sometimes, though very seldom, of a pale pink hue. The seeds resemble in size and taste those of the hazel-nut; the roots, when cooked, are said to have

the flavour of artichokes. Upwards of a hundred Bonzes live in the Temple of Honan. Their ordinary dress differs in no way from that worn by other Chinese, from whom they are distinguished only by having their heads completely shaved.

I made a visit to the Half-Way Pagoda, so named by the English because it is situated half-way between Canton and Whampoa. We went by a boat up the Pearl River. The Pagoda stands on a mound of earth, in the vicinity of a village, and is surrounded by immense rice fields. It has nine stories, and is one hundred and seventy feet high. Its circumference is not very considerable, and does not materially diminish from the lower part upwards. This pagoda is one of the most celebrated in China; but it has long ceased to be used. The interior was totally dismantled; no trace of images or any other ornaments remaining. There is no flooring between the different stories, so that when looking upwards from the ground in the interior, the eye uninterruptedly scans the pointed summit of the structure. On the outside, each story is marked by a small gallery without balustrades. These galleries are reached by steep flights of steps, and are extremely difficult of access. They are curiously inlaid with coloured tiles, placed lozenge-wise, one over another, the point of each tile projecting about four inches beyond the one below it. When viewed from a distance, this appears like some kind of open work; and from the brilliant hues and delicate fabric of the tiles the whole might be mistaken for a mass of porcelain.

Whilst we were viewing the pagoda, some of the people from the neighbouring village collected around us, and, as they seemed to be very harmless and peaceable, we thought we might venture *to take a peep at* them in their own little settlement. Accord-

ingly, we wended our way to the village. It consisted of a cluster of small houses, or rather huts, built of brick, and externally presenting no peculiarity except their flat roofs. The rooms had no ceiling—the external roof of the house serving for that purpose; the flooring was of stamped earth, and bamboo mats formed the partition walls between the rooms. These houses contained but few articles of furniture, and were exceedingly dirty. In the middle of the village there were several small temples, and before the image of the principal deity dingy lamps were lighted. I was much struck by the vast quantity of poultry collected in front of all the huts. The chickens were so numerous that it was difficult to avoid trampling on them as we passed along. Here, as in Egypt, hatching is effected by artificial heat.

I had long been desirous of seeing the celebrated wall of the city of Canton, and, by good luck, I was enabled to surmount the obstacles which seemed to render the gratification of this wish impossible. Herr Von Carlowitz engaged a missionary to accompany us on this expedition. Missionaries, I may mention, are the best possible escorts and guides for travellers in China. They speak the language of the country, make friendly acquaintance with the people, and, in consequence, enjoy the privilege of going about without danger or interruption. The good missionary whom Herr Von Carlowitz had engaged, expressed his readiness to escort us on the wished-for excursion, on condition that I would disguise myself in male attire. Hitherto, no woman had ventured on the expedition, and I was assured that even I, who had ventured so much, could not undertake it with safety. I speedily provided myself with the requisite disguise, and thus equipped, set out early one morning.

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We walked a long way through narrow streets, paved with broad stones. In front of every house we observed a niche, within which there was a little altar two or three feet in height; and as it was not yet broad day, the night lamps were still alight. This lamp-burning rite of the Chinese religion must occasion an inconceivable consumption of oil. Gradually the shops began to be opened. They were merely little square rooms, without front walls. The goods were displayed partly in open drawers, and partly on tables, behind which the shopkeepers usually sat, engaged at their work. From one corner of the shop a narrow flight of steps leads to the upper part of the house, which is the dwelling-place of the family.

Here, as in the cities of Turkey, particular streets are appropriated to particular trades and professions; one is occupied exclusively by glass-venders, another by silk-mercers, and so on. In one of the streets of Canton, in which all the doctors reside, the only shops are those of apothecaries; for in China the functions of physician and apothecary are exercised by one and the same individual. The shops in which provisions are sold are very elegantly arranged; and these are all in one street. Between the houses there are frequently small temples, which no way differ in style from the adjoining buildings. The gods are confined to the lower stories of these temples; and all the space above is appropriated to the use of mortals.

As the day advanced, I found the streets exceedingly crowded and busy, especially those containing the shops in which provisions were sold. Women and young girls of the lower class were hurrying to and fro, making their marketings, much in the same way as in the cities of Europe. They were all unveiled, *and many* of them waddled like ducks; for the practice of crip-

pling female feet is not exclusively confined to the higher ranks of society. The crowd and confusion were not a little augmented by men carrying on their shoulders large baskets filled with provisions; in loud voices, they alternately crying the articles they offered for sale; and shouting to the people who thronged the streets. Every now and then a palanquin, bearing one of the wealthy Chinese traders to his place of business, would work its way into a narrow lane, checking the course of the living tide that poured through it, and completely blocking up the thoroughfare.

All these narrow streets or lanes are situated close to the city wall, upon which many of them abut. Along the wall there are many little doors or gates leading into the interior of the city. These gates are closed in the evening, and at all times foreigners are strictly prohibited from passing through them. If, as it frequently happens, an unlucky foreign sailor, in the course of an idle stroll, unwittingly passes through one of these forbidden gates, a volley of stones, directed upon him from all quarters, is the first intimation he receives of his mistake.

After we had walked about two miles through the labyrinth of narrow streets, we came in sight of the celebrated wall. It is about sixty feet high, and in most parts covered with grass, moss, creeping plants, and other kinds of vegetation; so that it has the appearance of a garden wall. From the summit of a little neighbouring hill, we obtained a fine view over the city. It was a mere chaos of small houses, between most of which stood a single tree. We discerned no fine streets or squares; no temples, or handsome buildings of any kind. A single pagoda, five stories high, was the only object that reminded us we were surveying a Chinese city.

Our homeward course lay across fertile uplands, and well-cultivated meadows and fields. Many of the hills are cemeteries, and are thickly scattered over with graves, marked by little heaps of earth, and tombstones about two feet high. Some of these stones were nearly covered with inscriptions. Here and there were family tombs, consisting of large graves surrounded by walls in the form of a horse-shoe. The Chinese do not inter all their dead. They have another very peculiar mode of burial, which consists in depositing the corpse in tombs of masonry. These tombs have two walls and a roof, the unwalled sides being left open. They contain two or three, and sometimes as many as four coffins, which rest on wooden benches. The coffins are made of trunks of trees hollowed out.

The little villages or hamlets through which we passed were marked by poverty and dirtiness. In all of them I observed vast numbers of poultry and pigs; but in the course of the whole excursion I saw only two horses and a buffalo. These animals were of a very small species.

When near our journey's end, we met a funeral. Its approach was announced by strains of dismal music; and we had scarcely time to look about us and to get out of the way, when the procession advanced almost at a running pace. First came the musicians, followed by a few Chinese (probably relatives of the deceased); next were two empty palanquins, followed by the coffin, formed of the hollowed stem of a tree. It was slung on a pole, and carried by bearers. The procession was closed by a few priests and a long train of people, who followed from mere idle curiosity.

The high priest wore a white head-dress, with a triple point, looking not unlike three fool's caps fastened together. The

ourners (who are all men) wore a piece of white cloth, either
ed round the arm or wound round the head. White is the
olour worn by the Chinese for mourning. They are particularly
ensitive respecting death, and direct allusion to it in conversation
s considered highly indecorous. When they speak of a funeral,
hey call it a "white affair."

Lost in London.

THE following are extracts from the manuscript of a German gentleman of education, who fled from hopeless poverty, occasioned by political persecution at home, to endure poverty, with hope of better days, in London. He landed at Blackwall on a cold morning, in December, 1846, with a small spare body, a nearly empty purse, and a carpet bag. His hope was that he might earn bread by translating German works, and he had a fancy that he would begin with Hegel; he was prepared also to labor in original composition as an English writer. That he can write English well, our extracts from his autobiographical sketch testify.

In the waiting-room at the Custom House he was abashed by a party of neat gentlemen and ladies. Their clothes were clean, he says, and mine had not felt a brush since I got into the railway train at Cologne. Their hair was very short, wiry, and prim, while mine was long and dishevelled. Their cravats were as stiff as they were high, and I had the assurance to wear my shirt-collar turned down. There was something exceedingly painful to me in the sneering curiosity with which I was surveyed. I left the room.

I had scarcely gone out on the quay, when a dirty man, with large whiskers, came shuffling up, and addressed me in German. He asked me whether I had come with the boat from Rotterdam? and on my saying, "No," he wished to be informed what hotel I *had fixed upon*. I knew of the touters for the low inns, who lie

in ambush about the London wharfs to entice strangers, and particularly foreigners, into their lairs. But what had I to fear? I was no prey for thieves. My falling in with a touter was somewhat fortunate. A home was at once recommeded to me, of which my whiskered countryman, with the dirty face, informed me he was the proprietor. He called it "fatherland in the midst of London."

After a short palaver, we agreed to his proposal, that I should pay him for my board and lodging at the rate of half-a-crown per diem. This, he said, was the usual sum; but I found afterwards that I paid a shilling more than he was in the habit of receiving. I was, however, well pleased with my bargain. As for him, he seemed in such conceit with his new customer, that he would not leave me for a single moment alone, for fear I should make my escape or lose my way.

I was very cold and felt feverishly impatient to change my dress, wash my face, and brush my hair. I looked, consequently, with great eagerness towards the "fatherland in the heart of London." Besides I had not yet breakfasted; and when Mr. Wernstuk (such was the whiskered man's name) proposed to go to a public-house on the wharf, I readily accompanied him, and was forthwith led into a large room, where an enormous fire was drying the smock-frocks of above a hundred coalheavers, draymen, and porters, who sat on black benches, drinking ale, and eating cheese. They all smoked clay pipes, and seemed greatly to enjoy their bad tobacco. My landlord dragged me to a table at the further end of the room, where he told me to sit down by the side of a pale woman, whose dress and long braids, escaping from under a skullcap embroidered with beads, plainly bespoke her as one of my fair countrywomen. While the landlord, who appeared

an *habitué* of the place, bustled off to get some refreshment at the bar, I entered into a conversation with the poor woman, who seemed quite bewildered by the surrounding uproar. She said she and her husband had but that morning arrived from Rotterdam, and that they had been at once secured and carried off by Mr. Wernstuk. The last-named person returning with a dish of cold beef, and sundry pots and glasses, put the beef before me, and bade me take especial care of the blunt knife and iron fork which he placed into my hands—for he had become bail for them at the bar. While I was engaged in conquering the toughness of the meat, I understood that knives and forks being continually stolen by the hunters of this place, every guest was bound to go to the bar and return those articles when done with.

The noise and the smell of the room were too powerful; and declaring my intention to se out by myself on a voyage of discovery for Mr. Wernstuk's hotel, I returned the knife and fork to that gentleman, who loudly predicted I was sure of falling into the jaws of other sharks, and who seemed half-agonised at the idea of a certain rival house in Leman Street, which he told me was worse than a murderer's den. But neither his curses nor his prayers could prevail with me. I merely stayed to inquire for the situation and number of his house in Wellclose Square, took my carpet-bag, and a few moments afterwards I alighted at the Fenchurch Street Station of the Blackwall Railway.

The men whom I saw in Rosemary Lane, as I passed through it on my way to Wellclose Square, seemed to be almost all Jews, anxious to sell me coats, or buy my carpet-bag; and the women, many of whom peered out from little windows that were almost on a level with the pavement, were gross in their language, and *licentious in their* manners. Some of them were assembled in

small knots in the streets, so that I found difficulty in passing along. But soon I found an object of a more formidable nature in my way in the shape of a woman, whose size and evident strength of limb, joined to a certain swaggering deportment, bespoke her a heroine of rows. This woman, who had watched my progress up the street, separated from some of her companions, and placed herself in my way. There was something in her manner which made me sure she would speak to me, and be angry at any answer I might give; but, for all that, I could not avoid her. I might have crossed the road, but that would have betrayed the fear which I confess I felt; and I therefore walked boldly up to her, and in a polite tone addressing her as "Madam," asked her for the direct way to Wellclose Square.

My stratagem succeeded. The woman was not accustomed to politeness; she seemed half confused, and immediately began to describe the route I was to take. There was evidently some better feeling in her, which made her feel flattered at being mistaken for what she was not, but perhaps had been. She accompanied me almost to the end of the lane. In the course of my progress through this neighbourhood, I remarked that all the inhabitants looked squalid. The very air seemed full of pestilential matter; I felt cold shudders, and my breath came short. I thought of the "cittá dolente" of Dante. Wellclose Square appeared very quiet; no human being met my eye, when I first entered it; no face appeared at the windows. It was indeed the quiet of a churchyard.

My knock at the door of Mr. Wernstuk's house, to which I had been directed, was speedily answered by a rakish-looking young man, in shirt-sleeves, wirh a scarlet Calpac on his head. Evi*dently astonished* at the appearance of a guest whose deportment

differed from what he was accustomed to see in this place, he seemed unable to comprehend my request for accommodation. It was not until I showed him the card which the landlord had given me, that he opened the door and led me into the parlor. The room was dirty, cold, and damp. A low fire burned in a desolate looking grate; the hearth was full of cinders, and the leavings of a late and disorderly breakfast stood upon the table. Music, wearing apparel, and sundry stone bottles, strewed the floor. A powerful, square-built fellow, in a Flushing jacket with brass buttons, forced an unmelodious twang from the three remaining strings of an old guitar.

There was no one else in the room; but on the violent shouts of the man in the Calpac, a negligently-dressed woman ascended from some place below. Her features were haggard, and bore an expression of habitual ill-humour; such as bad health, fatigue, and hopelessness stamp on the face. The sharp cough which accompanied the first words she spoke, told her history at once. She was fast sinking under the attacks of consumption.

Surveying me with an air in which kindness struggled with vexation, she said, after a few explanatory remarks from my introducer, "Did my husband indeed send you here, mein Herr?" And when I said, "Yes;" she continued, "I think Wernstuk is mad. He brags about his house, and his hotel, and his accommodation; whereas you may now see with your own eyes whether a place like this is fit for such as you. Wernstuk is mad!"

"Not so mad as you think, my good woman," said I. "At least not in the present case. What his accommodation is, I know not; but his prices suit me excellently. Therefore, let the door be shut, and stir the fire, for it is very cold."

"*Ja, ja,* mein Herr!" said the man in the Flushing coat with

a broad Westphalian accent; and he betook himself eagerly to obey my commands, while his companion—whom the landlady called Tillmans—placed a chair close to the fender, and asked me to sit down on it. "Since you insist on remaining here," added he, "we will at least do all we can to make you comfortable."

But I asked to be forthwith shown to a room where I might wash and dress. The man in the Flushing coat looked astonished, and the pale features of the landlady bore an expression of blank dismay. She hesitated for some moments, and then explained to me that there was no room in the house but this, in which a fire was kept, and that to wash and undress in any other room would give me my death of cold. We were interrupted by a violent knocking at the street door, which being opened, admitted the landlord, the pale woman, and half-a-dozen men, who were evidently the worse for liquor, and who would have been the better for some water and soap. Their entrance was the signal for a scene of confusion, which lasted until the appearance of the landlord; who, with a huge dish full of hot potatoes, gave the signal for dinner.

A dozen eager hands were at once in motion to assist him. The table, which still bore the traces of the last meals, was covered with a coarse cloth; Louis, the waiter, emptied a basket of tin spoons, knives, and iron forks, on the table; and while the man in the Flushing jacket, armed with a large knife, prepared to act as carver, by stripping himself of his upper garment and tucking up the sleeves of his shirt, the company arranged themselves round the table, and made an unceremonious attack on the provisions, which consisted of cold beef, boiled mutton, sausages, and the hot potatoes. The appetite with which the company ate was *truly edifying, and the* pauses of the meal were duly filled with

laughter, disputing, and swearing. Each guest seemed eager to impress all others with his great proficiency in London life.

Coffee was brought in after dinner, and the men, scarcely any of whom had as yet found employment in their respective trades, produced large pipes, and fell with great vehemence to smoking and disputing; while the landlady and the pale woman, with the embroidered skullcap, sat down in a further corner of the room.

Presently, a man in rusty black entered with a boisterous air, which was evidently assumed for the purpose of conciliating the good-will of the landlord, who at once welcomed the new-comer. "You are just in the nick of time, Mr. Speellman," said he. "There is foreign money in the house."

"Great demand for sovereigns, eh?" said Mr. Speellman. "Well and good. I have brought gold and silver, and give as much for a dollar, or florin, as any man in the trade."

"Gentlemen and ladies!" cried the landlord. "You hear what Mr. Speellman says. He is ready to change whatever coins you may have in your pockets; for you must know your Prussian, or Bavarian, or Badenish money could not buy you a penny roll in a shop." Some of the guests broke out in exclamations of surprise, and hastened to the table. Mr. Speellman produced a large leather bag full of English money, and did, what he called, "a little business," with every one. The man in the Calpac and the wearer of the Flushing coat, alone, had no money to change. The money-changer was just about to go, when he saw the latter, who looked at him with a grave face.

"Ah, Braun!" said he, "I have not yet found anything for you. Bad time for farriers now. Winter—no horses in town.—*Schmidt*, I say, what are you doing here? Why are you not at *your work* in Whitechapel?"

"Because some one has knocked a nail into my cask, and I've run that nail into my foot."

"Some one has knocked a nail into your cask!" said I. "What do you mean?"

"Why," said he, turning to me while the money-changer left the room, "I am a carpenter by trade; but finding no work, I engaged myself with a fellow in Whitechapel to 'cure' skins. I have done it now a fortnight, but some one who wished for my place disabled me by knocking a nail into my cask."

I could not make out his meaning.

"I had to get up at three in the morning," he explained; "I undressed, and then went into a cask with hair-skins, which I had to stamp upon all day long. If I continued that work till seven or eight in the evening, I could earn about a shilling a day; just enough to keep me alive."

"And were you tricked out of so miserable an employment?"

"Certainly. There are dozens who wait for one of the workmen to fall ill; and, if they have to wait long, they make him fall ill by secretly disabling him. Every one has his place so long as he can keep it. They are all Germans who work there, and many of them are clever in their trades; but they cannot find other employment."

This afforded me food for reflection. What a market is London to bring one's labour to!

A sudden stillness in the room interrupted the train of my thoughts. I looked up and found that almost all the guests were gone to see something of the town. Mrs. Wernstuk sat on a wooden chair close to me, and coughed violently. "That is a bad cough, which you have," said I; "have you long suffered from it?" "No, not very long," said the poor woman; "it has

come on gradually, and is very bad just now. I had the typhus fever in the spring; it was my first illness, and it was dreadful. I was out of my mind, Lord knows how long, and when my senses came back, I could not walk from sheer weakness. The doctor sent me to Gravesend, where I remained three weeks. I wish I could go there again, I was very happy at Gravesend." "Are you less happy here?" said I. "I am very miserable. You see the house is dirty. I cannot clean it. The scrubbing and washing it is my death. I find difficulty in mounting the stairs. I have always a mind to lie down and sleep. My husband abuses me; he says it is my laziness. But it is the disease; I feel it. Here," she pressed her hand on her breast, "is a spot which burns like fire. It makes me cough."

I knew the poor woman spoke the truth, and that death was at her heart. She sat there for a long time coughing, and telling me of her father's farm between Duren and Stolberg; of the rich green meadows and the wild forests; of the Corpus Christi processions, when she and her maiden-friends crowned the rustic altar with flowers; and of the merry Kirmesses on the Rhine, where she had danced. She said she had been so fond of dancing, and that she had often danced all through the short starry summer nights, and walked home after sunrise, when the dew was on the deep grass, and the birds were in the air.

But I had to attend to my own affairs. I had no friends in England. There was one man, however, to whom a mutual friend had consigned my fate and fortunes. He was at Brighton. To Brighton I consequently resolved to go, after I had first informed him of my arrival in London. I called for writing materials, indited a letter, and hastened to bed, before the wilder part of the inmates of the house returned from their experiment

on London life. The bedroom to which I was shown, though at the top of the house, was wet and cold as a cellar. The plaster of the unpapered walls was, in many places, broken; and the floor looked as if it had but just been washed. Fancying this to be the case, I was angry at this unseasonable attempt at cleanliness; but, when I awoke next morning, I found that this was the usual condition of the floor. It was always wet. The beds in the room were arranged ship-fashion—one standing upon the other; so that the room, which was very small, might be made to contain three persons, or, if necessity required it, six.

I chose the topmost bed, for I thought there I was safest if the "fittings" should break; and I kept my clothes on, for I found on examination, that the straw over which the sheets lay, and the sheets themselves, and the blankets were very damp. I thought my bed would give me rheumatism, and with this thought I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning I was chilled and sick. I found that I had shared the room with an Italian Swiss, who was about to go to Buenos Ayres.

Descending to the common room, I found all busy at breakfast. A Dutchman, with the complexion of a bad tallow candle, treated the company to potted salmon, schiedam, strong cigars, and other delicacies. The wild young men who, the evening before, had gone to see the town, were elated with the night's adventures. They spoke highly of a certain house of public resort in "Dog Street." Mr. Wernstuk, the landlord, was noisier, and his whiskers were, if possible, more shaggy than the day before. His wife still complained of her illness. She said her cough had been very "trying" during the night.

After breakfast, I set off for Brighton, where I had an interview with Mr. Vitriol, the author, to whom I had been recom-

mended. I had been assured I could confide in Mr. Vitriol, and I gave plain and candid answers to the searching cross-questions about my prospects with which he assailed me. I told him my plans and intentions; nor did I conceal from him that it was of vital importance to me to be at once employed. He drew his eyebrows up, and the corners of his mouth down, and said it would not do. He exclaimed at the crowds of Englishmen who wanted literary engagements, and mentioned the number of applications he had received within the last month. "I believe it," said I. "But those people had not the good fortune to be particularly recommended to Mr. Vitriol." He smiled, but grimly, and plied me with new questions. He made me confess that I was almost penniless, and that my sole resource, at present, was my pen. He condemned me for having come to England, spicing his condemnation with a little blasphemy. I was resolved to suffer all, rather than offend him; for he seemed desirous of taking offence; so I merely replied that I had told him of my misfortunes, and that I had come to England because poverty in a foreign country seemed preferable to poverty at home, where people knew me. I entreated him to look at some of my productions. He had no time. Besides, it was useless. A foreigner could never write English. I asked him to try me but once; but he said again it would not do. I might still have spoken, I might have said many things; but there was something in Mr. Vitriol's manner which crushed me. I felt my spirit broken.

I was obliged to accept the bed which Mr. Vitriol offered me in his house. That night was dreadful. Mr. Vitriol said in the morning he would think about my case, and asked me meanwhile to stay in his house. I had no choice, and accepted. Mrs. Vitriol, his wife, seemed afraid of me; not because I am a very

formidable person, but because I was poor. To relieve her of my presence, and myself of the awkwardness of continually repeating my name to her, which she could not remember, I walked about Brighton all day, and felt miserable when I saw people meet and shake hands. It made me feel my loneliness. Next morning Mr. Vitriol sent me to London. I was but too happy to go. Indeed I would have gone the day before, had I not feared to give him occasion to be offended. He said my circumstances were such, that I must be at once employed. He would give me a letter of introduction to a friend of his, whose literary career he had fostered. That friend should take cheap lodgings for me, and I should write to give him my address. He would then send me letters of recommendation to publishers and authors; in fact he said all he could say to send me off easy. I understood afterwards that his wife had persuaded him to give me some hope, lest despair should drive me to commit suicide in his house; a circumstance which would have unpleasantly disturbed their domestic arrangements.

It was about seven in the evening when I knocked at the door of the house in Soho, where Mr. Pebble, the man to whom Mr. Vitriol had addressed me, lived. I had promised Mr. Vitriol to deliver the letter that very night; for it contained some information which it was important Mr. Pebble should have at once, and Mr. Pebble should assist me in finding cheap lodgings, because I was "hard up." There is at times something soothing in a cant phrase; it takes the sting off a humiliating position by making it familiar. The woman who answered my knock told me Mr. Pebble was out, but she expected him back every minute. On my inquiry where I might wait for him, she directed me to a coffee-shop in St. Martin's Court; and I sallied out in search of it, carry-

ing my carpet-bag with me. I had by this time grown heartily tired of my carpet-bag. It was not heavy; but it had become torn during the journey, so that it was awkward to carry, and it exposed me to the attacks of all the boys about the streets, who continually offered to carry it for me. After some trouble, I found St. Martin's Court and the coffee-house, where I dined on a cup of coffee and some dry toast.

When I called on Mr. Pebble next morning, he said that lodgings, such as I wished, might be found in one of the smaller streets between Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road, and he accordingly accompanied me to that quarter of the town. There were many bills in the windows, but we had to see a great many rooms before we found one which would suit me. I knew lodgings in London were not cheap; but I had no idea that such exorbitant prices could be asked for rooms like those which I saw. We found at last two rooms on the top of a house in Percy Street, at a comparatively moderate rent; and Mr. Pebble urged me to take them. I did so, with a heavy heart, for all the money in my pocket would scarcely suffice to pay the first week's rent. I said I would come to the house that very afternoon, and was about to go for my carpet-bag, when Mr. Pebble told me that it would look very bad if I carried my luggage myself. He said I must send a porter with it; it would only be a shilling—only a shilling! He looked like a man who would run away from me, or knock me down if he had really known of how much importance a shilling was to me.

An hour after sunset I went to Percy Street, and went up the dark stairs to my rooms. The bedroom, which I first entered, struck me as cold and damp, but in the grate of the sitting-room burned a cheerful fire, which lighted the whole apartment. It

may appear strange that in my straitened circumstances I should have indulged myself with *two* rooms. I can only say that these two rooms together were smaller and cheaper than any one room which I had seen. The bedroom, which communicated with the landing on the top of the stairs, was just large enough to hold a bed and a small wash hand stand. The sitting-room was of the size of a moderate dining-table. There was a view from the window of a block-tin manufactory, where a bell was rung at the end of every hour. There was an incessant noise of the steam-engine and the hammers. When Londoners advertise rooms of this kind, they put in an assurance that "the situation is cheerful."

I was visited, on my arrival, by a little servant, who looked as if she had been made on purpose to fit the room, she was so small and thin. She brought a candle, and looked at me with almost as much interest as I did at her. She said, "Miss Brown had told her to ask whether I wanted any thing for supper." I was about to say, no; but I recollected Mr. Pebble's advice about appearances, and told her I would go out for my tea.

I went out and took a walk up Oxford Street, partly with the intention of buying writing materials—partly in order to accustom myself to the London streets. London street life has an astonishing influence on the minds of new-comers. The strong glare of light in the principal thoroughfares, and the comparative darkness in the streets where there are no shops, joined to the incessant rattling of wheels, and the crowds of people going and coming give a foreigner a dizziness in the head. I had seen, in Wellclose Square, how violently London operated on the lower classes of my countrymen; they seemed almost as drunk with the town as with the liquor they had taken. On me it acted in a different manner. I saw everything confusedly, and my ears

were almost stunned with the noise. I walked as in a dream. I was curious to see, and yet I could not mark anything. I must have passed half-a-dozen stationers' shops; yet I had almost reached the end of Oxford Street before I found one. When I entered it, I talked confusedly, and my manner was so trembling, that the shop-people stared at me with surprise. I had great difficulty in finding my way back, and was extremely fatigued when I lay down on the little flock bed. That night I had no dreams.

The first week which I passed in my lodging, in Percy Street, was a sorry one. On the first morning I was embarrassed by Miss Brown, the landlady, coming up and asking whether I wished my room "done" at once, or whether she should wait till I had gone out to my business? I stared at the word *business*, for it reminded me that I had none. It is true there was a hope that I should soon be employed; but there was something in that very hope which sickened me. I had duly informed Mr. Vitriol of my exact address, and written my name in large letters for the information of the little Hackney servant; for I was very nervous about my letter being lost. The postman's knock made my heart beat; and I was once almost choked with emotion, when, immediately after that knock, the girl came up-stairs. I listened with trembling eagerness to the sound of her steps. There was no letter for me. Since there was none, the idea of that letter had become fixed in my mind. I thought of it during the day—I dreamed of it in the night. In the meanwhile I spent my time equally between writing and walking. Economy was my grand object; but ignorance of the town made saving difficult. My proceedings in the first days struck me sometimes as being penny wise and shilling foolish;

but at last I hit upon a plan of spending sixpence a-day for my eating. Sausage rolls are very fat, and, consequently, satisfying. I bought one for my breakfast, one for dinner, and a third, which I ate at night, to make me go to sleep. I never bought all three at a time, but went out for each, in order to have something to do. Now and then, being madly fond of smoking, I stinted myself of one roll, and bought a cigar instead. Still following Mr. Pebble's advice about appearances, I usually took my walks between three and six in the afternoon, to impress the people in the house with the idea I had gone out to dinner. Nevertheless, I saw my few shillings fast vanishing; and one anxious day passed after another without a letter from Mr. Vitriol. I had meanwhile written an essay about the state of Prussia, which I took to Mr. Pebble, and asked him to procure its insertion in some journal. He put it by, saying he was very busy just then, but hoped, in a fortnight or three weeks' time he should find leisure to look it over, which he must do before he could recommend it. I ventured to hint that its immediate disposal was of great importance to me, and that the looking over it would scarcely take him half an hour. He contemplated me with great astonishment, and grew very restless and pettish in his manner. In going away, I thought of the German nursery tale of people who sowed the wheat when the child was hungry, and, by the time the harvest came, the child was dead. The next day I received a letter from Mr. Vitriol. I could hardly read it for trembling. There were no letters of recommendation in it. I was merely informed that Mr. Vitriol had put off writing because he had returned to town, and that he wished me to call upon him the next morning. There was some hope in being appointed to meet him. The night passed away in feverish impatience.

I punctually attended the appointment. Alas! my interview with Mr. Vitriol showed me only that I had nothing to hope from him. His first question was, whether I had found out and obtained pecuniary assistance from any of my countrymen? At first I did not exactly understand the meaning of his words; but when I did, I felt greatly insulted, and told him I wanted no assistance, except literary employment, which none of my countrymen in London could give me. "The only alms I want are the wages of labour." He shrugged his shoulders, and said he would talk to some publishers. I might do translations. But he would not hear of giving me letters to those publishers. A personal interview with him was better; I should hear from him.

To say that I left Mr. Vitriol in despair, would be a wrong description of my state of mind. The sickening hopes which hitherto confined my energies, had proved fallacious. I had done with them. Still I was resolved not to despair of anything, and to hope everything. After returning from Mr. Vitriol's house, I formed my plans. I would offer my services to all London papers and periodicals; I would try to live upon next to nothing, and wait the result. My state of mind was very strange; it was less depressed and anxious than it had been during the previous week. There were even times when I could smile and find an interest in the deep importance which pence and farthings had acquired in my eyes. I could reconcile myself to the present, but dared not think of the future.

Meanwhile, I studied the names of journals in the newsvenders' shops, and wrote to the editors, stating my case and asking for employment. The delivery of the letters at the offices was very instructive to me; it made me acquainted with the *principal streets* of the town. I delighted in carrying my own

letters; it gave my excursions some purpose, beyond the mere walking. I wrote and carried some letters each day, but I received no answer whatever. I had, meanwhile, reformed my way of living, by discovering a shop in High Holborn, where little hot things which they called meat-pies, might be had for a penny. They were very indigestible, and, I doubt not, unwholesome; but they did for me, because anything indigestible was just what I wanted. Good digestion was precisely the thing to be avoided. As the days and weeks wore on, I felt time more and more heavy on my hands. I had now nobody to speak to; for, the last time I had called on Mr. Pebble he looked so alarmed, that I could not repeat my visit. I had no books to read; there was absolutely nothing I could do, except writing. But then I had great reason to be careful with my paper. I amused myself now and then by crossing the leaves of an old copy-book with short notes of my feelings and impressions. My little servant had grown sulky. It seemed as if the days would not end, and the nights were very long. I could not go to the expense of having a fire, and remained in bed the greater part of the day, to keep myself warm. Christmas Day passed away almost unheeded. I had no almanack, and would have remained unconscious of the beginning of the new year, but for my little servant, who said she was going to spend New Year's Day with her friends at Hackney.

January set in with severe weather, and I fell ill. I felt glad of it; for a total loss of appetite was one of the first symptoms of my illness. My appetite had, of late, been very troublesome. I was never blessed with so large a capacity for eating as when I least had the means of doing it justice. When the fever left me, in its stead came all the pangs of a morbid hunger.

The unfortunate gentleman, during the first walk after his recovery, calls on a German bookseller, from whom he obtains leave to sit in the shop sometimes and read gratuitously. The bookseller invites him to tea one evening; he stays late; and, on returning to his lodgings, he finds himself accidentally shut out. "There was no choice left," he says, "but to keep out the cold by walking about the streets; for to go to any hotel or public-house was quite out of the question." So, wandering about the lonely streets upon a rainy January night, he was for a time lost in London.

The bookseller and his connections were eventually useful. The writer's acquirements were made known, and procured him employment. He is now connected with the Foreign department of an eminent journal, and prospers.

South American Scraps.

THE PAMPAS INDIANS.

THE Pampas Indians, like the more civilized *guachos* or descendants of the old Spanish colonists, live on horseback. Their domestic arrangements are of the simplest kind. A moveable tent, made of horse-hide, is the only mansion they covet; horse-flesh and maize are their food; a *poncho*, or short cloak, and a pair of boots, made of colt-skin, their only clothing. They herd together in separate tribes; each community being governed by a *cacique*, or chief. Their wants are few; but even these are often not well supplied, in spite of the natural fertility of their country. Sir Francis Head, in his "Scamper across the Pampas," divides these regions into three sections. "On leaving Buenos Ayres," he says, "the first is covered, for one hundred and eighty miles, with clover and thistles alternately; the second, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third, which reaches to the base of the Cordilleras, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The whole country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitants could suddenly be planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but drive out their cattle to graze, and without any previous peparation, to plough, whatever ground their wants may require." This is, to a great extent, true; yet so straitened are the natives for food occasionally, that necessity has sharpened their wit to a high degree of cunning. Travellers inexperienced in the subtle tricks of the Pampas Indians, have but poor defences against them,

while roving in pursuit of their little equestrian diversions either for frolic or plunder. To understand some of the strategies which I am about to disclose, it is necessary to bear in mind that in South America all journeys, whether long or short, are made on horseback, and that a traveller is always accompanied by two or three attendants, likewise mounted, leading and tending additional horses caparisoned for use. These are usually driven a-head, and gallop together at a quick speed, followed by the whole party, the attendants from time to time riding forward to survey and regulate the course of the horses in advance.

This is the basis of one of their most successful stratagems, which is remarkable, as exhibiting their ability in horsemanship, and, moreover, the absence of any other purpose than that of obtaining some petty spoil. It being a common thing to see five or six persons galloping through the country, and driving a large number of horses before them; you, who are probably travelling in the same manner, take no special notice of the party advancing towards you from the distance. They approach nearer; you neither slacken your pace, nor diverge from your proper course. Why should you? There is no perceptible reason; yet you are, or may soon, be in a snare. Look well at the advancing party! Now they are near enough for a more critical survey—what do you make of them? There are in advance about thirty horses, driven forward by a party of six persons, all on horseback—they appear to be Indians; but what if they are? How can they harm us? Well, you continue to ride on unsuspectingly. Now you are within musket shot—look intently and scrutinisingly—do you see nothing more? No, nothing! Look again. Ha! it is now too late. On the backs of the thirty horses spring thirty devils, *created seemingly* by some sorcerer's blackest art. Each bears in

his hand a lance, whose cast is certain death. In the first stare of amazement, before you can arrange a thought out of your bewilderment, they are on you and around you; you are dragged from your horses; and what follows depends mainly on your own behaviour. It is probable they will deprive you of your horses—perhaps your clothes too. What of that? You escape with your life, and without personal outrage. Go home as fast as you can, and be satisfied with so gentle a misfortune.

Now whence did these thirty "monsters" spring from so suddenly? How came they there? Their unearthly wildness seemed to subdue even the wild horses. Nothing is plainer than a deception explained. You cannot seriously think those tawny monsters knew anything more of magic or sorcery than its primary and potential element, deception. Their cunning is of nature, not art. They do not pretend to do enormities. Their simple object to obtain effectually and as quietly as possible, seems to be all they wish, and all they really do. The truth is, that they did not spring out of the ground merely to entrap you. They came as gentlemen, wild or tame, should approach, on horseback—all the way on those very horses, which they rode in a fashion of their own—not suitably, by any means, to the tame equestrians of London or Paris. A very quick eye might have discerned, while the advancing horses were galloping along in apparent freedom, something hanging under the belly of each horse; it is the dark body of the crafty Indian, holding, with one hand to the mane of his horse, and to the spine with one of his feet; in the other hand he carries his lance, so low to the ground and carefully poised, as neither to injure nor obstruct the motions of the horse. The drivers vigilantly keep the horses together, with that side of each which is free from the

leg of the suspended Indian presented to the traveller favoured with their interest.

I am not certain that these special customs of theirs are not practised by them rather as sporting diversions than in malice of hostility, or with the motive of plunder. Perhaps they regard their pursuit in adopting the stratagem as a kind of chase after a human animal quite as cunning as themselves. Two circumstances seem to point to this conclusion:—the one, that they do no personal injury, and only take what, even to them, must be almost valueless: and the other, that, in consequence of the disappearance of all kinds of animals from their usual hunting-grounds, they are obliged to seek their sport within the "inhabited" or settled portions of the Pampas. It is said that they have destroyed all the animals of their own districts, by accumulating and driving in, from far off, all they could see into a corner between the sea-coast and a river that discharges itself at that point. This appears to me to be rather improbable: certainly less probable than the supposition that many of the herds thus perpetually hunted, have, from time to time, escaped from those districts, and come into the safer retreats of the "inhabited" parts.

Even the wildest of the wild among the Pampas Indians appear to be polite. They come into the "inhabited" parts for the purpose of hunting, but they invariably ask permission of the *Estancieros*. But what cares the *Estanciero* for their politeness? He sorely feels himself on the horns of a dilemma. If he consent, he is certain they will destroy some of his herds of tame cattle—he supposes they will steal a few horses. If he [illegible] equally certain they will chase and hunt as much in the remotest part of his "property," and drive

horses as possible; and, worse than all, in the case of refusal, it is probable they will set fire to the grass.

Notwithstanding the many circumstances that may be fairly urged in extenuation of the conduct of the worst of them, those called indiscriminately *los Indios ennemigos*, who, however, do not appear to be in reality more hostile, or rather less friendly, than those located within the *capamentos*, it is obvious that they are rather troublesome neighbours and frequently very annoying to those who, by favour of the governmental power, have usurped the territories which were the only birthright of the Pampas Indians. The common complaint is, that they are dangerous to the ever-advancing settlers. Is it not so everywhere? Neither settlers nor governments remember that the danger proceeds from themselves, and is the natural consequence of their ever-advancing settlements claiming the dispossession of the persecuted.

It is commonly reported throughout those regions that the Government have resolved to exterminate them at the first opportunity; and this in violation of their treaties. It seems the Pampas Indians, wretches whose wild existence might exclude them from the pale of politics, are dreaded as an irregular political power by the powerful Government, because revolutions are frequent in South America; and it is alleged that, at such periods, the Pampas Indians aid them, indirectly, by pillaging and murdering where they can. If the declared pretext be founded on ascertained facts, which I think is by no means evident, may not such conduct be the result, in some degree, of the boasted intention of the Government to exterminate them at the first opportunity? It is probable that most of the Pampas Indians are acquainted with the intention thus indiscreetly divulged. And, if so, what

I cannot say the Pampas Indians are free from the vice of drunkenness. It seems that, like other wild tribes of Indians, these have, in their contact with more civilized settlers, contracted the habit of occasionally indulging to excess in spirituous liquors. In almost all cases it will be found to be an imported vice, the result of an imported temptation, too agreeable to the cravings of that sense from which man in his rude state derives one of his principal gratifications. However, there is a striking peculiarity in their mode of drunkenness which deserves to be noted. Everybody has heard there is a method in madness. I never heard of any method in drunkenness; but I have witnessed it plainly developed among these Pampas Indians. In Azul are numerous *pulperias*, or brandy-shops. Being there, it is not likely the Pampas Indians will pass them without tasting the liquor so much esteemed by the Argentine soldiers. If it were intended to make drunkards of all the Indians in the Capamentos, no surer method could be adopted than opening so great a number of such shops there. Whenever the Indians have either money or valuable property of any description, to these shops they hasten, usually in parties of a considerable number. Of course the intoxicating beverage is supplied to the extent of their means of payment; and to many, credit is given. Amongst every such party of drinkers, there is always one who refuses to drink; he will not taste a drop. Nothing will tempt him. The offer of whatever may be at any other time operative to seduce a Pampas Indian to perform an act of any kind, is now quite unavailing. His mission is to watch over and protect his drinking companions. More vigilant than a sentinel at an outpost, facing an enemy under arms, does he perform his solitary duty. He acts as paymaster or banker for all *his party*. He appears to have been invested by each of them

with supreme authority for the time being. But what is the use of authority over a party of drunkards? How can it be exercised beneficially while they remain in drunkenness? Let us see. Observe him closely. He looks around, and sees his companions in a state of apparent helplessness, or some, perhaps, in excessive excitement. At any time, without consulting any of them, he pays the reckoning for all, and with a single word his authority is acknowledged by every individual of the party. All disputes cease without another word. He leads them out of the *pulperia*, and even the most drunken fellow of the party follows alertly. Nor is this all: every man mounts his horse, and all return together to their *toldeira*.

Once, while in the neighbourhood of Patagones, our party was encamped on the border of the Colorado. One morning, very early, myself and the six companions who slept with me in our tent, were disturbed by the suffocating sensation caused by thick gusts of smoke blown down upon us by a hot north wind. The smoke had affected my eyes, and I therefore rose, early as it was, to enjoy the freshness of the air. I was proceeding, slowly strolling towards the river, when an unusual noise proceeding from the other side of the river attracted my attention. The atmosphere being dark and misty, I could not see anything to account for the noise, as our *caravane* lay before my eyes, and I had ascertained that nobody was missing. I remained watchful, until the morning mist began to clear away, when I was astonished in recognising immediately the unmistakeable features of a party of Pampas Indians, who were approaching our *caravane* in their usual silent fashion. In a moment I alarmed my companions. As our party was numerous, and we had an abundance of fire-arms, although alarmed, we felt satisfied that nothing extremely

serious was likely to happen to us. But we knew that with such neighbours of the Pampas no precaution can be considered as superfluous. We held a brief council, which resulted in the mission of the young *Estanciero* (who perfectly well understood the language of the Pampas Indians, and personally knew many of their tribes) to the advancing party in order to ascertain their intentions. While he advanced, we prepared everything for an efficient defence; but happily none was necessary. After the interchange of a few words, the young *Estanciero* discovered that instead of any meditated hostility, it was, in fact, a party attending in honour to visit himself—a truly agreeable surprise to all of us.

It turned out that an old Cazique, who was a very old friend of the young *Estanciero*, having heard of his presence in our *caravane*, could not abstain from indulging himself with a visit. On hearing this, of course the least we could do was to turn ourselves up all hands in the endeavour to entertain our guests, who, counting women and children, amounted to nearly a hundred persons. As those Indians eat nothing but horseflesh, all we could do was to provide the wherewithal for their repast. We could give them horses or mares, but they must kill them, and cook them, and eat them without our assistance.

Some mares were brought from the nearest *manada*, or troop of wild horses, after about half an hour's sharp chase. They were presented in due form, and in due form they were received. Some were killed, cooked, and eaten, also in due form, I suppose: but, certainly, with very little of what we call ceremony. When I mention that the blood of the animal is esteemed the chief delicacy, the reader will not require me to describe the repast in detail.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A LIZARD.

The immense plains of grass and other vegetation, which are interspersed with lakes, and of which La Plata is chiefly composed, give life to innumerable animals of the lizard tribe.

The Lagarto, or lizard, is at home in all parts of the Sierra de St. Catherina, and is of various sizes, from the little animal of scarcely four inches in length, to the magnitude of six feet in length. Its colours are most beautiful and diversified. In the hot summer days they appear to like to congregate and bask upon the mountains, where the reflection of the rays of the sun upon their brilliant-colored and translucent skins impart a striking effect. I have often, upon approaching a mountain where they disported themselves in the sunshine, making it almost vivid with their brilliancy, seen them, in their fright at my approach, suddenly and rapidly rush away from all sides of it, producing the same visual sensation and effect as a flash of lightning unexpectedly passing over the shining surface of large sheets of downward-rolling waters. It is very difficult to catch them, on account of the rapidity of their movements. I remember a circumstance happening to myself, while in the Sierra, which will exemplify one of the few ways to kill a lagarto.

On a very hot summer afternoon, I was returning from a visit I had paid to a neighbour, and passing near a solitary *puesto* (the house for a *capatan*, a steward or overseer of a certain part of the lands belonging to an Estancia), I resolved to dismount from my horse, in order to refresh myself at the *puesto* with a draught of water. Finding that the inhabitants had not returned from their occupations in the fields, I entered the little kitchen, and much fatigued, with my eyes full of dust. At the opposite end was a very small door, through which alone any light penetrated

the kitchen. At the time I entered, the sun shone vividl through the door, giving a lively appearance to what otherwis would be in fact a little black hole. My entry was not attende with any noise, for I wore *potro*-boots—the entire boot being made of leather manufactured from the soft skin of the hind-legs of a *potro*, or young horse,—a lucky circumstance for myself; for on looking around for the never-missing *jarro*, or water-pot, I perceived—what I may truly say quite amazed me—an enormous lizard, of the largest class, close to my feet! Undisturbed by my entry, there it lay, sleeping quietly before the scarce-extinguished fire, enjoying, doubtless, in its repose, the warmth of the rays of the sun falling upon him, so as to show the beauty and brilliancy of his colours in dazzling reflection. A moment's consideration determined me how to act. I quietly withdrew to the yard, armed myself with a sturdy stick, which is the only weapon fit for attacking a lizard, and re-entered the kitchen, and quietly and carefully took up my position behind the lizard, leaving the door wide open. My reason for taking a position in its rear was, because I had been told by Guachos that the bite of a lizard is really dangerous, and that it will never relinquish whatever it may get hold of with its teeth. I did not forget, however, that there was also considerable danger in the rear, on account of its capability of severe mischief with its tail, which is formidably armed with very hard-pointed thorns. Having taken these precautions, I struck a tremendous blow at the animal's head. It was, indeed, fortunate for me that I stood in its rear; for as soon as the blow was struck, before I could raise the stick to strike again, the lizard made such a leap as seemed impossible, several times while in the air opening and shutting its *mouth* most frightfully. On descending, it dealt the most furious

blows on the ground with its formidable tail. It then departed slowly from the kitchen. After repeated blows of equal severity, I at length killed him, without having received any injury. I soon stripped off his skin, which was one of the finest I ever saw.

I should state that the skins of these lizards, especially those of the large class, are very much esteemed, and are used, as a curiosity, in covering sundry ornamental articles of household furniture. The difficulty of catching the lizards doubtless enhances the value of their skins, which are in themselves sufficiently beautiful to be esteemed as curiosities.

THE SIERRA DE ST. CATHERINA.

To the stranger visiting the district of La Plata, known as the Sierra de St. Catherina, for the first time, the whole range of country presents the most surprising aspect. Pursuing the course of the numerous small rivers along the valleys, the landscape appears literally black with the inconceivable multitudes of cattle covering it as far as the eye can reach. No European can form any adequate idea of the appearance in such a scene of such vast bodies of cattle—all in their wild and natural condition. Not a tree to be seen, except the few planted near a solitary *rancho*, or house, the lofty, multiform, black, and weather-beaten cliffs of the Sierra extending far, as the back-ground, and the entire intermediate space of hills and valleys innumerable, covered most densely with the wild cattle, whose multitudinous groups appear to be only divided by the numerous rivers intersecting the district, and throwing a living brightness through it:—this is a picture which powerfully struck my mind with an ineffaceable impression of another phase, differing from the many I had received in the course of my previous travels, of Nature's wildest grandeur.

Generally there is scarcely any perceptible movement in those multitudes of cattle: densely thronged together, the motions of individual animals are not discernible at any distance. Occasionally, and frequently, this aspect of the scene is changed, and the picture becomes suddenly animated in a manner most striking. A troop of a thousand or two of wild horses rush on to the scene in their wildest speed, with their long tails streaming in the air, and their shaggy manes all dishevelled; snorting and neighing, they pass like a living shade over the top of a hill, and as suddenly disappear in the valley beyond, rising and disappearing again and again, disturbing, in their reckless course, and breaking the groups of cattle, previously so quiet and seemingly motionless.

In the Pampas, where also cattle abound, vast numbers are lost in the very dry summers, it is supposed for want of moister pasturage; but in the valleys of the Sierra that calamity is prevented by the numerous rivers there flowing,—a circumstance which I suppose may, in some measure, account for the multitudinous congregation of cattle there.

Another curiosity of the Sierra is the peculiar kind of wood it produces, which is not to be found in any other district. This is the wood of the curumamuel tree, which grows in extensive forests, and covers the Sierra in many parts, over many miles together. The leaf of these trees ends in a hard spiked thorn, which, combined with their density and close proximity in the forest, form, in fact, a thicket which it is quite impossible for any human being to pass through, or even enter. Nevertheless, it is throughout the summer, and especially at the commencement of winter, the resort and abode of numberless horned cattle, as well as lions, and other beasts. The stature of these trees is never *higher than* about five feet.

It is the custom at the commencement of every winter to set fire to these forests, for the twofold purpose of driving out the numerous horned cattle, lions, and other beasts taking refuge there, and of getting wood entirely dry, in anticipation of the rainy season; and, as a provision necessary to protect the wood from the influences of water, it being certain that, after the trunks of these trees have become charred and blackened by fire, water has no longer any influence upon them.

Such conflagrations often continue for several weeks, and form a most magnificent spectacle. Imagine to yourselves one of those transcendently beautiful nights, known only in southern climates, when myriads of intensely shining stars illuminate the bright and clearly blue firmament, covering, with the sanctity of stillness, the repose of earth with all its living terrors, and all its hushed joys and sorrows, its natural glories, and its unnatural ambitions; imagine yourselves at such an hour upon the wild Sierra, thinking only of the beautiful and the sublime in harmony with the scene, or perchance of the quietude of a home far away, with its tranquil household delights—when, suddenly, as though the flame had been caught from a passing flash of lightning, you behold the leaves and the branches of many and far-extending forests gradually consuming, and the surrounding grass throwing upward myriads of sparks above the flaming masses; imagine that you behold the increasing flames, compact as one living principle of the element itself, marching and luridly dilating through the forests, and along the valleys, and over the hills and cliffs, and through the defiles, arousing the wild beasts, whose agonized roaring awakes the startled mountains themselves, with aspects wearing the burning hue of all around; —and you have pictured for yourselves, as well as I who have

beheld it, the magnificent spectacle of one of those conflagrations.

The cliffs, which form three sides of the basin near the *Lomas de Ulallatue*, are overgrown with various kinds of grass and wild flowers of luxuriant growth. It is considered rather a singular fact, that thousands of *loros*, or small parrots, take refuge and abide among those cliffs, and make their nests there in holes. The inaccessibility of the situation alone prevents their entire destruction; for no good-will appears to be entertained to them, on account of the ruin they effect in every plantation. Towards the sea, the Sierra gradually becomes less elevated, and terminates at a distance of between two and three leagues from the sea.

But the mountainous character of the district of the Sierra does not terminate at that point; for on the beach the Downs appear more like mountains than anything else. They, like those of the Sierra, present the most striking and uncommon forms. I visited them in the company of a friend who had been shipwrecked in this very spot in a voyage from the United States to Valparaiso, when he was the only person saved, and who, from his long residence in the provinces of South America, is regarded there rather as a native than as a foreigner. Traversing on horseback through deep sand, we slowly reached the Downs. They are nearly half-an-hour's ride in breadth, and are covered on the land side with various kinds of grass and reeds, which gradually increase in density until the ground disappears. Between the many hills and mountains that form the Downs are very deep holes, filled with a perceptibly thick water, which is perfectly fresh and sweet, notwithstanding its thickness, and, doubtless, the produce of springs sufficiently powerful to throw off all extraneous *superincumbent* waters.

My friend there narrated to me the circumstance of his shipwreck on the scene before me, so vividly that I could not throw off its saddening impressions, while galloping with him along the beach, with the Downs, we had now viewed together, on our left, and on our right, the endless ocean. I could not avoid thinking, that even thither the Pampas bore the breath of winds more fatal than a pestilence towards those whose best earthly hope lay in the anchors, which avail nothing on such a coast. The shipwrecks are frequent there; and even at this time are often found the battered waifs and strays that come in as continual mementos of the fate of the large English vessel, the "William the Third," which perished there, with all hands, about the year 1833. There rose blackly and frowningly before me the lurking terrors of those perilous rocks, that run for miles into the sea, and are so large that, at low tide, their form and development are scarcely concealed. No living creature can be seen upon those vast downs, save occasionally, and rarely, some curious traveller; not even a single bird lends to the scene a living breath; not an echo sports in its air of perfect stillness; save when the Pampas winds come there to war with the vexed waters of the overpowering ocean. Lingering on the scene, notwithstanding these impressions, we saw the majestic Atlantic in its happier mood of peacefulness, reposing calmly and serenely on its awful might; and in viewing its dark blue waters (how "darkly, beautifully blue" they are!) commingling in the scarcely perceptible horizon, with all the glories of the skies, the sublimity and wild grandeur of all things above and around imparted to me a moment of feeling, worth a world of travelling to enjoy.

The Jews in China.

THERE is a quaintness in the notion of a Jewish colony surrounded by Chinese; the fixed among the fixed. The fact that such a colony exists, or has existed when found, ought to be especially remarked, for to ethnologists and others it may prove a valuable opportunity for speculation. Jews in China, what will they be like? will the Jew stand out from the surrounding uniformity of Chinese life, like the one tree of the desert (for which, see Panorama of Overland Mail, and hear lecture upon same)? or will he become non-entity, like among like, adding nothing to the first idea—silence in a calm? In the Jewish synagogue of Kai-foung-fou, concerning which we have presently to speak, there are Chinese inscriptions. The first, placed there in 1444, by a literary Jew, is intended to prove the close analogy between Jewish and Chinese points of doctrine. "The author," it says, "of the law of Yse-lo-ye (Israel) is Ha-von-lo-hon (Abraham.) His law was translated by tradition to Nichè (Moses.) He received his book on Mount Sinai. His book has fifty-four sections. The doctrine which is therein contained, is much like that of the Kings," (which are sacred volumes of the Chinese.) The author of the inscription repeats many passages to prove that in their worship to heaven, their ceremonies, their behaviour to the old and young, their patriarchal character, their prayers, and their mode of honouring dead ancestors, the Jews resemble the Chinese.

The author of a second inscription, a grand mandarin in his

own time, speaks to the same purpose. "From the time of Han," says this gentleman, whose name is Too-tang, "from the time of Han, the Jews fixed themselves in China: and in the twentieth year of the cycle 65, (which is, by interpretation, 1163,) they offered to the Emperor Hiao-tsong a tribute of cloth from India. He received them well, and permitted them to live in Kai-foung-fou. They formed then sixty-six families. They built a synagogue where they placed their Kings, or Divine Scriptures." This mandarin concludes with an eulogium of Jewish virtue, after the approved manner of epitaphs.

The Jews emphatically cultivated agriculture, commerce, were faithful in the armies, upright as magistrates, and rigid in observance of their ceremonies. One only wants to wind up with the scrap, "Affliction sore, long time they bore;" but affliction on account of the Chinese, at any rate, they certainly did not bear; they were more than tolerated, they were understood; ceremony-men to ceremony-men were ceremoniously polite to one another. The Jews and Chinese even intermarried; on their first introduction by way of Persia to the Chinese Empire, they had settled here and there in sundry Chinese cities; but by marriage with Chinese disciples of Confucius or Mahomet, the Jewish colonies were melted down into the pure Chinese metal; and when this history begins, nothing is known of any synagogue in China, save the synagogue at Kai-foung-fou, which is a city in the heart of the Flowery Land, the capital of the central province of Honan; and for an account of which we are indebted to Father Ricci, one of the Jesuit Missionaries.

Father Ricci died in the year 1610, at Pekin, which was his station. Father Ricci, at Pekin, first heard of the Jewish synagogue at Kai-foung-fou, and the information startled him exceed-

ingly. The young Jew who enlightened Father Ricci on the subject told him that there were then at Kai-foung-fou barely a dozen Jewish families, and that for five or six hundred years they had preserved in their synagogue a very ancient copy of the Pentateuch. The father produced a Hebrew Bible, and the young man recognised the characters, although he could not read them, for he knew no language but Chinese. Four years after this, Father Ricci (whose business at Pekin would not permit him to go gadding) had an opportunity of sending off to Kai-foung-fou a Chinese Jesuit, with a letter written in Chinese, to the chief of the synagogue. He explained to the rabbi his own reverence for the books of the Old Testament, and informed him of its fulfilled predictions, and the advent of a Messiah. The rabbi shook his head at that, saying, "that so it could not be, because they had yet to expect the Messiah for ten thousand years." The good-natured rabbi nevertheless did homage to Father Ricci's great abilities. He was an old man, and saw none about him fit to guide his people; he therefore besought the learned Jesuit to come to Kai-foung-fou, and undertake the guidance of the synagogue, under one only condition, a true Chinese-Jewish one, that he would pledge himself to abstinence from all forbidden meats. However, that was very much as if Dr. Jones of Bettws-y-Coed should offer his practice to Sir B. Brodie of London. Father Ricci had a large work in hand, and so he stopped at Pekin.

In 1613, Father Aleni (such an uncommonly wise man, that the Chinese called him the Confucius of Europe) was directed to proceed to Kai-foung-fou, and make investigation. Father Aleni, being well up in his Hebrew, was a promising man to send on *such an errand*, but he found the rabbi dead, and the Jews,

though they let him see the synagogue, would not produce their books. The particulars of nothing having been done on this occasion are to be found related by Father Trigaut, in choice Latin, and choicer Italian, (*de Expedit. Sinicâ, lib.* 1., *cap.* 2, *p.* 118) and by Father Samedo (*Relatione della China, part* 1., *cap.* 30, *p.* 193.).

A residence was established by the Jesuits in Kai-foung-fou. *Now*, thought those who thought at all upon such matters, we shall have something done. If we can only compare our Old Testament texts with an ancient exemplar, that will be no small gain. A certain Father Gozani went zealously into the whole subject, entered the synagogue, copied the inscriptions, and transmitted them to Rome.

The Jews told Father Gozani that in a temple at Pekin was a large volume, wherein were inscribed the sacred books of foreigners resident in China. That volume was sought afterwards by Europeans at Pekin, but not found. Certainly, such a volume does exist among the Chinese records. The Jews, however, told Father Gozani not only about what existed at Pekin, but all about themselves at Kai-foung-fou. The father wrote a letter, dated 1704, containing what he learned in this manner. It appears that by that application of "soft sawder" which is or ought to be well understood by men of the world and Jesuits, the father gratified the Jews, so that they paid him voluntary visits. He returned their visits by a call upon them at their synagogue, where, he says—"I had a long conversation with them; and they showed me their inscriptions: some of which are in Chinese, and others in their own tongue. I saw also their *Kims*, or religious books, and they suffered me to enter even the most secret place of their synagogue, to which they can have no

access themselves. That place is reserved for their *Chan-Kiao*; that is to say, chief of the synagogue, who never approaches it but with the most profound respect.

"There were thirteen tabernacles placed upon tables, each of which was surrounded by small curtains. The sacred *Kim* of Moses (the Pentateuch) was shut up in each of these tabernacles, twelve of which represented the Twelve Tribes of Israel; and the thirteenth, Moses. The books were written on long pieces of parchment, and folded up on rollers. I obtained leave from the chief of the synagogue to draw the curtains of one of these tabernacles, and to unroll one of the books, which appeared to me to be written in a hand exceedingly neat and distinct. One of these books had been luckily saved from the great inundation of the river *Hoang-ho* which overflowed the city Kai-foung-fou, the capital of the province. As the letters of the book have been wetted, and on that account are almost effaced, the Jews have been at great pains to get a dozen copies made, which they carefully preserve in the twelve tabernacles above mentioned.

"There are to be seen also in two other places of the synagogue, coffers in which are shut up with great care several other little books, containing different divisions of the Pentateuch of Moses, which they call *Ta-Kim*, and other parts of their law. They use these books when they pray; they showed me some of them, which appeared to be written in Hebrew. They were partly new, and partly old, and half torn. They, however, bestow as much attention on guarding them as if they were gold or silver.

"In the middle of the synagogue stands a magnificent chair, raised very high, and ornamented with a beautiful embroidered cushion. This is the chair of Moses, in which every Saturday, and *days of great* solemnity, they place their Pentateuch, and read

some portions of it. There also may be seen a *Van-sui-pai*, or painting, on which is inscribed the Emperor's name; but they have neither statues nor images. This synagogue fronts the west, and when they address their prayers to the Supreme Being, they turn towards that quarter, and adore him under the name of *Tien*, *Cham-Tien*, *Cham-ti*, and *Kao-van-voe-tche*; that is to say, *Creator of all things;* and lastly, of *Van-voe-tchu-tcai*, *Governor of the Universe.* They told me that they had taken these names from the Chinese books, and that they used them to express the Supreme Being and First Cause.

"In going out from the synagogue, I observed a hall, which I had the curiosity to enter, but I found nothing remarkable in it, except a great number of censers. They told me that in this hall they honoured their *Chim-gins*, or the great men of their law. The largest of these censers, which is intended for the Patriarch Abraham, stands in the middle of the hall, after which come those of Isaac, and of Jacob, and his twelve branches, or the Twelve Tribes of Israel: next are those of Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Esdras, and several other illustrious persons, both male and female.

"After quitting this apartment, they conducted us to the Hall of Strangers, in order to give us an entertainment. As the titles of the books of the Old Testament were printed in Hebrew at the end of my Bible, I showed them to the *Cham-Kiao*, or chief of the synagogue; he immediately read them, though they were badly printed, and he told me that they were the names of their *Chin-Kim*, or Pentateuch. I then took my Bible, and the *Cham-Kiao* took his *Beresith* (thus they name the Book of Genesis); we compared the descendants of Adam, until Noah, with the age of each, and we found the most perfect conformity between both. We afterwards ran over the names and chrono-

logy in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, which compose the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses. The chief of the synagogue told me that they named these five books *Beresith*, *Veetesemoth*, *Vaiiora*, *Vaiedabber*, and *Haddebarim*, and that they divided them into fifty-three volumes; viz., Genesis into twelve, Exodus into eleven, and the three following books into ten volumes each, which they call *Kuen*. Some of these they opened, and presented to me to read; but it was to no purpose, as I was unacquainted with the Hebrew language.

"Having interrogated them respecting the titles of the other books of the Bible, the chief of the synagogue replied, that they were in possession of some of them, but that they wanted a great many, and of others they had no knowledge. Some of his assistants added, that they had lost several books in the inundation of the Hoang-ho, of which I have spoken."

Father Gozani has spoken of the inundation, but we have not, and so we will do so now. Previously, however, we may call attention to the distinct adoption of the Chinese "Hall of Ancestors" among these Jews, and of a place for showing hospitality to strangers as an appendage to their place of worship. It is in this way that, without violating their own opinions, they became assimilated more completely to their neighbours. Father Gozani also notes that their accounts of sacred history were grossly disfigured with Talmudical legends, or other stories of that class—a fact not to be lost sight of by the speculator. The Jews, in the time of Father Gozani, composed seven families—Phao, Kin, Che, Kao, The-Man, Li, Ngai—including in all about one thousand souls. They intermarried with each other, and had their own fashion of *hair-cutting*. These seven families of Kai-foung-fou were the *remains of* seventy who had of old established themselves in that

capital. Now for the inundation. That event took place in the year 1642, and it occurred as follows:—Li-cong-tse, a rebel, with a big army, besieged the city. The inhabitants, after defending themselves for six months, still refused to succomb, because they expected rescue from the Emperor. The Emperor did come, a vastly clever fellow, who determined to destroy the enemy by a great master-stroke. "I'll drown every man-Jack!" he said, and broke the dikes that confined the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, a league distant from the city. Out poured the stream and drowned the besiegers, and besieged the city in its turn, knocked down its walls, and destroyed thirty thousand of its inmates. The Emperor, a cockney sportsman on the largest scale, shot at the pigeon and killed the crow. It was in this inundation that the number of the Jews was thinned; diluted by the waters of the river, their Pentateuch was damaged and some other portions of their scripture altogether lost.

Before passing down from Father Gozani, we must extract his rough picture ot the Jewish synagogue, as it existed in his day. He says of the Jews—

"They have no other synagogue but this, in the capital of the province of Ho-Nan. I perceived in it no altar, nor any other furniture, but the chair of Moses, with a censer, a long table, and large chandeliers, in which were placed candles made of tallow. This synagogue has some resemblance to our European churches; it is divided into three aisles; that in the middle was occupied by the table of incense, the chair of Moses, the painting, and the tabernacles already mentioned, in which are preserved the thirteen copies of the Pentateuch. These tabernacles are constructed in the form of an arch, and the middle aisle is like the choir of the synagogue; the two others are set apart as places of prayer, and

for the adoration of the Supreme Being. Within the building there is a passage which runs quite round.

"As there formerly were, and still are, among them Bachelors and *Kien-sens*, which is a degree different from that of a Bachelor, I took the liberty of asking them if they rendered homage to Confucius: they replied, that they honoured him in the same manner as the rest of the literati, and that they assisted them in solemn ceremonies, which are performed in halls dedicated to their great men. They added, that in spring and autumn they practised certain rites in honour of their ancestors, according to the manner of Chinese, in the hall next to their synagogue: that they did not present them the flesh of hogs, but of other animals; that in other ceremonies they were contented with offering them porcelain dishes filled with dainties and sweetmeats, which they accompanied with perfumes and profound reverences or prostrations. I asked them, likewise, if in their houses or Hall of Ancestors, they had tablets in honour of their departed relations: they replied, that they used neither tablets, images, nor anything else, but only a few censers. We must, however, except their mandarins, for whom alone they place in the Hall of Ancestors a tablet inscribed with their name and rank."

Father Gozani adds, that "these Jews, in their inscriptions, call their law the Law of Israel, *Yselals-Kiao*, which they name also *Kon-Kiao*, Ancient Law; *Tien-Kiao*, Law of God, and *Tien-Kin-Kiao*, to signify that they abstain from blood, and cut the nerves and veins of the animals they kill, in order that the blood may flow more easily from them."

This custom gives to the Jews in China, at the present day, the name of Cut-Nerves. To the present day our story now descends; for, after the time of Father Gozani, blank follows in

the way of action. Father Etienne, who meditated a work upon the Sacred Scriptures in reply to the *Critici Sacri*, was eager to push on investigations. From the letter of Father Gozani, and from those which Father Domingo and Gambil wrote upon it, material was obtained for the memoir published under the direction of M. L. Aimé Martin, in which he remarks that the detail would be regarded with the more curiosity, as it had been often demanded, and as Father du Halde had contented himself with merely promising it in his great work, "Description de lâ Chine." So we have fairly got out of the past into the present, where our story thus runs on.

In the year 1815, the Chinese Jews endeavoured unsuccessfully to communicate with Europe by means of a Hebrew letter addressed to London, which seems not to have been delivered. Last year the Jewish Society of London determined, however, to communicate with them. Miss Cooks, an energetic and devoted Jewess, placed her purse in the hands of the Society; nothing impeded fresh research; the English Bishop at Hong Kong co-operated, Dr. Medhurst was consulted, and two Chinese Christians were at length appointed to proceed to Kai-foung-fou. The elder of these two was a bachelor; the younger was a student from the Missionaries' College at Batavia; but the junior was named to head the enterprise, because he had previously displayed zeal and ability, and also because he could write English fluently, and would journalise in that language. His journals, therefore, could be laid before Miss Cooks, uninjured by translation.

Our heroes, for so we will call the two adventurers—set out from Shanghae, on the 15th of last November, by boat to Toing-kiang-tou. In a car, drawn by mules, they were then jolted along, following the track of the Hoang-ho, rising at three

o'clock on winter mornings, to save time—a proceeding which involves almost supererogatory self-denial. Population near the Yellow River they found rare and unhealthy. Localities which figure in the geographical charts of the empire as principal places, or as towns of the second class, are but huge piles of rubbish, surrounded by crumbling walls. Here and there a gate, with its inscription half effaced, informs the traveller that he is entering a mighty town.

Perseverance, and a mule car, brought the travellers at last to Kai-foung-fou. They found there many Mahometans, openly exercising right of conscience, and flying their religion on a flag displayed over their gate. These Mahometans are, for the most part, hotel-keepers, and with one of them our heroes lodged. Of him they began asking about Cut-Nerves. Mine host of the Crescent said there were still some Jews in Kai-foung-fou, and offered himself as cicerone to their synagogue. Thither they went; they found its outer walls in ruins; briars and dirt filled the grand entrance; "the pillars of the building, the inscribed marbles, the stone balustrade before the peristyle of the temple, the ornamental sculpture—all were cracked, broken and overturned." Under the wings of the synagogue, the chapels built in honour of the patriarchs—nestled together, cold and naked, sleeping on the bare stones, those objects of our European interest, "the Jews in China." Poor and miserable as they are, they had begun to sell the stones of their temple for bread, and a portion of land within their sacred enclosure had been already sold to an adjacent temple of the Buddhists.

Still there were the cylinders enclosing the sacred rolls of the Old Testament, which, luckily, had not proved eatable. In number these rolls were about a dozen, each thirty feet long by three

feet wide. They are of white sheep-skin, inscribed with very small Hebrew characters.

For fifty years these poor Jews have been without the guidance of a rabbi, and there is not one left who can read a word of Hebrew. In a dozen years, probably, the last trace of the Jews in China will expire. The travellers gave money to the mournful congregation in the synagogue, and received leave to copy the inscriptions, about which the Jesuits had previously informed us. Moreover, they obtained, and have brought home, eight Hebrew manuscripts; six contain portions of the Old Testament; namely, of Exodus, chapters 1—6, and 38—40; of Leviticus, chapters 19, 20; of Numbers, chapters 13, 14, 15; of Deuteronomy, chapters 11—16, and chapter 32; with portions of the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and Prophets. The other two manuscripts are of the Jewish Liturgy. The leaves of these manuscripts "are of a species of card-board, on which the words, as it were, are engraved with a point; the binding is in silk, and bears evident marks of being of foreign origin. Two Israelitish merchants, to whom these books were shown at Shanghae, spoke to having seen similar ones at Aden, and the presence here and there upon the margins of Persian words, interspersed with Hebrew annotations, seemed to indicate that the books came originally from some western country of Asia, perhaps Persia, or some of the high provinces of India, where Persic has from time immemorial been the language used among the people of education. Although the annotations mentioned are numerous, and apparently referring to different epochs, no trace of any Chinese character is to be discovered, nor any of those marks or signs which immediately betray Chinese origin. No date exists by which the age can be determined."

We hope the statement is correct which tells us that these

manuscripts are to be deposited in the British Museum. Facsimiles are at the same time promised, printed in Hebrew, accompanied with a plan of the synagogue, made on the spot by the Chinese travellers, and the journal of our junior hero, written in English and Chinese. The journal in English would not be a very ponderous affair, the entire expedition having occupied only two months; the residence at Kai-foung-fou, five days. We may usefully remember how the good Chinese, rising so fearfully betimes, did justice to the generosity and zeal of their patroness. Are there not men of might at work upon investigations for the public, who, at their ordinary rate, might have come to abandon this business in forty years, after eliminating fifty pounds of blue book?

The Art of Catching Elephants.

THE elephant is associated with our earliest recollections of school-boyhood. Well do I remember the huge black picture of the unwieldy animal in Mavor's Spelling Book, the letter-press describing the creature as "not only the largest but the strongest of all quadrupeds," which is beyond all question; and furthermore, that "in a state of nature, it is neither fierce nor mischievous;" which is the very reverse of fact, as hundreds of sugar and coffee planters, as well as many a traveller, could testify. In later years, I enjoyed a peep at the sleepy-looking creature, cooped up in a sort of magnified horse-stall, at the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, and well I remember wondering how so much sagacity and thoughtfulness could be attributed to so apathetic and cumbrous an animal.

The reader of Roman and Grecian history may gather how Pyrrhus for a time mastered the hardy veterans of Rome, by means of these then little-known and terrible creatures; and how Alexander found hundreds of them opposed to him in the army of the Indian monarch. Readers of more recent history may learn how these animals formed a portion of the vast armies of most of the Indian Nabobs, with which the British forces came in contact. But twelve short months ago, the elephant graced the civic triumph of the newly-elected Lord Mayor of London, to the unmitigated astonishment and delight of thousands of little boys and elderly females.

Much, however, as I had heard and read of the elephant, I

never properly appreciated this animal, until I had been a dweller in Eastern climes. During a long residence in Ceylon, I was witness of such performances by these huge creatures, that my feeling towards them was raised from that of mere wonder, to something more akin to respect and admiration.

In the course of my early morning rides about the vicinity of Colombo, I frequently reined in my steed to watch the quiet labours of a couple of elephants in the service of the Government. These huge animals were generally employed in the Commissariat timber-yard, or the Civil Engineer's department, either in removing and stowing logs and planks, or in rolling about heavy masses of stone for building purposes. I could not but admire the precision with which they performed their allotted task, unaided, save by their own sagacity. They were one morning hard at work, though slowly, piling up a quantity of heavy pieces of ebony; the lower row of the pile had been already laid down, with mathematical precision, six logs side by side. These they had first rolled in from the adjoining wharf; and, when I rode up, they were engaged in bringing forward the next six for the second row in the pile. It was curious to observe those uncouth animals seize one of the heavy logs at each end; and, by means of their trunks, lift it up on the logs already placed, and then arrange it crosswise upon them with the most perfect skill. I waited whilst they thus placed the third row; feeling a curiosity to know how they would proceed when the timber had to be lifted to greater height. Some of the logs weighed nearly twenty hundred-weight. There was a short pause before the fourth row was touched; but the difficulty was no sooner perceived than it was overcome. The sagacious animals selected *two straight* pieces of timber, placed one end of each piece on

the ground with the other resting on the top of the pile so as to form a sliding way for the next logs; and, having seen that they were perfectly steady and in a straight line, the four-legged labourers rolled up the slope they had thus formed, the six pieces of ebony, for the fourth layer on the pile. Not the least amusing part of the performance was, the careful survey of the pile made by one of the elephants, after placing each log, to ascertain if it were laid perfectly square with the rest.

The sagacity of these creatures in detecting weakness in the jungle-bridges thrown across some of the streams in Ceylon, is not less remarkable. I have been assured that when carrying a load, they invariably press one of their fore-feet upon the earth-covering of the bridge to try its strength; and, that if it feels too weak to carry them across, they will refuse to proceed until lightened of their load. On one such occasion a driver persisted in compelling his elephant to cross a bridge against the evident wish of the animal; and, as was expected by his comrades, the rotten structure gave way, elephant and rider were precipitated into the river, and the latter was drowned.

Having thus been much prepossessed in favour of these docile creatures, I learnt with considerable interest in the latter part of the year 1849, that an Elephant Kraal was in preparation, in the western Province of Ceylon, not many miles from Colombo.

The word Kraal signifies simply a trap; inasmuch as the wild elephants are caught by partly driving, and partly enticing them within a large enclosed space, or trap. It is assuredly much safer sport than elephant shooting, and generally attracts a large number of spectators. I may here mention that in spite of the scholastic authority of Mavor's Spelling Book, the wild elephants of Ceylon are far from being "neither fierce nor mis-

chievous." At times they descend upon the low country from their mountain fastnesses in such numbers and with such ferocity, as to carry with them destruction, and often death. Elephant kraals are, therefore, resorted to for the double purpose of ridding the neighbourhood of these dangerous visitors, and supplying the Government with fresh beasts of labour for their timber-yards and building establishments. On these occasions the natives of the district turn out *en masse*—from the rich Modelier to the poorest cooly—to assist without remuneration; all being interested in the success of the affair.

The whole province was alive with excitement; nothing was talked of at mess-table, or at Government House, but the approaching Kraal. Half Colombo, it was said, would be there; and, as the weather promised to be so fair, I could not resist the temptation to witness the trapping of a score or two of those unruly monsters of the forest.

Such excursions are always undertaken by parties of three or more, for the sake of comfort. I joined four friends for the occasion; two gentlemen and two ladies, mother and daughter. They were well acquainted with the Government agent of the locality; who had promised them shelter, and good accommodation for witnessing the Kraal. All arrangements having been completed, our servants, gaily turbaned, accompanied by a swarm of coolies, bearing provisions, bedding, and other comforts, started off one fine moonlight night; and at a little before day-break on the following morning, we followed them on the road; the ladies in a small pony-chaise, and myself and friend on our nags. Long before nightfall we reached the village adjoining the scene of sport. We needed no guide to the locality, for the narrow road was crowded with travellers hastening in one direction. Every

description of vehicle lined the way; from the Colonel's light tandem, to the native bullock hackery, with its ungreased squeaking wheels.

The scene at the village was singularly strange and exciting. It was close to the banks of the *Calany*, a river of some size and rapidity. Along the palm-shaded shore were moored numberless boats; many of them large flat country barges, or Padé boats, containing parties of visitors from Colombo; who had prudently determined to take up their abode in those floating residences for the night. The village huts had been thrown open to the English visitors after having been well cleaned and whitewashed. Their doors were gaily ornamented with strips of red and white cloth, flowers, and the fresh pale-green leaves of the cocoa-palm. When the little cottages were lit up for the evening, they looked extremely pretty.

It at was at once evident that there was not nearly sufficient accommodation for all the guests. One of our party started in search of his friend, the Government Agent, but in vain; he had gone off in quest of the elephants, reported to be coming up fast from the neighbouring *Korles* or counties. Consequently we were left to our own resources. After some delay, we succeeded in obtaining the use of one small room for the ladies; whilst, for ourselves, we sought shelter for the night beneath the friendly and capacious roof of one of the Padé boats, where we found a hearty welcome from a party of young rollicking coffee-planters.

Day had not appeared next morning when we were afoot, and, having sipped a cup of vile half-boiled coffee, we started to explore the wonders of the Kraal; followed, of course, by our servants, with sundry tin boxes and a hamper.

The neighbourhood in which the Kraal was formed, consisted

of rugged undulating ground, pretty thickly covered with stout jungle. Heavy, low forest trees studded the stony land, interwoven with thorny brambles, cacti, bamboos, and a species of gigantic creeping plant, called appropriately jungle-rope; for it is strong enough to bind the stoutest buffalo that ever roared. A number of narrow paths had been cut through the jungle leading to the Kraal from the village. Through one of these winding, prickly tracks, we bent our slow way, seeing little around us save hugely-branched trees and thickly-matted underwood. Half an-hour's walk brought us to a halt. We were at the Kraal. I looked around; but, the only indications of the industry of man in that wild spot, were sundry covered platforms, raised amongst the leafy branches of trees, some twelve feet from the ground. These places contained seats, and were already filling with visitors; we followed the example and mounting the rude staircase, obtained a good view of what was going on. Before us lay a large open space, in extent about an acre, irregular in shape and of very uneven surface. A few stout trees were standing at intervals within it; beside which were to be seen groups of natives carrying long white wands, for all the world like so many black stewards of some public dinner or ball. Around this plot of ground grew a wall of dense jungle; and, on looking into this, I perceived that it had been made artificially strong by intertwining amongst it the supple branches of trees, long bamboos, and jungle-rope of enormous thickness. At first sight, this natural wall did not appear to be anything more than ordinary jungle; such as might easily be forced by any ordinary village buffalo. We were, however, assured by the native master of the ceremonies, the head *Corale*, that this jungle wall would resist the fiercest attacks of the strongest Kandian elephant. At one end

of the enclosure I perceived a narrow opening, partly covered with light brambles and branches of trees. This was the entrance to the Kraal; so arranged as to wear a natural appearance. Beside this carefully concealed gateway were hidden a number of active villagers, ready prepared with huge trunks of trees and jungle-rope; with which they were to secure the passage against any attempts at return, so soon as the elephants were trapped.

The novelty of our situation; the wild solitude of jungle around us; the picturesque appearance of the many groups of natives within and about the Kraal; the stories of elephant shooting and trapping, the narrow escapes, with sundry references to portly baskets and boxes of provisions; all helped to make the day pass away rapidly and comfortably enough. Evening, however, brought with it a general debate as to what should be done; for there were still no signs of game being near; and few of us desired to spend the night in that open spot, unless under a strong inducement. The discussion ended by an adjournment to the village and the Padé boat, where we slept soundly.

The following day was spent pretty much as had been the first. Some of the visitors gave strong signs of impatience; and towards evening, a few, of worse temper than the rest, declared the whole affair a complete take in, and took their departure for Colombo. Just then, intelligence was received, by means of scouts, that the elephants, to the number of forty, were in full march towards the Kraal. This set us all on the tip-toe of expectation. Every one betook himself to his appointed place. Ladies shrank away from the front seats, and I detected one or two of my own sex casting anxious glances towards the stairs. An equal bustle was visible within the Kraal. The head *Corale* rushed about full of importance; the black stewards, with their white wands, grouped them-

selves into parties of three or four, at irregular intervals amongst the jungle surrounding the open space, and especially about the entrance; but what duty was to be performed by these gentry, was more than I could divine. It is true (I was told by a native chief) that it would devolve on them to drive back any of the elephants, when caught in the Kraal, in the event of their attempting to force the surrounding defences. But the idea of these poor creatures—some of them mere boys—being of any service, with their little white sticks, appeared so insane and altogether ridiculous, that I felt I was being hoaxed by the *Corale*.

The shades of evening descended, and scouts continued to arrive from the "driving party," with injunctions to hold everything in readiness, for the herd were coming on. The few torches that had been left to dispel the gloom were put out, or removed from sight. The moon had not risen. Every tongue was silent, save a few low whispers at intervals. Eyes were eagerly strained towards the opening through which the herd were expected to rush. Every ear was on the stretch to catch the most remote sounds in that direction. One might have fancied, from the death-like stillness of the place, that we were there awaiting our own fate, instead of the fate of elephants.

We did not wait long in this suspense. A distant shouting burst suddenly upon our startled ears. It drew rapidly nearer, and soon we could distinguish the violent cracking and snapping of branches of trees and low jungle. Then we heard the quick tramp of many ponderous and huge feet. There was no doubt but that the animals were close upon us; for torches were visible in the direction from which they were coming: indeed the distant *jungle* appeared to be alive with lights. Every native stood to

his arms, such as they were. I could see the white wands glimmering about in the black forest at our feet: some score or two of rifle-barrels, long and ugly-looking instruments, of native make, were protruded from various points. Several of the ladies of our party fainted; and I verily believe that some of the males wished inwardly that they were of the other sex, to have the privilege of fainting and being carried out of reach of danger. But there was small time for attention, even to fainting ladies. Our eyes were fixed upon the moving and rapidly approaching lights. They appeared to burn less brightly as they came nearer: then some disappeared, and soon the whole were extinguished, and all was plunged in darkness. Still, on came the furious monsters; bamboos crashed; the thick jungle flew about in splinters. A heavy tramping, and tearing, and snapping asunder of branches,—and there they were safely within the Kraal. Then arose a shout, as though the clouds and earth were about to meet, or to do something out of the common way. I bent forward to catch a peep at the enemy. The native body-guard waved their white wands. The entrance was barred up in a twinkling, and the torches brought forward to enable us to witness the proceedings, when a volley of loud uproarious laughter fell upon our ears, blended with exclamations of angry disappointment. All eyes were strained towards the clump of trees in the centre of the enclosure, where we beheld a dozen or two of flaming *Chules* or torches waved to and fro by some score of half-frantic villagers; and there, as the glare of torchlight burst through the dense gloom, we beheld, crouching together, in place of forty huge elephants, a knot of village buffaloes, panting, and trembling, and tossing their heads. A survey of those creatures told us how the matter stood. *There had been* torches fastened to their horns, and

one or two of them had the remains of *Chules* hanging to their tails. There could not be a shadow of doubt that the affair had been a cruel hoax, and we were not long in ascribing the origin of it to the real perpetrators—the party of young coffee-planters with whom I had slept in the Padé boat.

The laughter of the evening, however, was not yet at an end. The light of innumerable *Chules*, now moving about, discovered to us three nervous gentlemen snugly perched high among the branches of a tree close by our stand. They had made a rush up, in the first alarm of the onset; but, however easy fear had made the ascent, they evidently found it a somewhat difficult task to descend. All eyes were at once fixed upon the unlucky climbers, whose struggles to reach the lower branches were hailed with roars of furious laughter. Elephants, and buffaloes, and hoaxers were for the moment forgotten. One of them was the District Judge, a somewhat cumbrous personage; another, was a Collector of Customs, and the third, a Commissioner of the Court of Requests, a thin wiry fellow with a remarkably red face. There they were, kicking, and straining, and struggling, in as pretty a fix as any of the Civil Service had ever found themselves; and it was not until some bamboos and ropes had been handed up to them, that they were able to reach the stand, and thence wend their way off the scene.

By the time the Kraal was cleared, the night was far advanced, and the moon high in the horizon. Advice then reached us that the elephants had made a détour from the line, and had taken it into their unruly heads to treat themselves to a gambol across some score or two of acres of prairie land; where they were amusing themselves with a good round game, despite the coaxing of a decoy consisting of two tame elephants. It was clear that

nothing would be done on that night, and our merry parties betook themselves back to the village.

Our numbers were evidently on the decline next day. The patience of many had been exhausted. Towards evening intelligence was brought in, that thirty-five elephants, of all sizes, were in full march towards us; and, shortly afterwards, the Government Agent of the district, and the native chief of the *Korle*, came in "from the driving," to see that all was made ready for the proper reception of the jungle visitors. Again all was hurry and bustle. Provision-baskets and nervous ladies were sent to the rear; wine-bottles were placed in reserve, and sundry parting salutes were made with packets of sandwiches. Once more silence reigned over the Kraal: torches were removed: the guards and watchers were doubled, and an extra supply of the little white wands brought to the front.

It was about two hours after dark when we heard the first distinct shouts of the drivers, who were slowly forcing the elephants towards the Kraal; the two tame ones leading the way, and pointing out the advantages of that particular path to their jungle friends. Those sounds seemed to approach us at irregular intervals. Sometimes it appeared as though the animals were not to be moved on any account, and the shouting died away; again they drew rapidly near; then paused; then forward, until we fancied we could distinguish the fall of the elephant's huge feet amongst the thick underwood. At last there was no mistake about it; they were close upon us. Our anxiety and curiosity became intense. The tearing and trampling amongst the jungle was deafening. Giant bamboos and branches of trees appeared to be snapped asunder by the on-coming herd, like so many walking-sticks—in a way, in short, which made me tremble

for the strength of the Kraal, and of our own elevated platform.

But there was little time for reflection of any kind. A shot or two was fired in the rear of the advancing herd, followed by a trampling of the leading elephant. The moon at that moment began to peep over the distant range of low hills; and, by its faint light, I could distinguish the low jungle bending, and giving way on every side, and amongst it sundry huge black forms rushing about in savage disorder, like mountain masses upheaved by some convulsion of nature. The two decoys entered the enclosure at a brisk but steady trot, and stationed themselves under the clump of trees, without any notice being taken of them; indeed, one of them nodded knowingly to the *Corale* near him, as much as to say, "It's all right, old fellow!" On came the wild elephants at a thundering pace, tearing and bending, and smashing everything before them; trumpeting and roaring at full pitch. In another moment they were within the boundaries of our fortress.

Never shall I forget the wild, strange beauty of that uproarious moment. The moon was now shining sufficiently on the Kraal to light up the more open parts of it; away under the deep shade on one side, could be seen a dense moving mass of living creatures; huge, misshapen, and infuriated, trembling with rage, and fatigue. Lighted *chules* were gleaming thickly, like fire-flies, amidst the neighbouring jungle. Felled trees and rope barred up the narrow way, forming one monster gate; whilst busy groups of villagers, white wands in hand, moved to and fro and watched the furious herd. More lights were brought to the front, and a blazing fire was kindled outside the entrance, which, whilst it served to light up the whole of the Kraal, deterred the savage strangers from attempting anything in that direction.

It was soon evident that the prisoners were not going to take matters very quietly. Two of the stoutest of their number slowly advanced and examined the walls, to see where an opening might most easily be forced. And now we were not less astonished than delighted at the use made of those tiny white wands, which had before served only to raise our contempt. Wherever the two elephant spies approached the jungle-walls of their prison, they mere met by one or two villagers, who gently waved before them little snow-white switches; and, lo! as if by some spell of potent forest magic, the beasts turned back, shrinking from contact with the little wands. Point after point was thus tried, but all in vain; the snowy magic sticks were thick within the jungle, and silently beat back the advancing foe.

While the two scouts were thus engaged on their exploring expedition, the tame elephants approached the remainder of the herd, and walked slowly round them, shaking their shaggy ears, and waving high in air their curling trunks, as though they would say, "Move at your peril." One of the captives, a somewhat juvenile and unsophisticated elephant, ventured to move from the side of its maternal parent, to take a survey of our stand, when tame elephant Number One went up to the offender, and sent him back with an enormous flea in his ear; tame elephant Number Two bestowing at the same moment a smart tap on the skull. Busier work was at hand. The scouts, evidently disgusted with the result of their operations upon the outworks, appeared to be preparing for a *sortie*, and treated with the most reckless levity the admonitory taps of the elephant policemen; which, however, seemed to be far less unpleasant to them than a tickle on the snout from one of the pigmy white wands. It was plain that they intended to carry their object by a *coup de* trunk; but a

score of rifles peered forth. The ladies shut their eyes, and stopped their ears; an elderly gentleman, at my elbow, asked, in a tremulous whisper, "what the guns were for?" The inquiry was replied to by a loud trumpeting from one of the pair of rebels,—a harsh screaming roar, like the hollow sound of a strained railway whistle, very much out of repair. We had scarcely time to look at the poor brute creating this disturbance, when we heard the sharp crack of a dozen rifles around us—so sharp, indeed, that our eyes blinked again. Down tumbled one of the monsters, with thick torrents of hot, savage blood, pouring from many a wound about his head and neck. His companion was not so easily disposed of, though badly wounded. Lifting his enormous trunk in the air, and bellowing forth a scream of defiance, he made a rush at the jungle-wall. The two elephantine policemen, who had been narrowly observing his proceedings, then cut in between him and the ramparts, and succeeded in turning him from his purpose; but only to cause him to renew his fierce attack upon another part of the defences. He rushed, at full speed, upon the part where our stand was erected, screaming and tearing up the earth, and lashing his great trunk about him, as a schoolboy would a piece of whipcord. I felt alarmed. It seemed as though our frail tenement must yield at the first touch from the mighty on-coming mass of flesh, bone and muscle. Ladies shrieked and fainted by the dozen: gentlemen scrambled over each other towards the stairs, where a decidedly downward tendency was exhibited. I would have given a trifle, just then, to have taken the seat occupied the day before by the Judge or the Collector, high amongst the branches. But in much less time than I take to relate it, the furious animal, smarting under *many bullet* wounds, had reached the verge of our stand, headless

of the cracking of rifles, whose leaden messengers flew round his head and poured down his shoulders, harmless as peas. One last crack, and down the monster fell, close at our feet. That shot was the work of a mere lad, the little son of a Kandian *Corale;* who, coolly biding his time, had fired his piece close at the creature's ear. Leaping from his place, the urchin flung aside his long tapering rifle, and drawing forth his girdle-knife, severed the elephant's tail from the carcase, as his just trophy.

These two having been disposed of, and a degree of calm restored, the general attention was directed towards the herd, which still remained in their original position. For a time fear seemed to hold them motionless; but when the extremity of their danger rose before them, a number of the boldest made a desperate rush at the entrance, but were easily turned back, when the watchers stirred up the great guard-fire, whilst, from other parts of the Kraal, they were soon repelled by an application of white wands. In this way a good hour was spent, at the end of which time the creatures appeared to give up the idea of any further aggressive proceedings, and remained subdued and calm.

A dangerous task had still to be performed—that of securing the best of the herd for taming. Half-a-dozen of the most active and skilful of the villagers crept slowly and carefully towards the frightened group; each having a long stout cord of jungle rope in his hand, with a running noose at one end of it. With stealthy, cat-like steps, these daring fellows went amongst the herd, making some of us tremble for their safety. Each of them selected one of the largest and strongest of the group, behind which they crept; and, having arranged the "lasso" for action, they applied a finger gently to the right heel of their beast, who feeling the touch as though that of some insect, slowly raised the leg, shook

it, and replaced it on the ground. The men, as the legs were lifted, placed the running nooses beneath them, so that the elephants were quietly trapped, unknown to themselves, and with the utmost ease. The men now stole rapidly away with the ends of the ropes, and immediately made them fast to the ends of the nearest trees. These ropes, however, were far from being sufficiently strong to hold an elephant who might put out his strength. It was therefore necessary to secure them still further, but by gentle means. The two tame elephants were then placed on active service: they were evidently perfectly at home, and required no directions for their work. Walking slowly up to the nearest of the six captured animals, they began to urge him towards the tree to which he was fastened. At first the creature was stubborn; but a few taps on his great skull, and a mighty push on his carcase, sent him a yard or two nearer his destination. As he proceeded, the man in charge of the rope gathered in the slack of it; and so matters went on between this party—a tap, a push, and a pull—until at length three of the elephants were close to the tree. Two other villagers then came forward with a stout iron chain. The tame animals placed themselves one on each side of their prisoner, pressing him between them so tightly as to prevent the possibility of his moving. In a minute or two the great chain was passed several times round the hind legs and the tree; and, in this way the captive was left; helpless and faint with struggling. The other five were similarly treated. After which our party dispersed, pretty well tired, and quite prepared for bed.

Early next morning I paid a last visit to the Kraal, alone: *friends were* fairly worn out. The remainder of the elephants *had been either* shot or had forced their way out in the

places. The six captured animals were quiet—as well they might be, after their long fast and incessant struggling. Towards the end of that day, a very small portion of food was supplied to them, just sufficient to keep them alive. In this way they were to remain for a week or two, when, if found sufficiently reduced in strength and temper, they were to be walked about, fastened between two tame companions, who assisted very effectually in their daily education—not, perhaps, in the most gentle and polite manner, but still much to the purpose.

At the end of two or three months, the wild and unruly destroying monster of the jungle might be seen quietly and submissively piling logs of ebony in the Government timber-yards, with a purpose-like intelligence little short of that of man.

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JUN 1 1938